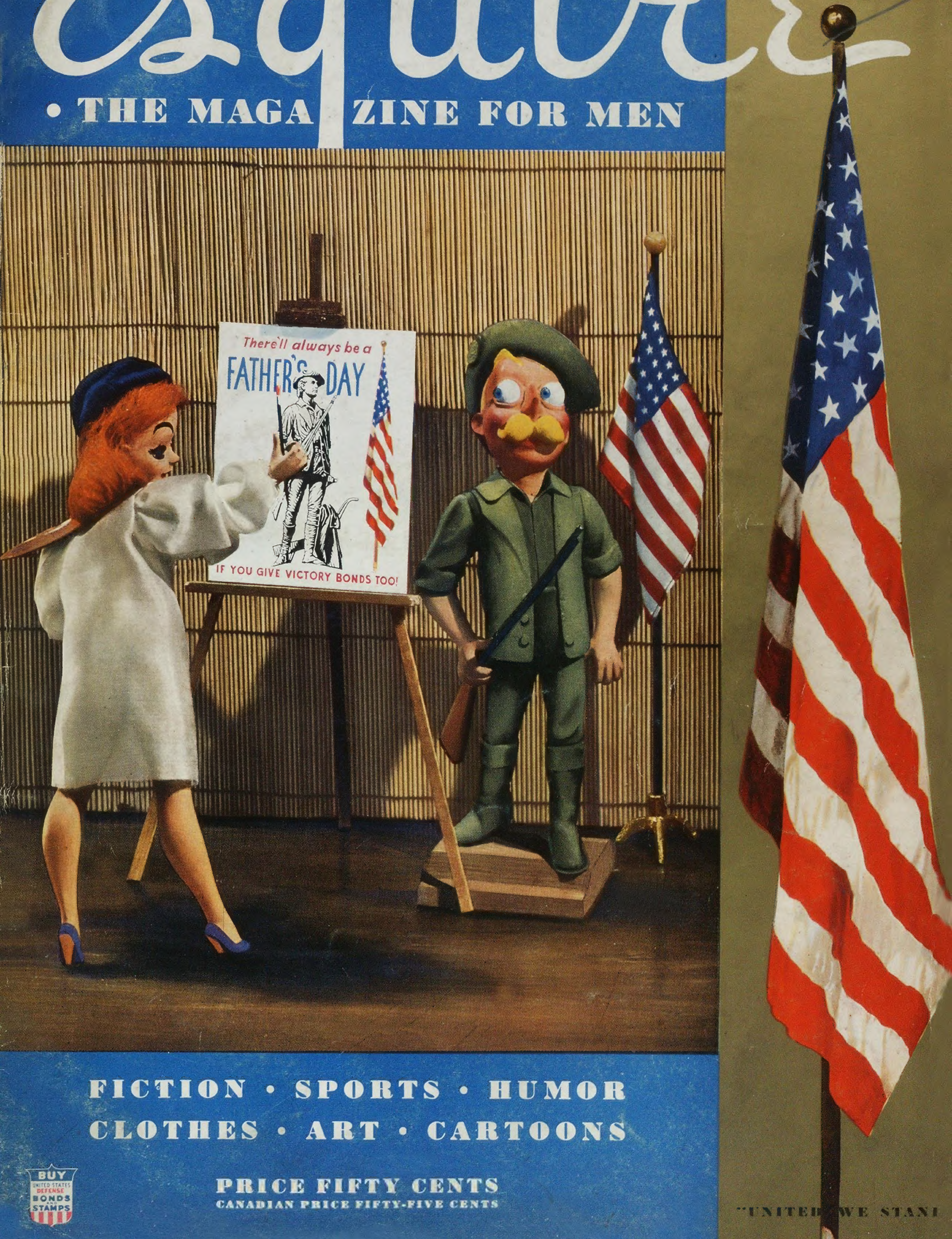
THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD
THIS PRINTING 620,000

JULY, 1942
FATHER'S DAY ISSUE

20

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN


There'll always be a
FATHER'S DAY
IF YOU GIVE VICTORY BONDS TOO!

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

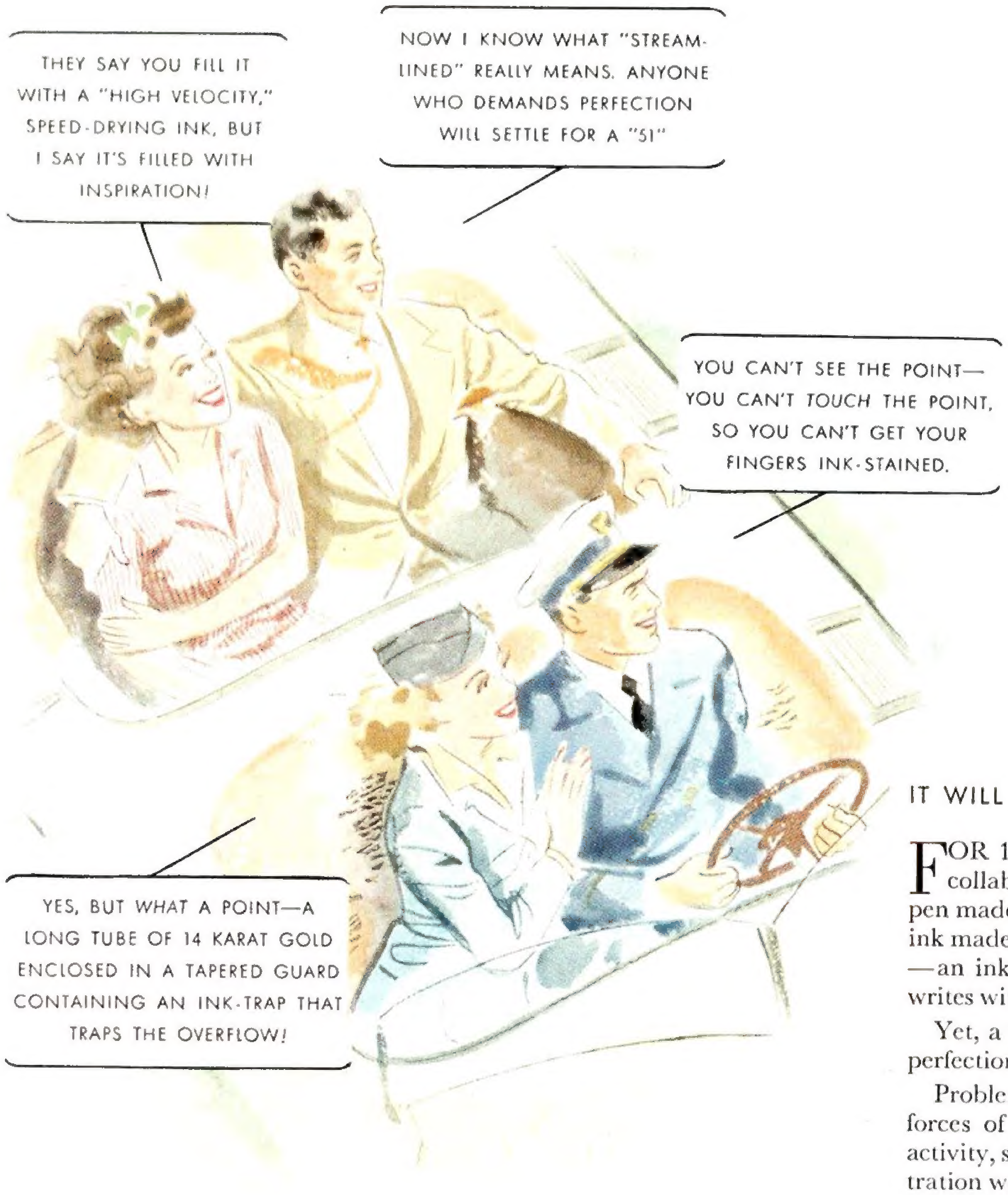
BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

"UNITED WE STAN

The pen that launched a million conversations

INDIA BLACK
BLUE CEDAR
DOVE GRAY
CORDOVAN BROWN


THEY SAY YOU FILL IT WITH A "HIGH VELOCITY," SPEED-DRYING INK, BUT I SAY IT'S FILLED WITH INSPIRATION!
NOW I KNOW WHAT "STREAMLINED" REALLY MEANS. ANYONE WHO DEMANDS PERFECTION WILL SETTLE FOR A "51"
YOU CAN'T SEE THE POINT—YOU CAN'T *TOUCH* THE POINT, SO YOU CAN'T GET YOUR FINGERS INK-STAINED.
YES, BUT *WHAT* A POINT—A LONG TUBE OF 14 KARAT GOLD ENCLOSED IN A TAPERED GUARD CONTAINING AN INK-TRAP THAT TRAPS THE OVERFLOW!

IT WILL STILL BE A BIG TOPIC 10 YEARS HENCE

FOR 11 years past, chemists and engineers have been collaborating to produce the writing masterpiece—a pen made for a "high velocity" ink—the "high velocity" ink made for the pen. A pen that starts in a split-second—an ink that dries as you write—a combination that writes with pencil-like ease.

Yet, a pen that can also handle ANY writing ink to perfection.

Problems of proper balance between the divergent forces of cohesion, adhesion, surface tension, surface activity, slowed-down evaporation and stepped-up penetration were solved.

But the whole basic principle of the "high velocity" ink collapsed when absorption of chemicals from the very air we breathe annihilated its speed-drying properties.

Yes, the ink must be used in the open—exposed to the air—yet *shielded* from the air. This final problem seemed insurmountable, but the answer *was* found.

Parker chemists applied the theory of a Nobel prize winner—developed a protective screen of inactive molecules which forms on the ink in contact with the air. This imprisons the magic which makes the "51" dry *on paper* so fast it requires no blotting. Not one but a dozen miracles are put into your hand by the Parker "51" Pen and Ink. Don't try to see how long you can go without them.

COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Parker "51"

TWELVE-FIFTY *and* FIFTEEN DOLLARS

Dries as you write

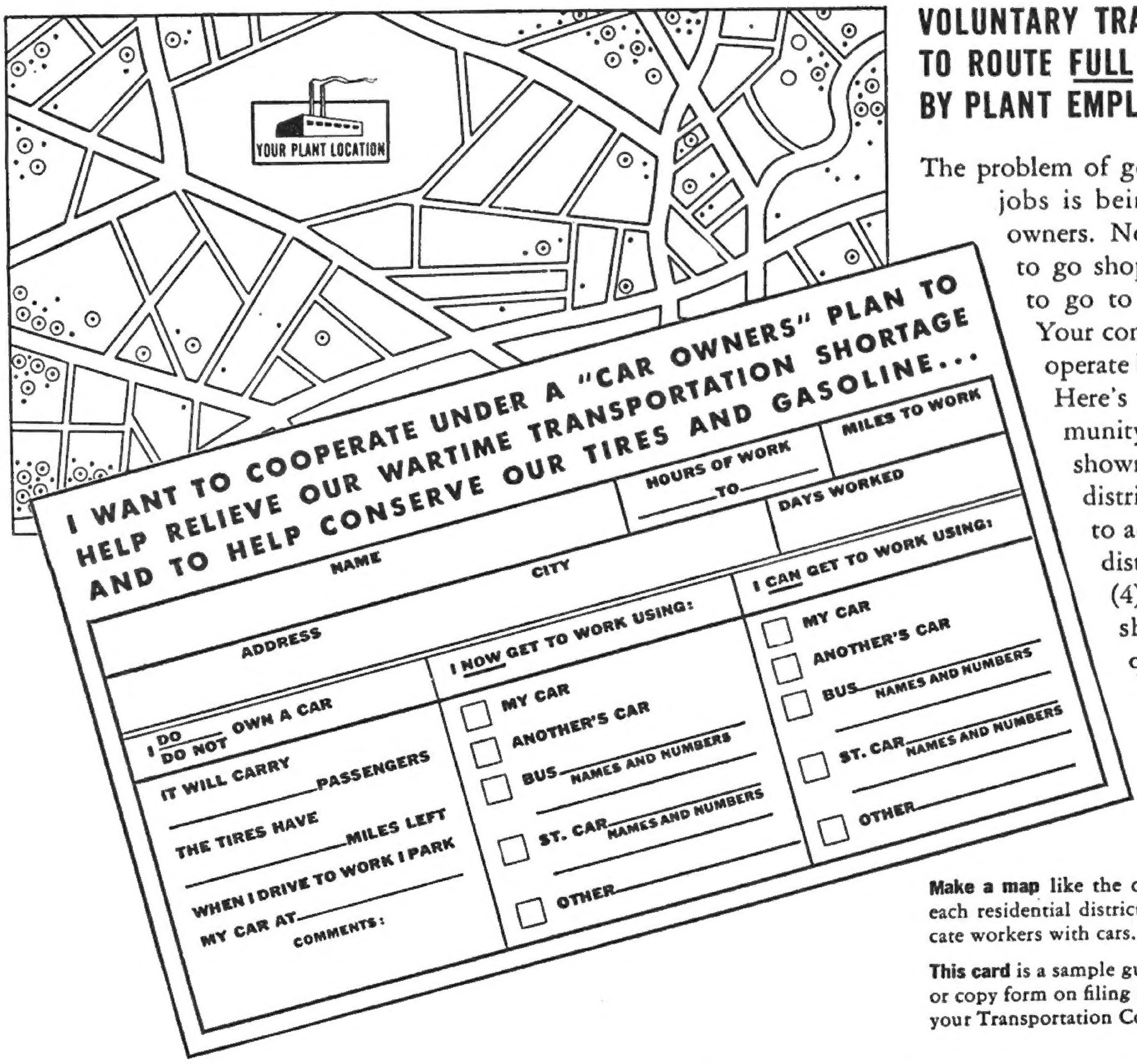
GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT — Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our Contract unconditionally Guaranteeing service for the owner's Life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete. The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

THE PEN MADE FOR THE INK

TUNIS BLUE
Parker 51 Ink

THE INK MADE FOR THE PEN

MANY LARGE COMPANIES ARE NOW TAKING A CENSUS OF EMPLOYEES' CARS AS PART OF NATION'S PROGRAM TO GET 40,000,000 WORKERS TO THEIR JOBS ON TIME



I WANT TO COOPERATE UNDER A "CAR OWNERS" PLAN TO HELP RELIEVE OUR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION SHORTAGE AND TO HELP CONSERVE OUR TIRES AND GASOLINE...

HOURS OF WORK ______ TO ______

MILES TO WORK

DAYS WORKED

NAME

CITY

ADDRESS

I DO / DO NOT OWN A CAR

IT WILL CARRY ______ PASSENGERS

THE TIRES HAVE ______ MILES LEFT

WHEN I DRIVE TO WORK I PARK MY CAR AT ______

COMMENTS:

I NOW GET TO WORK USING:

☐ MY CAR

☐ ANOTHER'S CAR

☐ BUS ______ NAMES AND NUMBERS

☐ ST. CAR ______ NAMES AND NUMBERS

☐ OTHER ______

I CAN GET TO WORK USING:

☐ MY CAR

☐ ANOTHER'S CAR

☐ BUS ______ NAMES AND NUMBERS

☐ ST. CAR ______ NAMES AND NUMBERS

☐ OTHER ______

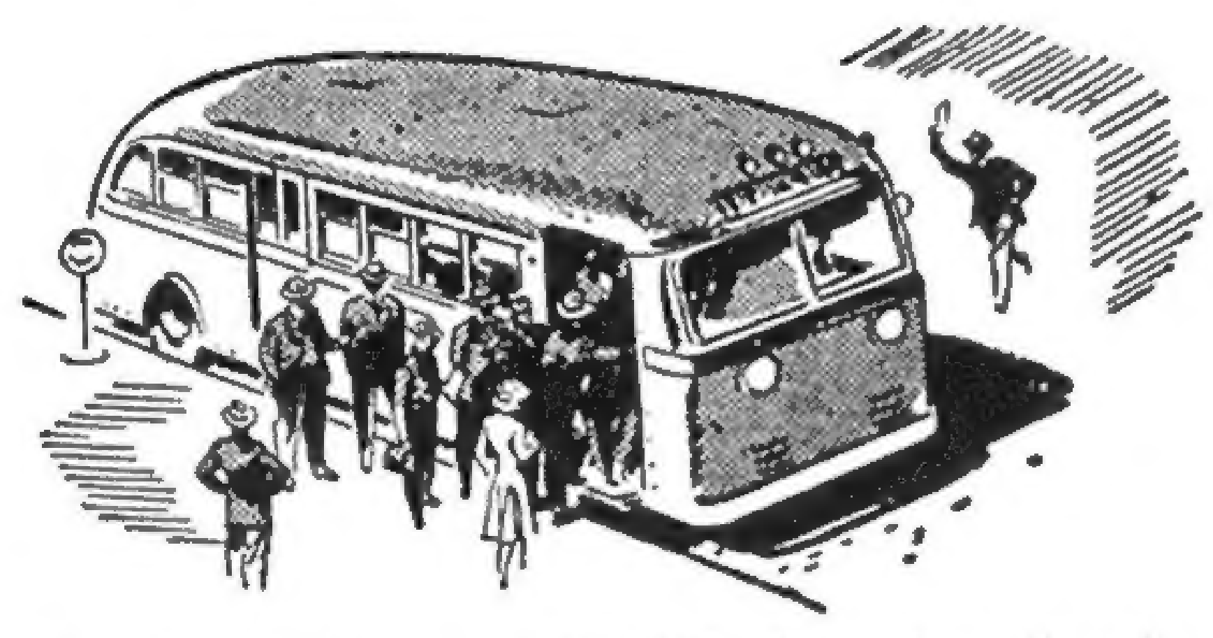
VOLUNTARY TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEES TO ROUTE FULL CARS TO WORK ARE SET UP BY PLANT EMPLOYEES IN EACH COMMUNITY

The problem of getting 40,000,000 workers to their jobs is being taken over by America's car owners. Neighbors are already doubling up to go shopping, to take children to school, to go to work . . . *but not enough of them!* Your company and your employees can co-operate by taking a census of workers' cars. Here's how you can do it in your community: (1) Fill out cards, like the one shown here, (2) Sort cards by residential districts, (3) Select sectional committees to act as traffic control groups for each district to assure equitable use of cars, (4) Route *full* cars to work on every shift. Details can be worked out quickly by you . . . your workers . . . your community. The important thing is to start today to get every last mile of use from our cars, our gas, our tires!

Make a map like the one above, on which to chart the routes for each residential district. Dots indicate workers' homes; circles indicate workers with cars.

This card is a sample guide. Make changes to suit your needs. Reprint or copy form on filing cards for each worker to fill out and turn in to your Transportation Committee.

Trolleys can't do it ALONE. Even with staggered work hours to level off transportation peaks there aren't enough trolleys to take America's millions to work.



Buses can't do it ALONE. They're already taxed to their full seating capacity. And enough vital steel and rubber can't be spared to build enough new buses.

Trains can't do it ALONE. Although every railroad is cooperating 100%, many of America's mighty war production plants can't be serviced by trains or subways.

HOW TO CONSERVE MECHANICAL RUBBER GOODS

This 48-page book is for managers, engineers and plant operating men. It shows how you can conserve rubber through proper handling, installation and care of rubber conveyor, elevator and transmission belts; all types of industrial hose; packings; linings; rolls; mountings; and other mechanical rubber goods; and electrical wires, cables, and tapes. For free copies, write directly to Mechanical Goods Division, United States Rubber Company.

first aid to industry

GET FREE MILEAGE BUDGET CHARTS

and copies of this free 32-page book on tire care from your local U. S. Tire Dealer or write direct to the United States Rubber Company. Hundreds of thousands of these charts and books are already in the hands of American car owners — helping to save tires, gas and oil.

TIRE MILEAGE BUDGET CHART
FOUR VITAL SPOTS

IN AMERICA'S FIGHT FOR LIFE, EVERY TIRE-MILE MUST BE SAVED FOR ESSENTIAL DRIVING

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center • New York

"ALL THE ANSWERS"

Comin' up—a springy offensive that will change the question marks in your social life to one big exclamation point. A Big Event is making Esquire's production wheels (*and* the blonde at the switchboard) hummmm. But whether you couch your curiosity question in scholarly syllables such as "What's buzzin', cousin?" or egg us on with "What's tickin', chicken?" you're a cinch to get the same sssssh answer. A shroud of secrecy still surrounds the entire venture—a side-step in publishing that is destined to delight every lover of wine, women and song, be he student, selectee or substantial citizen. But this much *can* be said—Esquire's vice presidents in charge of night life with the goddesses have come up with what is known, in the inner circles, as the answer to a wolf's wishing: a new, scintillatingly different date book—the solve-it-all for every Salvador, the key to conquest and the prologue to overtures. Casanova's little red book and Tommy Manville's card file will pale like the pink diary of a sweet sixteener when they come up against this post-graduate course in *savoir faire* . . . Dale Carnegie will want to revise his whole theory when he gets a look, and Freudians will be afraid to dream till they get the book. So hold your hats, hold the phone, hold everything! Save your moonlight and etchings dates till you find the formula, in Esquire's Date Book!

Watch
this space for the
full revealing details

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
919 north michigan ave.
chicago, illinois

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1942 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1942

Page

ARTICLES

Things Father Never Told Me . . *Proving that rules of gentlemanly conduct which we all accept as gospel are not only irksome but dangerous* . . . . . Stuart Kinzie 23
Father Had It Soft . . . . *Pay no attention when the old fraud squawks about the hard knocks he suffered—he was lucky to grow up in peace* . . . . Mark Ashley 24 ℞
On Wings of Wood . . . . *Plastic plywood, the strongest substance available for planes, is waterproof, weatherproof, and easily repaired* . . . . Robert W. Marks 35
No More Comic Relief . . . . *Regarding the no-longer-funny Jap spy whose total espionage and counter espionage won the first part of the Pacific War* . . Curt Riess 40 ℞
How We Got Our Blue Laws . . *Tracing these pious injunctions through the Puritans to Charlemagne, Ethelstan, Constantine, even the Babylonians* . Harold Harker 47
Circus Wind-Jammer . . . . . *For twenty-four years Merle Evans has cued the acts of Ringling shows with his sawed-off silver cornet* . . . . Howard W. Turtle 52
Be Superstitious and Win . . *Bizarre runs of cards in bridge explode mathematical theories on which all systems of bidding and play are based* . . Henry C. Nicholas 57
Keep Cool with Your Coat On . . *Southerners' pet formulas for combating the heat cover diet, clothing, hygiene, the home, and psychology* . . Sigmund Sameth 88

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *The People, Yes and No* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *All that's fit to print about them* 20
The Lively Arts: No More Parades? . . *To steam up our lagging war spirit* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 62
Potables: Suds Smite the Spot . . *Thanks to brewer, brewmaster and good American hops* . Lawton Mackall 69
Wearables: A Clothes Call for Father . . *Suggestions for June 21st* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 76
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Weighing last season's plays* . . . . George Jean Nathan 81 ℞
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf . . *Dr. Morison discovers Columbus* . . . . William Lyon Phelps 83
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *Brunswick Stew and Japanese Disaster* . . . . Iles Brody 86

FICTION

There Must Be a Losing Coach . . *It was an open secret Swede's father would be through coaching unless the Wildcats won the game against State*. Samuel W. Taylor 26
Her Uncle vs. His Father . . *Elizabeth contended that anybody who knew Oxford couldn't be sap enough to enter his son at St. Ambrose's College* . . . . . Graham Greene 30
A Story Teller's Story . . . . *You can imagine the confusion caused by a lady spah who frankly publicized her activity on behahf of the Garmans* . . . . Louis Paul 38
A Little Bedroom Far Away . . *How an arrogant student was humbled and his whole life changed by a peasant bedroom in Southern France* . . . . Manuel Komroff 42
Bury Your Dead . . . . *Pa and Ma 'lowed they'd rather see Ceif dead and in his coffin as to be married to one of Snort Pratt's family* . . . . Jesse Stuart 50
The Little Acorn . . . . *None of Dex's crowd had been to the sub-deb parties yet, and even a sharp apple like Stub hadn't made the Chatham* . Oden Hughart Meeker 54 ℞
The Sacrifice Hit . . . . *The old guy in right field kept dropping easy flies, and yet there was nary a boo from the bleachers* . . Henry Vance and Zipp Newman 59
Excursion Down Ruby Street . . *It occurred to Mrs. Geranium Finn that adventure would not come to her that day if she waited in her room* . . . . . Edward Harris Heth 70
The Two Hunters . . . . *The deputy told Lacey not to worry, there were few men who wouldn't have made the same bargain to help him find the still* . . H. L. Simpson 74

PERSONALITIES

Father of the C.Y.O. . . . . . *"From death cell to the Vatican, from ward heeler to White House . . . has roved this strenuous cleric"* . . . . Herb Graffis 29
Darrel Austin: The Young Master . . *His pictures record a private watery world where men have ceased to fight, women to love and beasts to prey* . . . Harry Salpeter 64

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *There'll always be a Father's Day* . . . . Modeled by L. S. Soderstrom
Just Like the Girl Who . . . . *Verses by* Phil Stack; *Drawings by* Arthur T. Blomquist 31
The Varga Girl . . . . *Heritage* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack *Painting by* Varga 33
"December 7th, 1941" . . . . *Wake Up, America* . . . . *Painting by* Arthur Szyk 55
The Holbein Girl . . . . *Rapunzel with lipstick* . . . . *Kodachromed by* Erwin Blumenfeld 56
A Group of Paintings . . . . . *Courtesy of Perls Galleries, New York City* . . . . *by* Darrel Austin 65
Veda Ann Borg . . . . *In Hal Roach's* About Face . . . . *Photographed by* Hurrell 79
Gift Page . . . . *Dadenda for June 21st* . . . . *Photography by* Howard S. Redell 99
The Boston Terrier . . . . *True American-made breed* . . . . *Photographed by* Henry Waxman 101
"Mallards at Sunrise" . . . . . *Matin by the lake* . . . . *Water Color by* Walter E. Bohl 102
For the Fathers of the Country . . . . *Gifts for home defenders* . . . . *Kodachromes by* Howard S. Redell 124

SPORTS

The Sporting Scene . . . . *Wartime readers prefer more news of physical training for all the military, less ballyhoo over a few publicity pets* . . . . Herb Graffis 37
The Subway Miler . . . . *Running was considered a country boy's game until Leslie MacMitchell came up from the sidewalks of New York* . . . . . . Roger Birtwell 49 ℞
Go When the Going Is Good . . *Since fish are temperamental, swayed by whims of weather, consulting daily reports will help promote a good catch* . John Alden Knight 60
But Fish Waive the Rules . . *Angler disproves Old Wives' Tales of fishing in a thunderstorm, letting a trout see you, and dark flies on light days* . . . . Harry Botsford 61
Ted Williams: Evangelical Swatter . . *Nobody ever taught "The Lamb" how to be the .406 hitting champion of the American League, he just swings* . . . . Al Wesson 73
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Sports editors, sportscasters, amateur and pro players answer a questionnaire devoted to golf* . . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 84

TRENDS IN DRESS

New Clothes, Accessories, *sketched by* Pachner, Hughes, Goodman, Saalburg, Fellows . . beginning on 77

ESQUIRE
July, 1942
Vol. XVIII, No. 1
Whole No. 104

T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of sales; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

EDITORIAL: Three dots and a dash for next month's Esquire

With this issue we bid goodbye, for the duration, to the metallic ink on the front cover. Appropriately enough it goes out in a blaze of Old Glory, as it frames the flag that is a front cover feature of virtually all the magazines that are on sale the week of July Fourth this year. Next month, to mark the transition, the flag will stay on our cover, but the metallic ink will be gone.

This in itself is certainly not very important. But it does confirm, relatively soon, the rather sombre intimation of impending change that we expressed on this page of our Christmas issue, published three weeks before Pearl Harbor, when we said, in bidding that number goodbye as it left our hands for those of its readers: "in such times one cannot help but wonder whether one will ever again see such another. By the time another Christmas issue comes around, will the glitter of metallic ink still lend a festive grace note to its cover? Will the supply of paper still be plentiful enough to permit us to indulge in any such expansive editorial gestures as this issue's . . .? But these are trivial questions. The real question, for you and us to face, during the year that is around the corner, is whether the light of the world will be burning ever brighter, by this time next year, or guttering down in its last dwindling candle."

At Pearl Harbor, three weeks later, the light of the world flickered dangerously low for a few dark hours. But as this is written, to the accompaniment of a broadcast of Gen. MacArthur's communiqués concerning the results of the first Battle of the Coral Sea, the flame is rising steadily.

* * *

But speaking of things published in this magazine's pages before Pearl Harbor, we have had to absorb a good deal of ribbing for the article *Twice Told Truth about Japan*, published in our January Holiday number, just two days before that infamous Sunday, in which James R. Young repeated, and endorsed as still being true, an appraisal of Japanese military striking power that had first been printed fourteen years before. That article shared, or even exceeded, the then common underestimation of Japan's military and naval strength. Young still insists that the Japanese victories since Pearl Harbor have only very temporarily eclipsed his article's still basic truth. But meanwhile our "pan mail" on his article has been somewhat more than merely torrid.

It took a columnist on the Oskaloosa (Iowa) *Herald*, Robert Fell, to come up with the discovery that served, to some degree, to restore this magazine's badly lopsided standing on the matter of prophecies about Japan. In his column, "Strictly Confidential," which he shares with only 5,538 readers, Robert Fell reminded us of the following passage from an article by Jack Morrow in the September 1934 issue of Esquire: "We Americans have treated Japan's ambitions very lightly and, as a power, held Nippon even more lightly. Yet as soldier, newspaperman, and student of Pacific affairs for 16 years, I have watched Japan's militarists shape the policy of their country toward ruthless imperialism in east Asia, chiefly towards the conquest of Manchuria, invasion of Siberia and, if necessary, naval combat with the United States. If possible, and the Japanese think it is possible, the empire of the rising sun is going to set up in continental Asia an empire embracing more than 1,500,000 square miles of territory, abounding in almost inexhaustible natural resources."

* * *

That we should ourselves have forgotten these sentences from an article in our issue for September 1934 surprised us as much as the words themselves. In our own personal memory book of Esquire's hundred and three issues to date, the issue for September 1934 held first place, as our favorite issue, for virtually two years. It wasn't until the August 1936 issue came along, with an overwhelming array of features, including Hemingway's classic *Snows of Kilimanjaro*, that the September 1934 issue dropped from first to second place in our own ranking of whole issues of this magazine.

Since then, with the possible exception of our January Holiday number of this present year, no issue as a whole has ever pleased us as much as those two dating from the magazine's comparative youth. But there's an issue taking shape right now for publication next month, the August Victory issue, that will call for a sudden transference of these past affections up to the present. We will try to set down, in the remaining space, a few of the more cogent reasons why.

* * *

How long since you have read the Declaration of Independence? We hadn't read it for a long time either, until just the other night, when we read it as we hope you will read it next month, in a beautifully bordered and dramatically illustrated facsimile of the original document, to be published as a feature of the Victory issue of Esquire.

As we read it, we were struck first by the sonorous beauty and dignity of its language, and then, suddenly, by its surprisingly apposite application to today's fight for freedom. Forgetting that the indictment of a tyrant referred to one of the German kings of England and allowing it to refer, instead, to the present mongrel-Austrian usurper of the rulership of the great German reich, it is surprising how often and how well the shoe fits. Quite aside from that, of course, it is worth reading again, and often, as an eloquent commentary on why this nation now finds itself at war.

For that matter, how long is it since you have read, and really reflected on the words of the Star-Spangled Banner? You'll have a chance to do that, and at the same time to study and learn to identify the various flags of the United Nations, next month in the Victory issue.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Do you know one basic reason why the German armed forces have been so successful, and the Italians so signally unsuccessful, when both countries had the same system, and desire, for military preparation, and both had the same chance to use the war in Spain as a laboratory experiment? Well, you will, if you read Gen. Reilly's article, *Victory by Tank Warfare*, in the Victory issue.

For that matter, do you know, in terms of its effect on Japan's ultimate chances of winning this war, what the heroic defense of Bataan and Corregidor really accomplished? You'll find it out, with a wealth of convincing and astonishing detail, from reading *Balance Sheet on Bataan*, in next month's Victory issue.

And speaking of things you never knew till you find them out next month, do you know how to say "Go to hell" in Japanese? You will. That and a lot of other equally useful phrases.

It isn't all grim. Neither is it all foolery. But it's a balanced blend of those two extremes, this next month's issue. It has two exquisite portraits of two generals, Washington and MacArthur. It has two great patriotic paintings, *Invasion* by Thomas Benton and *Paul Revere's Ride* by Grant Wood, both beautifully reproduced in full and framable color. It has two extremely stimulating articles, with a short-term and long-term bearing on civilian morale; one for the immediate present and future, called *Can We Take It?*, and one for the day-after-victory called *Our Own New Order*. It has two articles by Gilbert Seldes, this magazine's most consistent contributor since Vol. I, No. 1, and one of them won't wait till next month, but cries out loud for sampling here and now:

"To my mind, this magazine you hold in your hand is a weapon of liberty. I hope no one will be alarmed by this. Every publication in a free country is an instrument for freedom; it is a token that freedom exists. The present (August) issue of Esquire is, I understand, rather specially devoted to the major business of America at the moment, and this issue is more specifically an act of war for American liberty. But every issue has taken part in the fight . . . Every time you read what you want to read, you use your freedom of choice; every time you disagree, yet continue reading, you let more freedom develop in the world."

Seldes proceeds to point out that this liberty we fight for today is no empty orator's word but as vital a part of your daily life as breathing. "I am completely opposed," he says, "to the unmitigated loftiness of discourse about liberty. I want to bring liberty into relation to Jack Benny and Mickey Rooney."

And how he does!

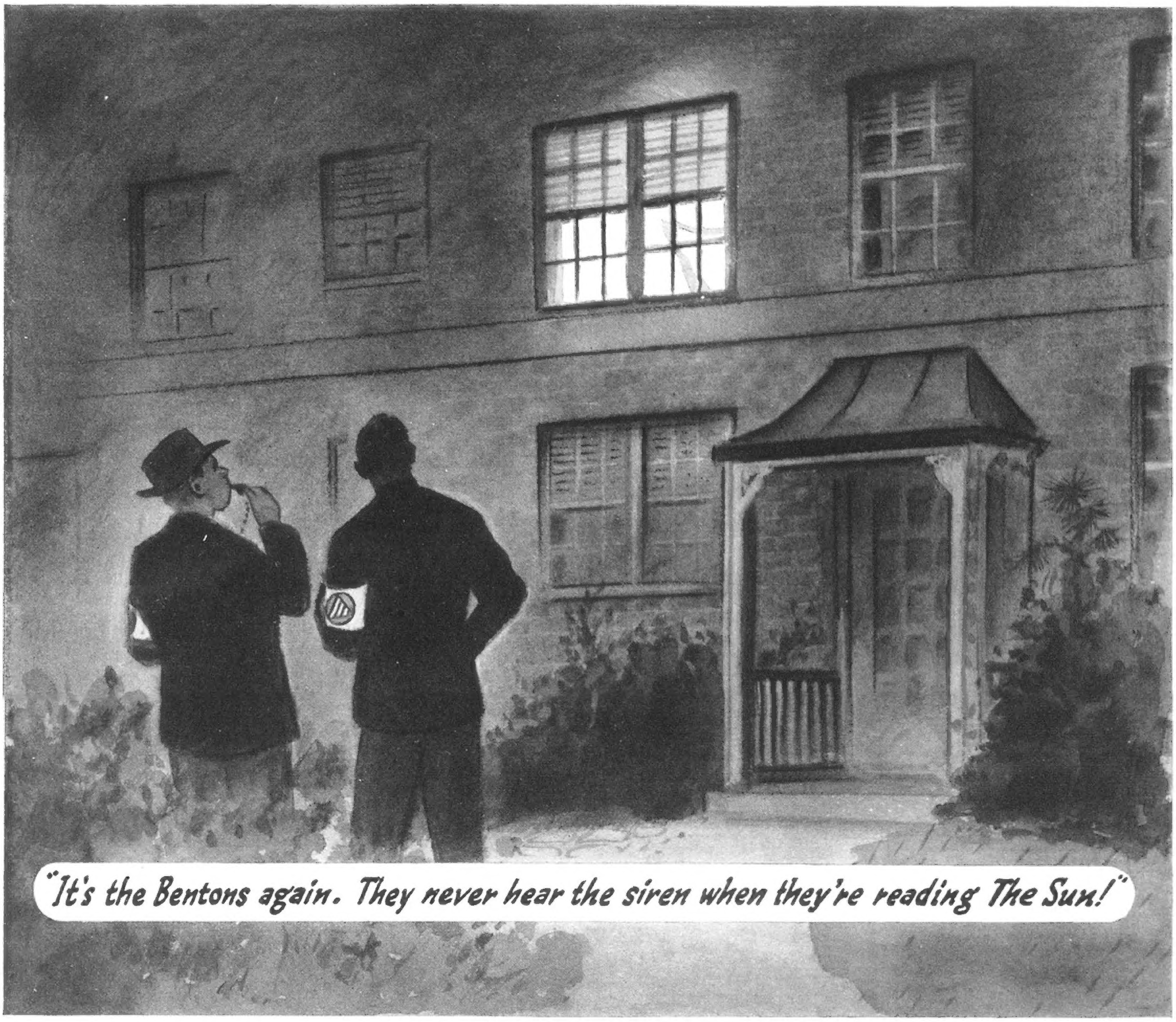
* * *

To continue to gauge the double-barreled calibre of this next month's issue, there are two sports articles for servicemen, *Sports Champions, Ahoy* and *Soldier, Sink or Swim*. And two recipes for the banishment of boredom, especially serviceable for the use of the man at arms, called *Fun with a Checkerboard* and, quite forthrightly, *Your Chances at Craps*. And two sports features, one by and one about, General MacArthur. And two fiction features devoted to different angles of life in the armed forces, *Only One Guy* and *Long, Lonesome Road*. And two other fiction features with liberty for a theme, *My Uncle Poldé* by Frank Mlakar, with its setting in America where liberty still thrives, and *The Inn of the Insurable Thirst* by George Slocombe, with its setting in France where liberty, knocked out, lies unconscious.

Then, too, there are other features so different from the general run of magazine material that they defy classification. In *Football for Morale*, for instance, Clark Shaughnessy shows you how even the T-formation can be fitted into the war effort. And in *Total Camouflage for Total War*, written and illustrated by Salvador Dali, the great Surrealist shows you how you, and the enemy, could be tricked into seeing things that aren't there and thus overlooking things that are. And in *Daniel's Three-Way Gig*, Roark Bradford's beloved colored preacher, Elder Johnson, who hasn't been heard from since he preached the Christmas sermon for our Holiday number, comes up with a war sermon that ought to hold Hitler's tongue if anything ever will. He starts out to tell you all about his dream of "a three-way gig in de lottery!" And that's his "messhy" for the occasion, a tip on the numbers that spell Hitler's doom. And he winds up with:

> "Keep dat messhy in yo' heart, and den
> "We'll get out and win dis battle!"

And come to think of it, no better two-line description than that could be devised, to cover, as a whole, next month's Victory issue of this magazine. ⧺



"It's the Bentons again. They never hear the siren when they're reading The Sun!"

Such preoccupation may seem extraordinary. But have you seen the latest facts about New York newspaper readership?

The L. M. Clark studies on reader interest have verified some of the most significant facts ever turned up on this vital subject.

Facts about the intensity with which every section in The New York Sun—news, special features, ads—is read! Facts that leave no doubt about the reason why The Sun has so long and so consistently been profitable for all kinds of advertisers!

The world's richest market merits particular attention today. So be sure to see the full details of these impartial studies that prove The Sun to be one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America.

You'll be amazed at the difference this readership makes in the number of people who see the advertisements!

★ ★ ★

WE DID NOT EMPLOY L. M. CLARK to make these studies. The results of Clark's 3-year continuing research on intensity of readership among metropolitan newspapers, are regularly syndicated to leading advertisers and agencies. In New York, The Sun's leadership in reader interest among standard size, weekday newspapers, gives new emphasis to the fact that for 16 years The Sun has led all such papers in department store advertising.

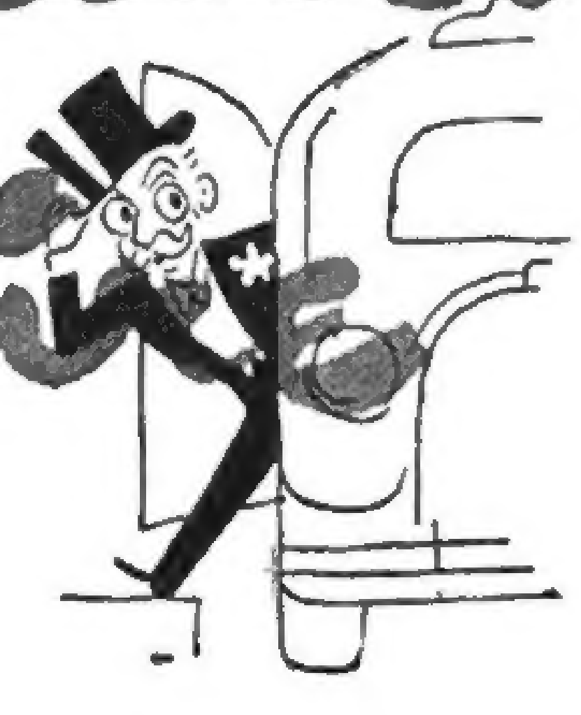
The Sun

NEW YORK

Represented in Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles
by Williams, Lawrence & Cresmer Company

TO GET IT READ—PUT IT IN THE NEW YORK SUN

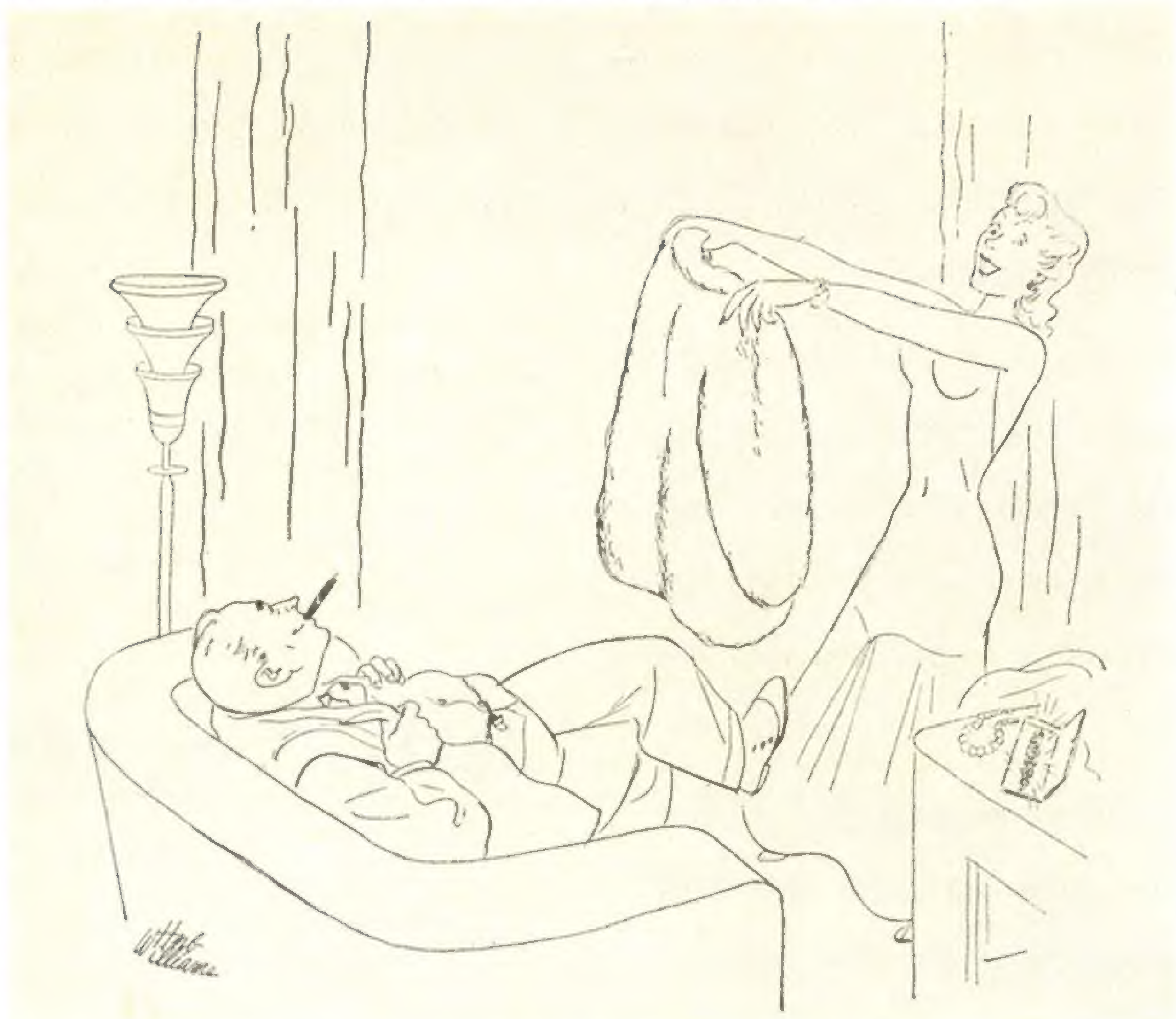
Going Places with Esquire



GASOLINE SAVING doesn't mean doing without ozone, thank Gotham. City slakers can go truly rural right here in town—in fact, all over town. Do you crave a sylvan glade with a waterfall? There's the Promenade Café deep in the heart of Rockefeller Center. (Tell that penguin—or is it a giraffe this week?—to move over and not look so longingly at our julep). Or a trout stream? You can drop a line into one in Leone's backyard (339 West 48th) and they'll cook what you hook . . . Or do you pine for a tent in the open? Well, Ercole Marchisio has pitched his gala Pavillon Marguery just aft of his regular restaurant (270 Park Avenue). And what you eat and drink under that trip top ain't sawdust and pink lemonade . . . Do you hoard memories of a North Cape cruise? Then go solace your nostalgia on the broad stern deck of the Castleholm (344 West 57th) where it's all aboard for smörgasbord . . . Wanna contemplate vistas of the tritoned gardens of Versailles? O.K. You're right in the midst of them at the night *palais* of that name (151 East 50th), and it's your own fault if you're too busy beholding the supercomely Ver-Sighs of the current revue.

CAN YOUR YEN be for a snug al fresco hideout in Provincial France where succulence of the region is set before you? Just tell your coachman "A La Fourchette, 342 West 46th," and don't overlook the native wines—native of *l'Amérique,* we mean. Bullfrog gams and clever sauced shrimp and bonfire desserts are among the glad findings . . . What, some art atmosphere à la Montparnasse. But surely! Hie to the Studio Club in Mt. Vernon (7 Brookdale Place—a couple of minutes from the N.Y., N.H. & H.R.R. station; trains aplenty) and chow sumptuously amid handpainted paintings by ranking easelmen . . . So you want the sky, do you, with a big expanse of green under it? Very good, sir. Quit lingering at that sidewalk table of the Hotel St. Moritz's Cafe de la Paix and let a lift whisk you to this hostelry's Sky Gardens where Ford Harrison grooms the rhythms for dancing at dinner, supper, and betwixt.

HUNGRY FOR a sight of Dorothy Lewis in action on ice? Same here, brother. No help for it except a plane to Boston – Copley Plaza Hotel. Canny managing director Chaucey Depew Steele bagged her and her ice revue to crown his begogglement of Back Bay with unveilings of handsome new suites and superb new Bar and Cocktail Lounge—in addition to the famous Merry-Go-Round Bar and the men's bar affectionately known as The Pub.



"Mr. Greene, I think I'm going to just love this barter system"

PRIORITY ON ENERGY

Save Time and Effort When You Come to New York
Make Your Home at the SAVOY-PLAZA
Walk to Business, Shops, Theatre

Overlooking Central Park, the Savoy-Plaza offers its patrons immediate contact with all attractions of the metropolis, now the fashion, amusement, cultural and business center of the world. Friendly welcome pervades the Savoy-Plaza. It cannot be described or defined but you will feel it the moment you enter the lobby. Reasonable rates in keeping with the times.

SUMMER RATES from $5
Air-Conditioned Rooms Available
CAFE LOUNGE AND SNACK BAR
Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner & Supper Dancing and Entertainment

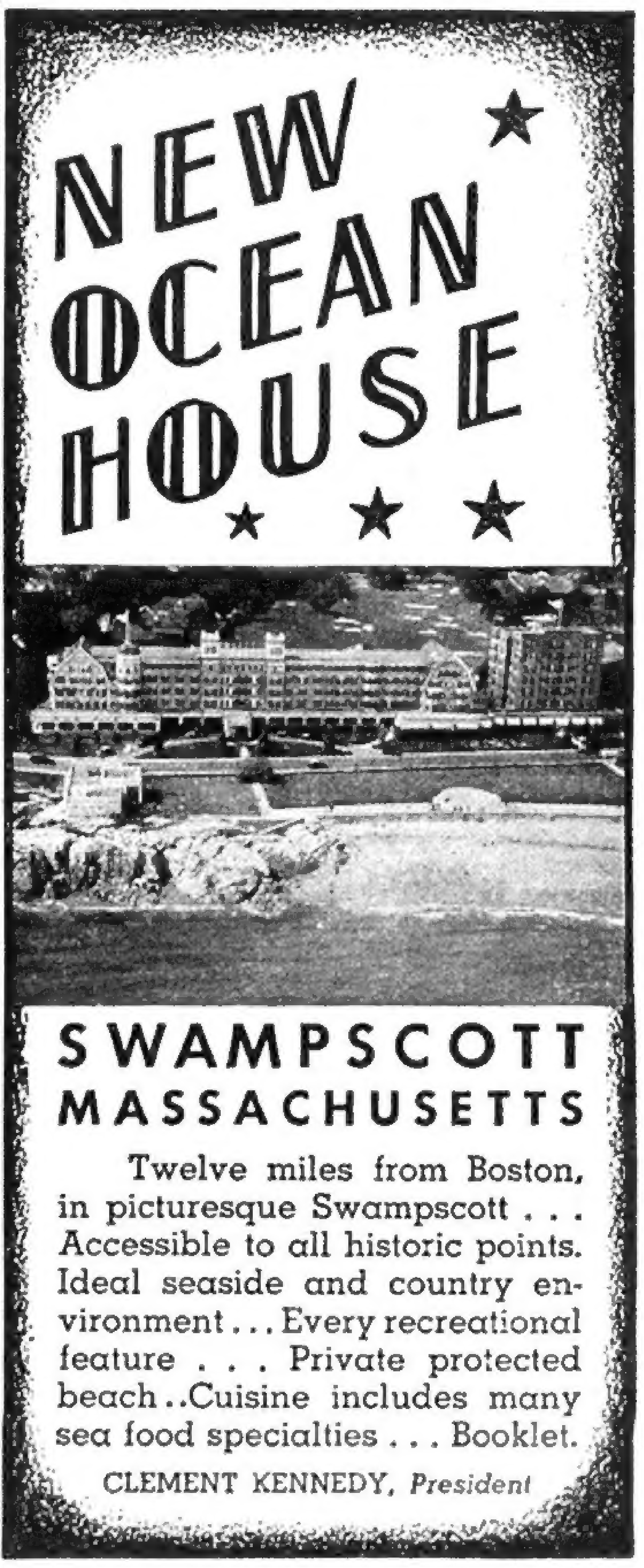
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58TH TO 59TH STS.
NEW YORK

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
Champs Elysees
Famous for the Special Dinner
25 E. 40 ST. N. Y. MU 4-8833

LE JARDIN DU PERROQUET
SIDEWALK CAFE
A corner of Paris at Washington Square—
Luncheon from 85c; Dinner from $1.25
Cocktails . . . . . Evening Snacks
Fifth Avenue Hotel
24 FIFTH AVE. AT NINTH STREET

"Where the Best Continental Cuisine is served most reasonably!"
CAVIAR RESTAURANT
18 EAST 49th ST.
New York

AIR CONDITIONED
NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 8:45, 11:45, 2 AM.
DINNER $1.25
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL. 4-1414



NEW OCEAN HOUSE

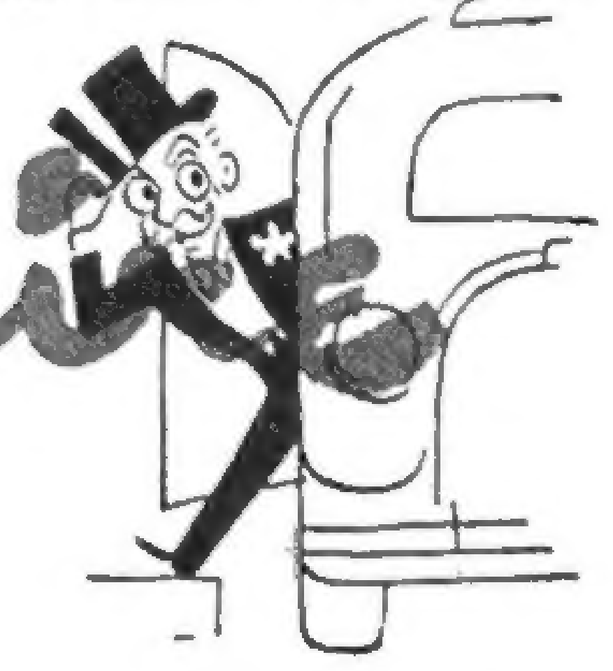
SWAMPSCOTT MASSACHUSETTS
Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott . . . Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . Every recreational feature . . . Private protected beach . . Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . . Booklet.
CLEMENT KENNEDY, President

THEY'RE FOLLOWING US
MUST BE THAT LONDON DOCK TOBACCO YOU'RE SMOKING

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC
2 Ounce Package 40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to London Dock Div. 128 Delmar Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.
Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

London Dock
Aromatic
Smoking Mixture

Going Places with Esquire

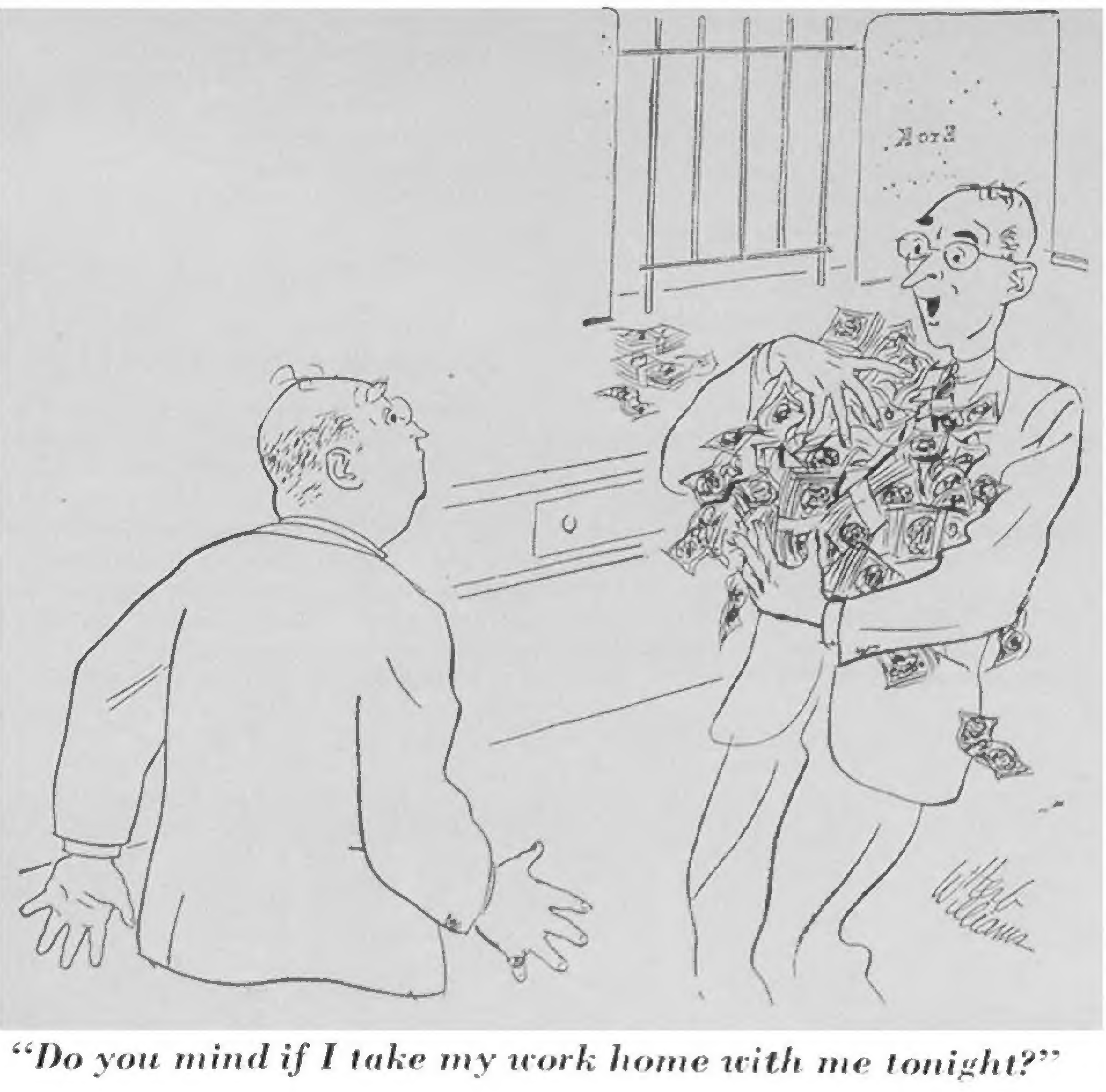


WERE TIMES SQUARE'S good gray jumbo, the Hotel Astor, less massive on its pins, it would be jolted off them by the inrush of he-guys of all the Allied Nations mobbing into the Bar, and still bigger invading parties, with gals in tow, elevatoring to the stupendous Roof. (This consists of interlocking pavilions, so no need of bringing along a pup tent in case of rain.) Here trombonic beguiler Tommy Dorsey and his band are wilfully demolishing the all-time attendance record they hung up last year. Veteran waiters are aghast at seeing pridefully served Sweetbreads Eugénie and Lobster Thermidor broken away from in the Dorsey furore.

WE DON'T KNOW what mystic words the chef of the Restaurant Robert, 33 West 55th, murmurs over his stew-pans. All we can certify to is the results, which are strictly out of this world. Seafood takes on extra nuances of flavor. Humble cream of leek soup is de-luxed into potatoless attar. Guinea hen becomes something to adore while you devour. Crêpes Maison have a lightness and a sly lusciousness such as Suzette never imagined. As you con the menu over your preliminary cocktail in the propitious Drum Bar, Robert's cellar sagacity is at your disposal, assuring that your wine selection will hit it off wonderfully with your food.

THAT GLITTERING hunk of heaven, the Rainbow Room, has re-acquired piano gamboleer Carmen Cavallaro and his crew of ankle enchanters, alternating with the Sisters Terry and associates, who shake up rhumbas. Personable and gifted-piped Adrienne sings in sundry moods. Exotic drama dancer Jack Cole is back with a fresh batch of shapelies. Al Gordon and his pooch troupe, including some of our favorite actors, show up the human race. (Better bespeak your accommodations unless you are figuring on sitting on a cloud.)

DOWN IN Greenwich Village's Hispanic headquarters at 80 Grove Street, there has sprung up a forest of tall mint-fronded drinks, by the name of El Chico Wine Cooler: Triple Sec, California Brandy, orange juice, California wine, ice, seltzer, fresh fruits. If you've got a spot, it'll hit it . . . As for the Commodore Clipper which the Hotel Commodore is staging in a special silver-topped goblet, the only clue divulged to enthusiastic inquirers is that the base is a special liqueur devised and prepared by Heublein. But this caginess is made up for by the Century Room maestro-drumster Ray McKinley —the way he gives out with those sheepskins to the delight of the jitterbugoisie! We'd hale Charles à la Pomme Soufflée (157 E. 55) to justice for spud inflation if we hadn't consumed the evidence.



"Do you mind if I take my work home with me tonight?"

BOSTON'S
Copley Plaza
TRULY
ONE OF THE
WORLD'S FINEST HOTELS

ARE YOU
MOUNTAIN-MINDED
THIS SUMMER?
Then stop at the
COPLEY-PLAZA *en route*

If you're planning to enjoy the majestic mountain country or the glorious seaside resorts of New England, stop off in Boston, world-famed for its historic lore. Stay at the Copley-Plaza in air-conditioned luxury. Handy to leading historic sites. Dorothy Lewis and her Ice Revue now featured in the palatial Oval Room.
Write for booklet.

Airy Spacious
ROOMS
from $4.25

SO LITTLE MORE FOR THE BEST

EAT—DRINK too much?
THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP
FERNET BRANCA SINCE 1845
At good bars, hotels, restaurants, grocery and delicatessens everywhere
FRATELLI BRANCA & CO., Inc., N.Y.

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 NEW YORK CITY

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

THE CREST
OF QUALITY
SINCE 1890 Created for the hard-to-please...for the taste pampered by finest imports. Made from grapes grown on vines cut from renowned foreign vineyards. Cave-developed, out of fifty years of skill and experience. Cresta Blanca Wines offer your guests the ultimate in hospitality.
CRESTA BLANCA SOUVENIR WINES
Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Livermore, Cal.

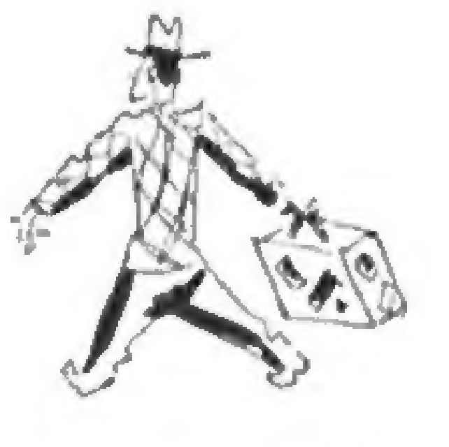
FOR YOUR
UNHURRIED PLEASURE

Enjoy this original
DARK Jamaica Rum
From that first leisurely sip you will relish the appetizing taste of a drink made with Myers's—the *dark*, full-bodied Rum of Jamaica. For that wealth of flavour—
The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof
Write for new free recipe booklet.
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. F-7, 57 Laight St.
New York

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ON THE ROSE-COLORED SPECS OF M. TORRENCE

Echoes of *So This Is Trinidad* reverberate in *Vichy's Troubled Islands* by Martin Torrence, your self styled Hemispheric roustabout.



It is very obvious that Marty has had infinite experience travelling—*first class tourist*, for while Magdalena and I grudgingly admit that Mr. T is historically and geographically immaculate in his conception of Martinique, we would advise that he re-arrange his adjectives and give out with some truth about the "rough side" of the island. Magdalena was born and grew up on the island. I have only been there no less than dozen times, but we both agree that this distortion of fact is more laughable than your inside "dope" on Trinidad.

We realize of course that this is merely the personal opinion of M. Torrence, but why pay for this stuff when any travel bureau will hand you a beautiful catalog of what they're selling.

If this "Madison Square" explorer wants Martinique as it is he can have it, but the majority of Island Base workers prefer that "borrowed American civilization" over the native element, and from where I stand it appears that American methods, and money, will make the island fit for Americans.

We therefore suggest that Mr. Torrence confine his inimitable style to fantasy, and that the editor scrutinize his personalities (rather than material) more closely. We can see the "tourist tag" from here.

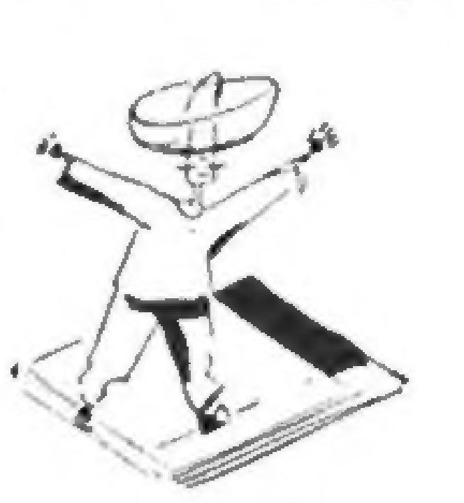
This point is brought to your attention simply to inform you "that the truth will out," for the boys are still smouldering from your rosy description of "Trinidad" and the current opinion seems to indicate that your roustabouts never got past the seventeenth parallel.

Yours for more of Stuart Cloete.
C. Robert Rieck

Construction Engineer
U. S. Naval Air Station,
Trinidad, B. W. I.

SPEAKING OF SPANISH

I send you my hearty congratulations, as a Spanish teacher of many years' standing, on your good sense in publishing the article on Spanish by Mr. Ernest Noyes in your May issue. You have shown rare editorial judgment in getting someone who really knows something about the subject to write about it. The article is in refreshing contrast to the endless stream of piffle and bunk about our Spanish-speaking and Portuguese-speaking neighbors that has been appearing in magazines and books lately, some of it written by "experts" who not only know no Spanish or Portuguese but who probably couldn't tell a Latin American from a Hungarian gypsy.



Not only have we suffered from the "take a look, write a book" type of thing (concerning one of which a Latin American editor recently quipped that "it should be called *Outside Latin America* but it is sold under the title *Inside Latin America*") but we have been afflicted with "authoritative" opinions on "how to improve understanding between the Americas" and the like written by Professors of Education and educational administrators whose abysmal ignorance of the subject is evident in every paragraph. Particularly irritating are the freshly-laid "experts" who insist on what they call "Spanish American Spanish," or who denounce the "so-called classics of Spain" and call for exclusive study of "Spanish American classics." Mr. Noyes rightly insists that the Spanish language is the Spanish language, the same language everywhere, however it may differ locally, just as the English language is still the English language, whether spoken with an "Oxford accent," a "New England twang," or a "Southern drawl." Our educationist friends who "pop off" about "so-called Spanish classics"—and the more profound their ignorance, of course, the louder they "pop off"—are in the same position a non-English-speaking person would be in if he advised Latin Americans to read only "American classics," to ignore Shakespeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, and Keats, and Shelley, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Hardy, and Kipling, and even the English Bible, and concentrate on "American writers." Anyone who knows anything at all about Spanish American culture knows how solidly it is built on the culture of the mother country, just as our culture is built on that of England. A glance at the catalogue of any large Spanish American publisher or bookseller will quickly settle that question.

I'm glad too that Mr. Noyes emphasizes the importance of systematic study, including the study of language structure—in other words, of grammar. Professors of Education and ex-Professors of Education, many of whom know nothing whatever about foreign languages, are fond of "popping off" on that point too. We've all heard them—"one ought to learn a foreign language as a child learns his native tongue," and the like. This delusion Mr. Noyes disposes of most effectively, along with the equally simple idea—and I mean "simple" in the sense that gives us "simpleton"—that real knowledge of foreign languages can be somehow "picked up," without conscious effort or mental perspiration.

I wish Mr. Noyes had had time or space to refer to another result of the recent "discovery" of Latin America by educationists who have had Latin America under their very noses for decades, yet turned up their noses at it consistently until Hitler woke them up to its importance. I mean the effort to introduce "Inter-American programs" in secondary schools without providing the essential foundation of Spanish or Portuguese to back such programs up. I have seen literally dozens of "social studies" programs based on "Inter-Americanism," "Good Neighborliness," or whatnot, all of which make vague references to "Latin American culture" but not one of which even mentions the Spanish or Portuguese languages as the primary, essential tools for any real understanding of that culture. Educationists are skittish about mentioning foreign languages for some reason, and I have a suspicion—founded on fact—that the reason is to be found in their own too general ignorance of languages—the old "inferiority complex," in other words. The boy who has never learned to swim may say "Aw, what's the use of learning to swim?"—but that is no argument against learning to swim, as we all know. Neither is the educationists' unwillingness to mention foreign language barriers a reason why the rest of us, the *practical* people of this country, should refuse to face the fact that in the present-day world we need all we can get of foreign languages if our country is to survive and prosper.

Mr. Noyes has done a great job, a badly needed job, and you, as editors, have performed a real service, a public service. Both you and your competent author, Mr. Noyes, deserve an *abrazo*—an *abrazo fraternal.*

Sincerely yours,
H. G. Doyle
Editor of *Hispania*

George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

INSIDE CHILE

Right the first one of the "over sixty believe-it-or-not" statements in *Uncle Sam's Southern Exposure* will make any person who knows the facts stop reading the article. For instance, a Chilean, after paying twenty pesos—a lot of money to him—for Esquire, will get the impression that your contributor, Martin Torrence, writes of things he does not know anything about. Any person with normal eyesight and fair taste would state that the average Chilean girl has a wonderful figure, and that nowhere in the world would one notice more beautiful legs than in Chile. If Martin Torrence qualifies for normal eyesight and fair taste he is invited to see for himself the people he was writing about.

Casilla 4234 Richard Ortmann
Santiago, Chile

TOO LATE BUT NOT TOO LITTLE

The conscience has been hurting me for several weeks and I fear you will be unable to help clear it up.

Every time I think of Jimmy Foxx and look at his batting average for 17 years, a mere matter of .332, I feel that I have done him a great injustice.

Foxx should be in that list of great hitters. I have been told that the story is to appear in June and probably it is too late to do anything about it. I really feel terrible about the matter and if there is any way that you can make an addition at so late a date, it would be keenly appreciated.

Jimmy Foxx richly deserves to be rated the Babe Ruth of the right handed hitters. Foxx at the start of the 1942 campaign had 519 home runs to his credit. And while that figure is almost 200 home runs less than Babe Ruth's 714 home runs, it is a most remarkable performance.

Like Babe Ruth, Jimmy Foxx is the free swinging type. He stands well back in the batter's box and when he is at the peak of his game, he steps directly into the pitch and takes a terrific swing. As a result of such style, Foxx strikes out often but like Ruth, he looks good striking out.

One of the fastest big men in baseball, Foxx could have added many a base hit to his total by surprising the opposition with a bunt but Jimmy has always gone in for healthy base hits and his average has suffered. He is always swinging for the fence and his public likes it. He is one of the game's most popular players.

Thanks so much.

Kind personal regards and all good wishes.

Cleveland, Ohio Billy Evans

FAREWELL, MY LOVELIES

I was very surprised to see my name mentioned in your latest issue, because I had sent the enclosed copy to each girl that I had been corresponding with. It is self explanatory, and under the present situation, I would appreciate it if you would request all the girls to cease asking me for names of soldiers to correspond with.

Hoping this will make it clear for the ones that did not receive an answer, I remain,

Sincerely, gratefully,
Staff Sgt. Geo. Russell

Howard Field, C.Z.

Mi Cara Amiga:

During these times of personal sacrifice and the giving up of small pleasures as well as big ones, it doesn't seem possible that the war and its consequences would have such far-reaching effects as to interfere with a comparatively insignificant thing as our correspondence.

When war was declared, I felt that the continuance of our letters would bring the Army closer to you, and, at the same time, keep our morale high, a vitally necessary factor to be considered these days—particularly in Foreign Service.

Thinking back since that time, I have enjoyed many happy hours in receiving and sending answers back to you, and the time thus spent has been well worth all effort if I have returned, in some respects, the nice thoughts you have sent South of the Border.

I can never condense my feelings into words expressing the appreciation, the surprise, the real sympathy with your personal problems, involved in our literary handclasp between-the-Americas, the genuine impression you have made on me with incessant proof of your loyalty and willingness, even eagerness, to help our common cause in any way possible.

At the outbreak of war, we were immediately, and at regular intervals afterward, warned against writing to other than our family and intimate friends. However, I continued to write, for I didn't believe that this would apply to you and me; for what on earth would I say in my letters to you, that would jeopardize the safety of our fellow-soldiers? But now even *that* remote possibility has been removed; I was recently given written orders that *absolutely prohibited* such a correspondence as ours, so I must resort to this crude but necessary means to enjoin you to cooperate with a rude but well-meaning Uncle Sam in his request. This fact is most lamentable, but must be accepted as being one of the misfortunes of War. I'm sure you understand.

So as you have shown your fidelity and whole-hearted response in writing letters in the past, I must ask you now to do what must be necessary.

It almost breaks my heart to do this, and I have postponed it again and again, in the same manner of having much reluctance in saying "Goodbye" to a friend of long acquaintance.

In the first place, it was not my intention that an innocent correspondence should become so important to so many of us; but now, after looking back over the months past, and the hours that the simple pleasures that a letter can bring, I will never regret a single letter written, a single romance that has been initiated, under the stimulus of lonely boys in the service and lonely girls "left behind"—through the medium of the written word.

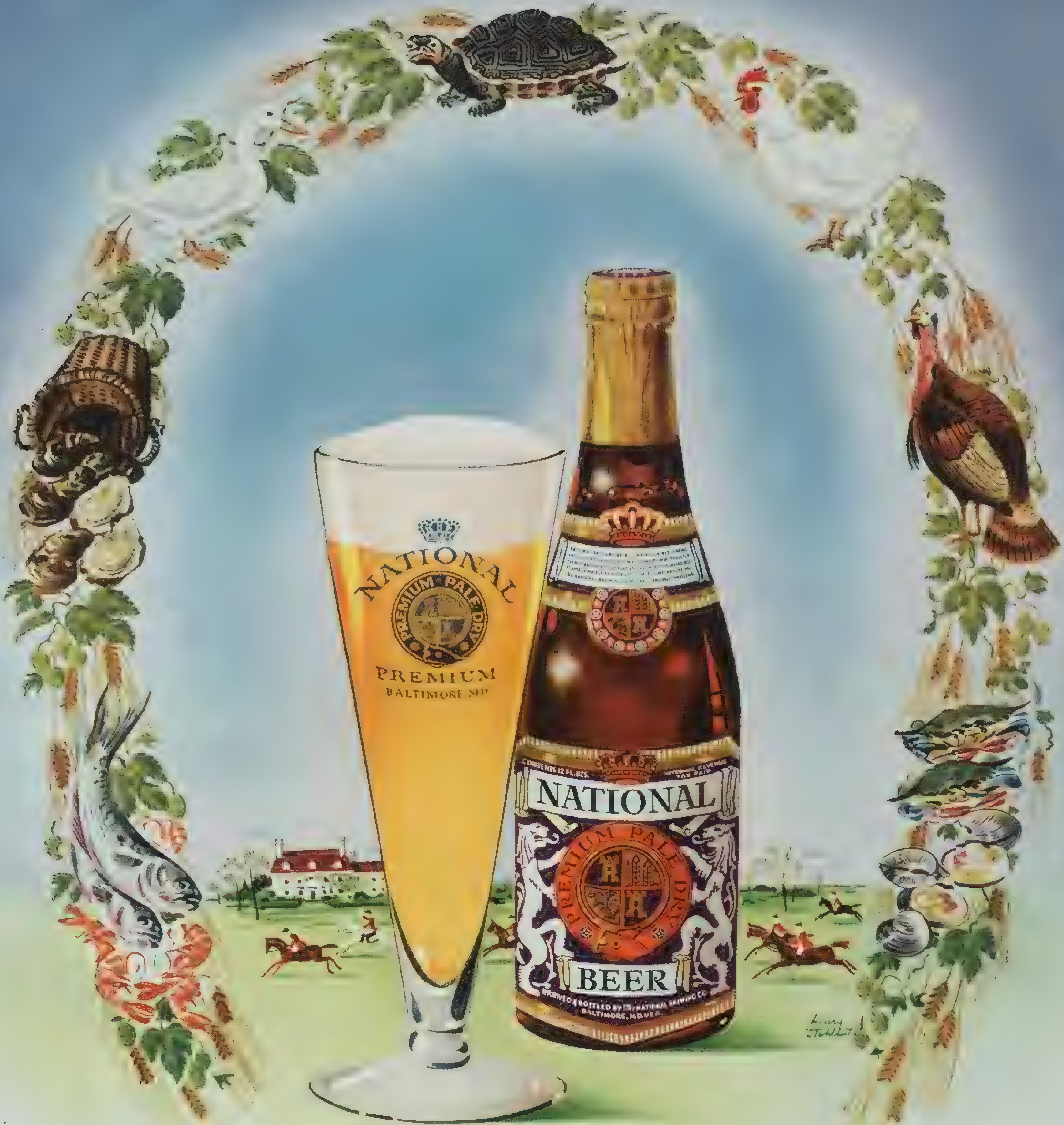
Can you imagine my reaction, to know that several couples have been married; that long-distance from the Canal Zone to the States, cables, the wiring of flowers, candy, money, Special Deliveries, Par Avions—all are a daily occurrence among those that have been introduced, from the first insertion in Colliers,' to the last one in Esquire?—then you have some small idea of how I feel now—to see it all end . . .

When I look at it all as a panorama, I grow expansive and, inside, I feel all these are "*my* boys" and "my girls," for I have taken an interest in each one of them, and somehow feel a responsibility for their conduct. I have laughed with them, and have cried a little with them, too—but always, my time has been *your* time, and *their* time, and I feel an intense satisfaction that some of my "work" has turned out so well!

But this is War. And War, per se, is no respector of individuals or group of individuals; I knew there would have to be an end to this, as there is an end to everything . . . but I wish from the bottom of my heart it hadn't happened like this!

God bless you . . .
Au Revoir,
George

Continued on page 156


NATIONAL
PREMIUM PALE DRY
PREMIUM
BALTIMORE MD
CONTENTS 12 FL.OZS.
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
NATIONAL
PREMIUM PALE DRY
BEER
BREWED & BOTTLED BY THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. BALTIMORE, MD. U.S.A.

Maryland's Token of Hospitality

HAS BECOME AMERICA'S FRIENDLY DRINK

Since 1936, Maryland folk, to whom nice living is important, have turned to National Premium when the mood of the moment called for beer. So appealing has this exquisite beer proved to be that to-day the entire country turns to National Premium. Available in the finer clubs, hotels, dining rooms and at purveyors of the better class from coast to coast. National Premium Beer is brewed and bottled by The National Brewing Company of Baltimore in Maryland.

NATIONAL *Premium*

A pale dry **BEER**

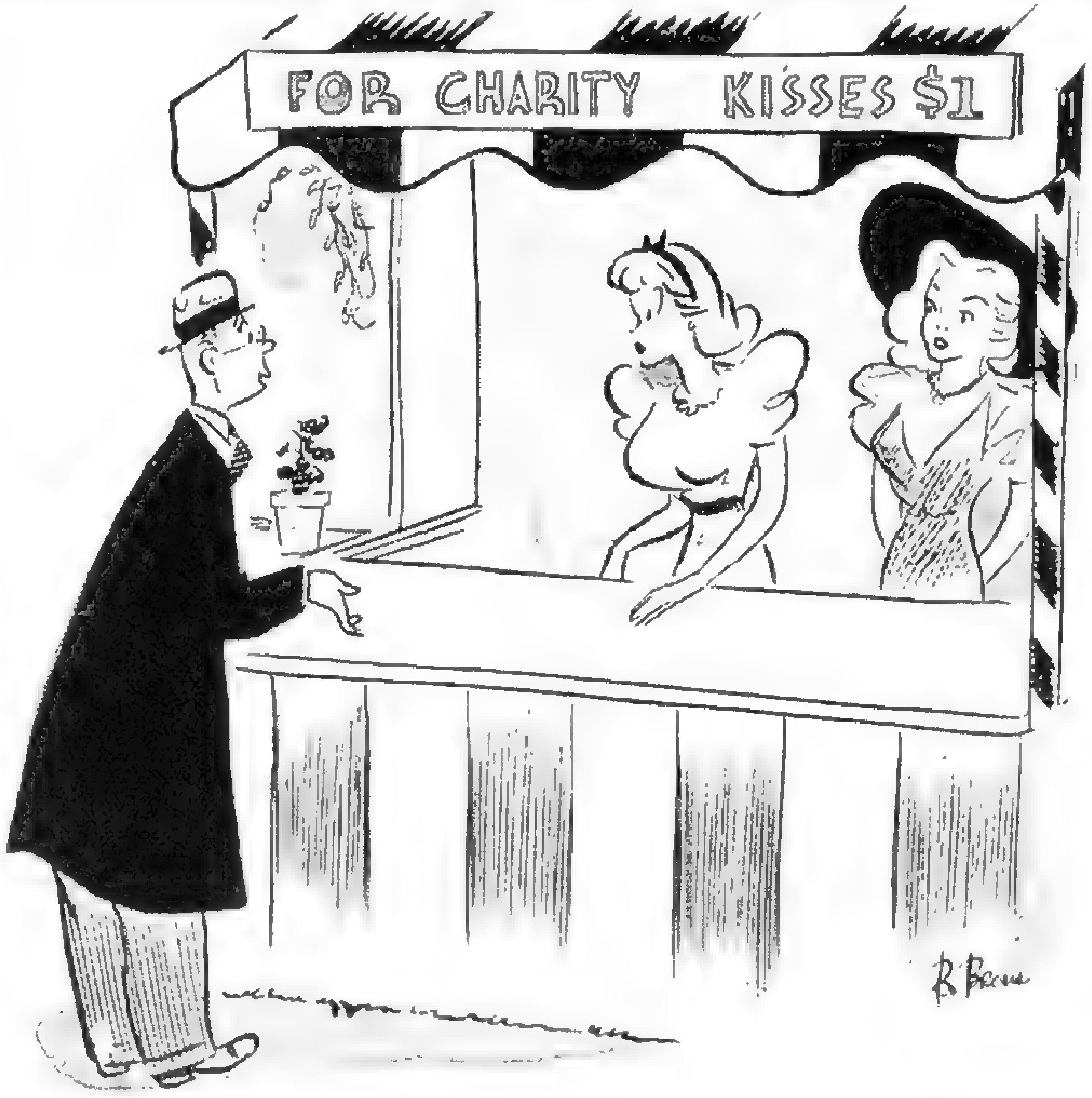
P.S.: Would you like our booklet of chóice old Maryland food recipes — spoon bread, crab cakes, etc. A postal brings it with our compliments.

Painting the Town with Esquire

FASTIDIOUS FANGS sink exultantly into Béarnaise-sauced double-filet-of-beef, theme dish of the Chateaubriand, that all-out epicurean luncheon and dinner spot at 148 East 56th where chicken Turkish-bathes in Burgundy and the silver press is given a play for the gravying of duck bosoms. If the scope of the menu causes mental strain, let Alex or his partner Maurice prescribe for you. As palate readers their accuracy is so remarkable, you suspect it's all done by mirrors . . . Guy Lombardo, grand sachem of sonority, is batoning them out at the twinkle ceiled upstairs salle—Starlight Roof to you – of the Waldorf-Astoria. You know, that quaint little inn cuisined by Oscar . . . Noble of the noble the thick veal cutlets, harboring scrambled eggs and mammoth asparagus, for which sentimentalists make pilgrimages to Lüchow's (110 East 14th), now in its 60th year of rib-filling bounty. And did somebody say beer?

THE ULTRA gracious St. Regis has shifted the main scene of its amenities to the Viennese Roof, with Paul Sparr and his orchestra performing charm-stuff for dancing. Garb rules are off . . . Agaping its huge windows, the Essex House's summer-chintzed Casino-on-the-Park is letting the breezes fraternize with the swing-and-sway music of ovationed returned Sammy Kaye . . . Shellfish greedies know their way to the columned doorway of cut-glass chandeliered Gage & Tollner's in Brooklyn (374 Fulton Street, near Borough Hall), where little neck clams are gobbled in 26 different styles and soft clams in 20 styles. And steaks lest you starve . . . American admiration for the Chinese receives extra impetus when refecting at Ruby Foo's (240 West 52nd) on say, shark's fin soup, delicately crisp egg rolls, and subtly sauced Chinese steak which is so tender you can cut it with a fork. Renault Pink Champagne, featured here, also helps along good feeling.

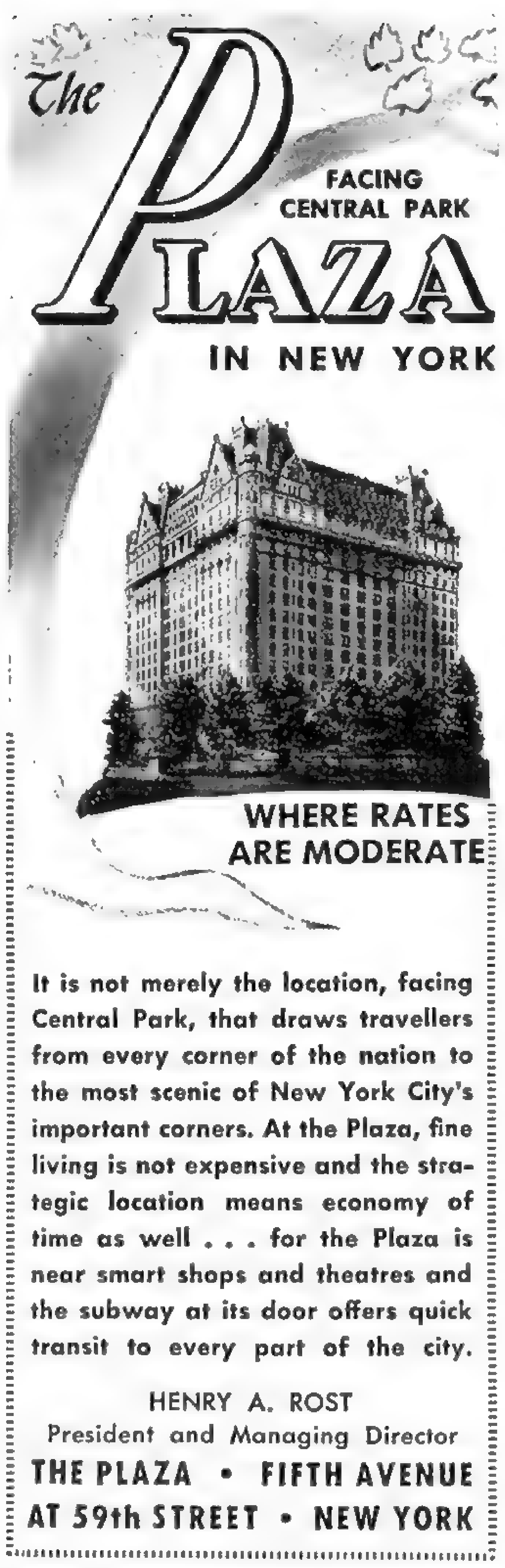
SOPHISTICATED IDYL: luncheon or dinner in the beauteous "Cottage" of Hampshire House with Central Park begging a glance . . . Park Avenue promenaders with an urge for cocktail dancing find their desire met by the smooth rhythms of Jules Landé in the Hotel Ambassador's pleasant Garden . . . Hot rolling tables of roast beef à la Simpson's in-the-Strand highlight this season's hospitality at Ben Marden's Riviera, cliffed at th'other end of the George Washington Bridge and flocked to in thousands. For the dance-mooded, Pancho and his orchestra alternate with a torrid rhumba crew. Though the roof yawns wide open (weather permitting), things are anything but drowsy.



"Will you give me a receipt so I can put it on my expense account?"

BOOTH'S
HOUSE LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD
BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
HOUSE
OF
LORDS
Britain still delivers the world's finest
DRY
GIN
100% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS
86 PROOF
IMPORTED
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

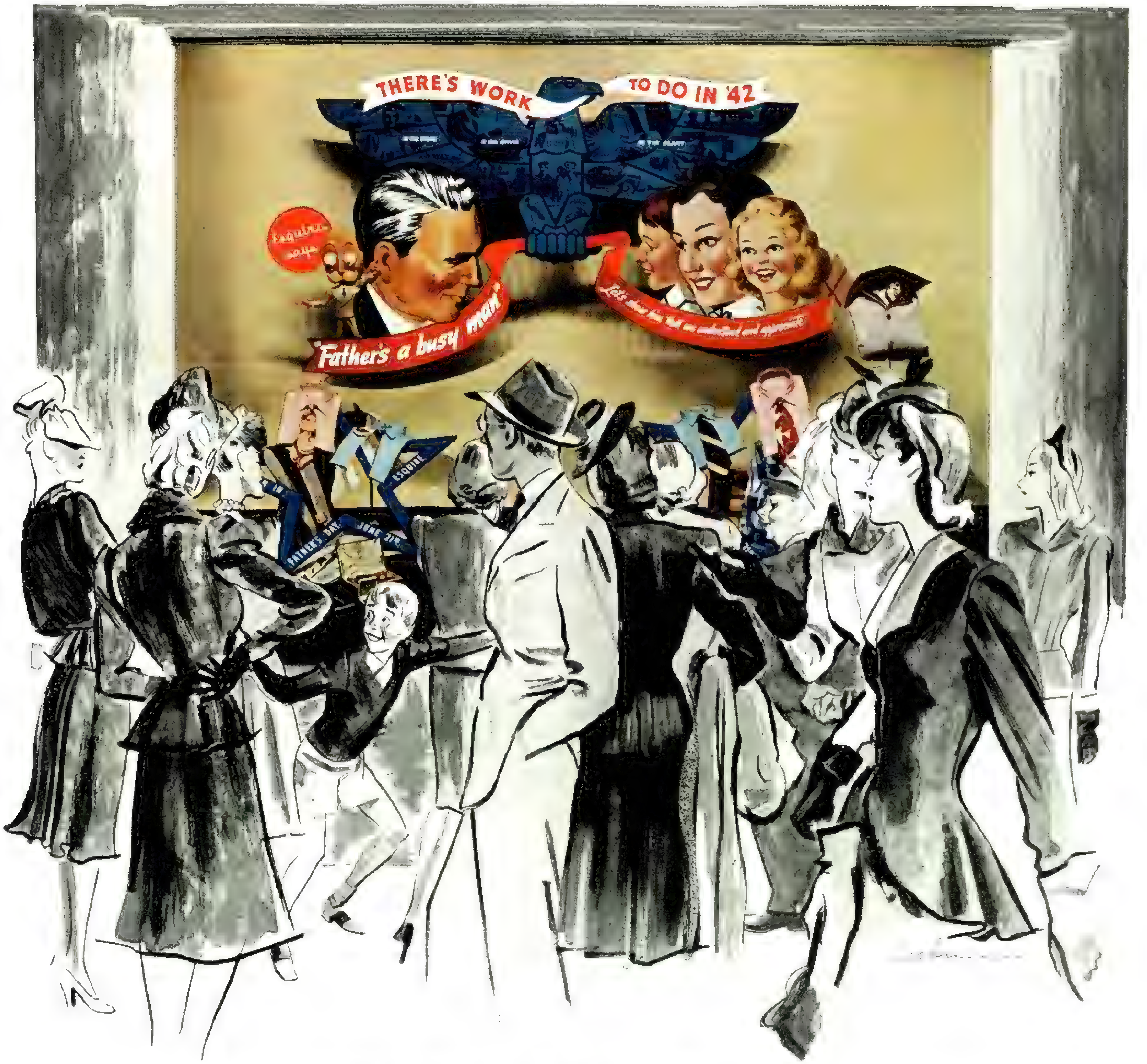
THE
WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON
AMERICA'S No. 1 Gift
FOR PIPE SMOKERS
John Middleton's
WALNUT
PIPE TOBACCO
* of all brands above 15c, WALNUT is America's largest seller, 30c a package
Humi-Glass lb. jar $2.25, sample on request
JOHN MIDDLETON · PHILADELPHIA
Since 1856


The PLAZA
FACING CENTRAL PARK
IN NEW YORK
WHERE RATES ARE MODERATE

It is not merely the location, facing Central Park, that draws travellers from every corner of the nation to the most scenic of New York City's important corners. At the Plaza, fine living is not expensive and the strategic location means economy of time as well . . . for the Plaza is near smart shops and theatres and the subway at its door offers quick transit to every part of the city.

HENRY A. ROST
President and Managing Director
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVENUE
AT 59th STREET • NEW YORK

for
VICTORY
buy
UNITED STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
BONDS AND
STAMPS



see this display in the following leading American stores featuring Gifts for Dad as advertised in the July Esquire

M. O'NEIL CO., *Akron, Ohio*
JOHN G. MYERS CO., *Albany, N. Y.*
WILLIAM F. GABLE CO., *Altoona, Pa.*
RICH'S, INC., *Atlanta, Ga.*
HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO., *Baltimore, Md.*
GEO. WILSON, INC., *Beaumont, Texas*
SISSON BROS.-WELDEN CO., *Binghamton, N. Y.*
JORDAN, MARSH CO., *Boston, Mass.*
MEIGS & CO., INC., *Bridgeport, Conn.*
FREDERICK LOESER & CO., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
KLEINHANS CO., *Buffalo, N. Y.*
KILLIAN CO., *Cedar Rapids, Ia.*
BELK BROS. CO., *Charlotte, N. C.*
THE HUB, *Chicago, Ill.*
ROLLMAN & SONS CO., *Cincinnati, Ohio*
MAY CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*
TITCHE-GOETTINGER CO., *Dallas, Texas*
SIMON & LANDAUER, INC., *Davenport, Ia.*
METROPOLITAN CO., *Dayton, Ohio*
JOSLIN D. G. CO., *Denver, Col.*
HERMAN KUCHARO CLO. CO., *Des Moines, Ia.*
ERNST KERN CO., *Detroit, Mich.*
DULUTH GLASS BLOCK STORE CO., *Duluth, Minn.*
ISAAC BAKER & SONS, *Erie, Pa.*
STROUSE & BROS. INC., *Evansville, Ind.*
THE HUB, *Gary, Ind.*
HERPOLSHEIMER CO., *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
POMEROY'S, INC., *Harrisburg, Pa.*
ALBERT STEIGER, INC., *Hartford, Conn.*
FOLEY BROS. D. G. CO., *Houston, Texas*
WM. H. BLOCK CO., *Indianapolis, Ind.*
L. H. FIELD CO., *Jackson, Mich.*
LEVY'S, INC., *Jacksonville, Fla.*
CHRISTMAN D. G. CO., *Joplin, Mo.*
EMERY, BIRD, THAYER D. G. CO., *Kansas City, Mo.*
MILLER'S, INC., *Knoxville, Tenn.*
WATT & SHAND, *Lancaster, Pa.*
J. W. KNAPP CO., *Lansing, Mich.*
A B. SUTHERLAND CO., *Lawrence, Mass.*
MAGEE'S, *Lincoln, Neb.*
M. M. COHN CO., *Little Rock, Ark.*
WALKER'S, *Long Beach, Cal.*
THE MAY CO., *Los Angeles, Cal.*
RODES-RAPIER CO., *Louisville, Ky.*
THE HUB, *Madison, Wis.*
LEAVITT STORES CORP., *Manchester, N. H.*
JOHN GERBER CO., *Memphis, Tenn.*
RICHARD'S, *Miami, Fla.*
T. A. CHAPMAN CO., *Milwaukee, Wis.*
L. S. DONALDSON CO., *Minneapolis, Minn.*
CAIN-SLOAN CO., *Nashville, Tenn.*
KRESGE DEPT. STORE, *Newark, N. J.*
EDW. MALLEY CO., *New Haven, Conn.*
LEON GODCHAUX CLO. CO. LTD., *New Orleans, La.*
FRANKLIN SIMON & CO., *New York, N. Y.*
SMITH & WELTON, INC., *Norfolk, Va.*
KAHN DEPT. STORES, INC., *Oakland, Cal.*
JOHN A. BROWN D. G. CO., *Oklahoma City, Okla.*
THOMAS KILPATRICK & CO., *Omaha, Neb.*
BLOCK & KUHL CO., *Peoria, Ill.*
GIMBEL BROTHERS, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
KORRICKS D. G. CO., *Phoenix, Ariz.*
BOGGS & BUHL, INC., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
WAITE'S, INC., *Pontiac, Mich.*
PORTEOUS MITCHELL & BRAUN CO., *Portland, Me.*
LIPMAN WOLFE & CO., *Portland, Ore.*
LUCKEY, PLATT & CO., *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*
SHEPARD CO., *Providence, R. I.*
THALHIMER BROS., *Richmond, Va.*
SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO., *Rochester, N. Y.*
WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO., *Sacramento, Cal.*
STIX, BAER & FULLER CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*
THE GOLDEN RULE, *St. Paul, Minn.*
JOSKE BROS. CO., *San Antonio, Texas*
WALKER'S, *San Diego, Cal.*
THE EMPORIUM, *San Francisco, Cal.*
CAMPBELL'S, *Santa Monica, Cal.*
B. H. LEVY BROS. & CO. INC., *Savannah, Ga.*
H. S. BARNEY CO., *Schenectady, N. Y.*
RHODES DEPT. STORE, *Seattle, Wash.*
M. LEVY CO. INC., *Shreveport, La.*
ROBERTSON BROS. DEPT. STORE, *South Bend, Ind.*
EASTERN OUTFITTING CO., *Spokane, Wash.*
JOHN BRESSMER CO., *Springfield, Ill.*
ALBERT STEIGER CO., *Springfield, Mass.*
STOCKTON D. G. CO., *Stockton, Cal.*
C. E. CHAPPELL & SONS, INC., *Syracuse, N. Y.*
RHODES BROS., *Tacoma, Wash.*
B. R. BAKER CO., *Toledo, Ohio*
H. M. VOORHEES & BRO., *Trenton, N. J.*
BROWN, DUNKIN D. G. CO., *Tulsa, Okla.*
THE NEW BOSTON STORE, *Utica, N. Y.*
GOLDSTEIN-MIGEL CO., *Waco, Texas*
THE HECHT CO., *Washington, D. C.*
THE HUB, *Wheeling, W. Va.*
GEORGE INNES CO., *Wichita, Kansas*
KENNARD, PYLE CO., *Wilmington, Del.*
ANCHOR CO., INC., *Winston Salem, N. C.*
DENHOLM & MCKAY CO., *Worcester, Mass.*
STROUSS-HIRSHBERG CO., *Youngstown, Ohio*
MCFALL & SON, INC., *York, Pa.*

The window display illustrated above has been executed for Esquire Magazine by W. L. Stensgaard & Associates, Inc.

NOW YOU CAN BE TALLER THAN "SHE" IS

ADLER ELEVATORS $12.95

Hustling days . . gala nights . . casual week-ends . . there's an Adler Elevator Shoe for every occasion. These famous shoes make you IMPRESSIVELY TALLER "instantly and "confidentially". The heels are no higher. They improve your posture, too. See what they DO for YOU. Try on a pair-today - at an Adler Store or write for

FREE BOOKLET
Address Adler, Dept. J.
122 E. 42 St., New York

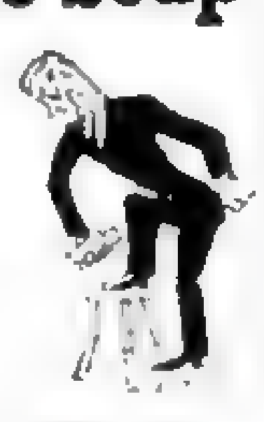
ADLER SHOES for MEN

IN NEW YORK CITY: 128 West 42nd St.
249 West 42nd St. 130 East 14th St.
Broadway and 96th St. 338 E. Fordham Rd.
JAMAICA, L. I.: 165-02 Jamaica Avenue
NEWARK, N. J.: 192 Market Street

Hollywood WHITE Shoe Soap

or liquid is right for white shoes. Does not rub off, no painted look, no streaks. Keeps white shoes looking new all summer long, cleans and whitens. 25c at **Flagg Bros.** stores in principal cities, or other leading stores; **ship service** stores, **post exchanges** or send us $1 direct for season's supply.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Frenchee Chemical Co., Richmond Hill, N.Y.



Use Your COMPASS Wisely

Thousands of motorists today are conserving rubber and gasoline through wise use of their Hull Streamline Auto Compasses. Driving by compass saves the needless wear and tear of wasted miles.

HULL MFG. CO. P.O. Box 246-G7, Warren, O.

Makes BLADES LAST LONGER
STAY SHARPER - SHAVE BETTER!
Twinplex
Just turn the Crank!

Twinplex Economy STROPPER

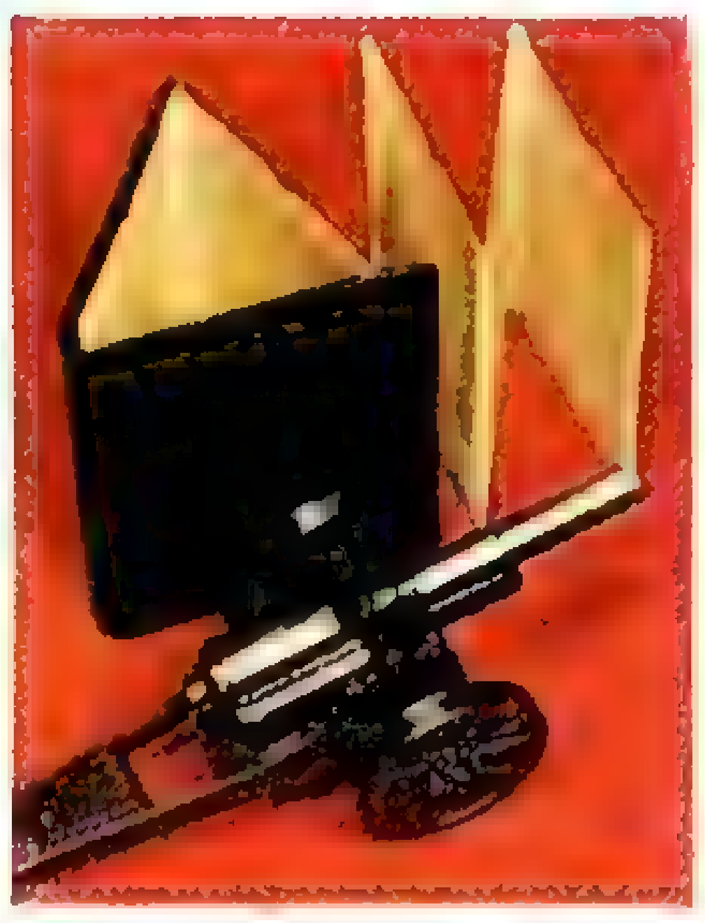
It's timely economy to make razor blades last longer, shave s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . by keeping blades sharp with **TWINPLEX** Economy Stropper.

$2 with HONE

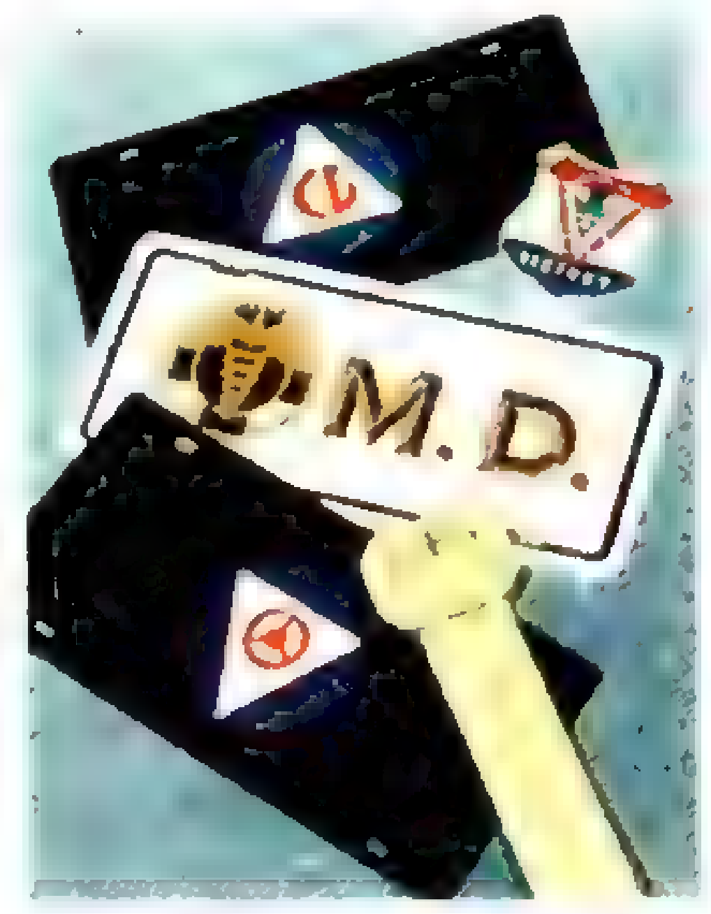
KEEPS BLADES SHARP!

Give him a TWINPLEX Economy Stropper for Father's Day or any day. Twinplex sharpens double-edge blades for clean, comfortable shaves, makes blades *last and last!* At Dealers or postpaid direct from: TWINPLEX, 1800 Roscoe Street, Dept. 27, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

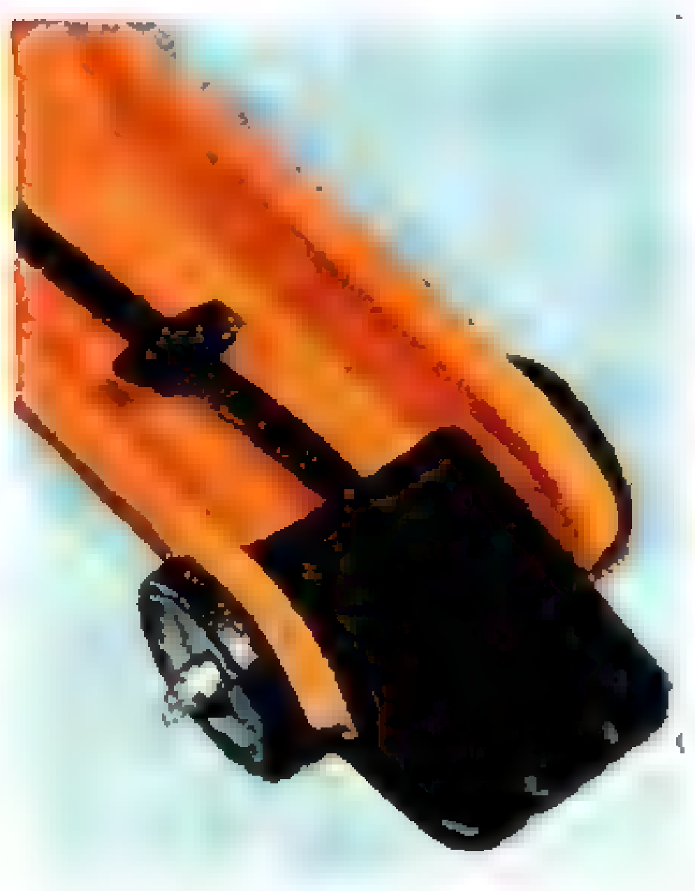
Talking Shop with Esquire



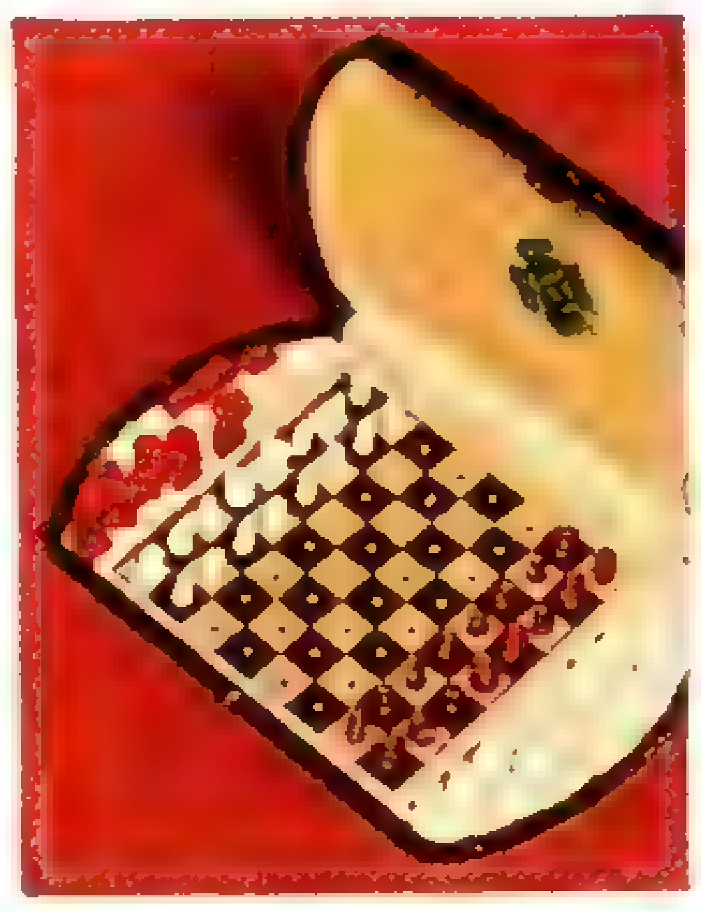
LOVES AND LIGHTS. The calfskin snapshot case will serve to remind Father of his favorite people when he's away from home. The inside section opens out like an accordion for full visibility; transparent pockets on each side hold the photographs. This comes in two sizes and two colors, blue for the Navy, brown for the Army . . . And while he toils at his desk, the cannon cigarette lighter will give him moral support. Timely is the military spirit that lies in its authentic detail.



WHO GOES THERE? If the state he resides in is limiting automobiles to only one license plate for the duration in order to save metal, buy him one of these for his blank front bumper. They are made of durable processed fibre, not subject to priorities, and display any one of the Civilian Defense insignia, besides a special design for doctors. Other insignia, like the V for Victory illustrated, are to be mounted above regular license plates to show either his patriotic sentiments or his Civilian Defense corps. The luminous belt is, need we say, for blackout wear by air raid wardens.



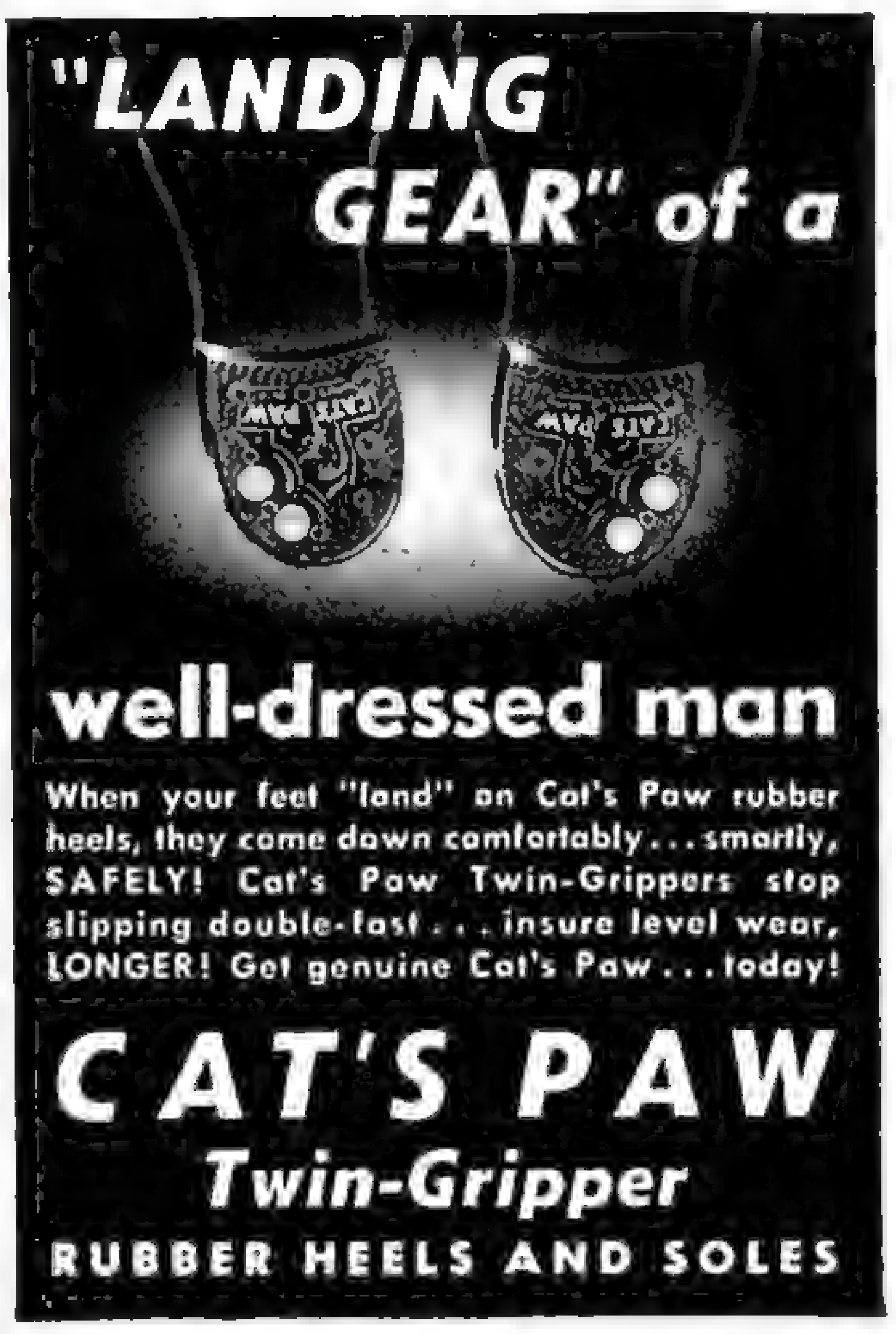
TIRE CRADLE. Last year we introduced this to you and you liked it. That was before the tire situation became tense, so here it is again, to try out on your tire-conserving parent. It acts as a sort of second wheel when a tire gives out. In use, it's backed up against the defective tire, which is then rolled into it and automatically locked in. The car can then be driven to the nearest garage under its own power. Takes up just a small amount of space in the back of the car.



PULLMAN PASTIME. When he takes those business trips of his these days, he ought to make it an opportunity to relax, perhaps with a compatible game of chess or checkers. This combination traveling set fits conveniently into his overcoat pocket, yet it contains a complete set of chessmen and checkers. These are plastic, and have pins at the bottom that fit into the holes on the board, so there's no danger of their slipping about. The case is well made and bound in green leatheratte.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"LANDING GEAR" of a well-dressed man

When your feet "land" on Cat's Paw rubber heels, they come down comfortably . . . smartly, SAFELY! Cat's Paw Twin-Grippers stop slipping double-fast . . . insure level wear, LONGER! Get genuine Cat's Paw . . . today!

CAT'S PAW Twin-Gripper
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

Gay GIFTS

Hits from our wonderful selection, each containing a lively music box melody

Red Leather Cigarette Box—wood lined	$10.00
Music Box—handpainted design	$2.95
Chrome Metal Alarm Clock—sounds a musical reveille	$11.95*
Perky pink porker plays "This Little Pig" or "Who's Afraid"	$1.25

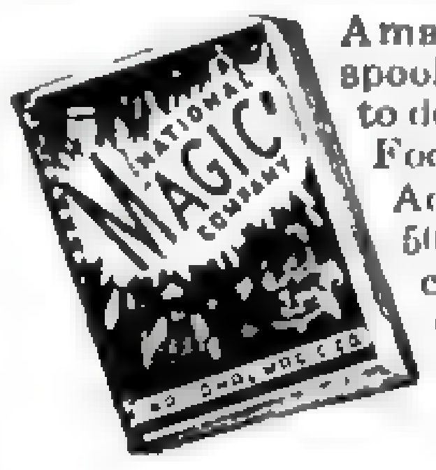
**Add 10% Federal Tax. Write for descriptive folder.*

G. SCHIRMER
DEPT- E
3 E. 43rd St.
New York

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 256 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 50 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

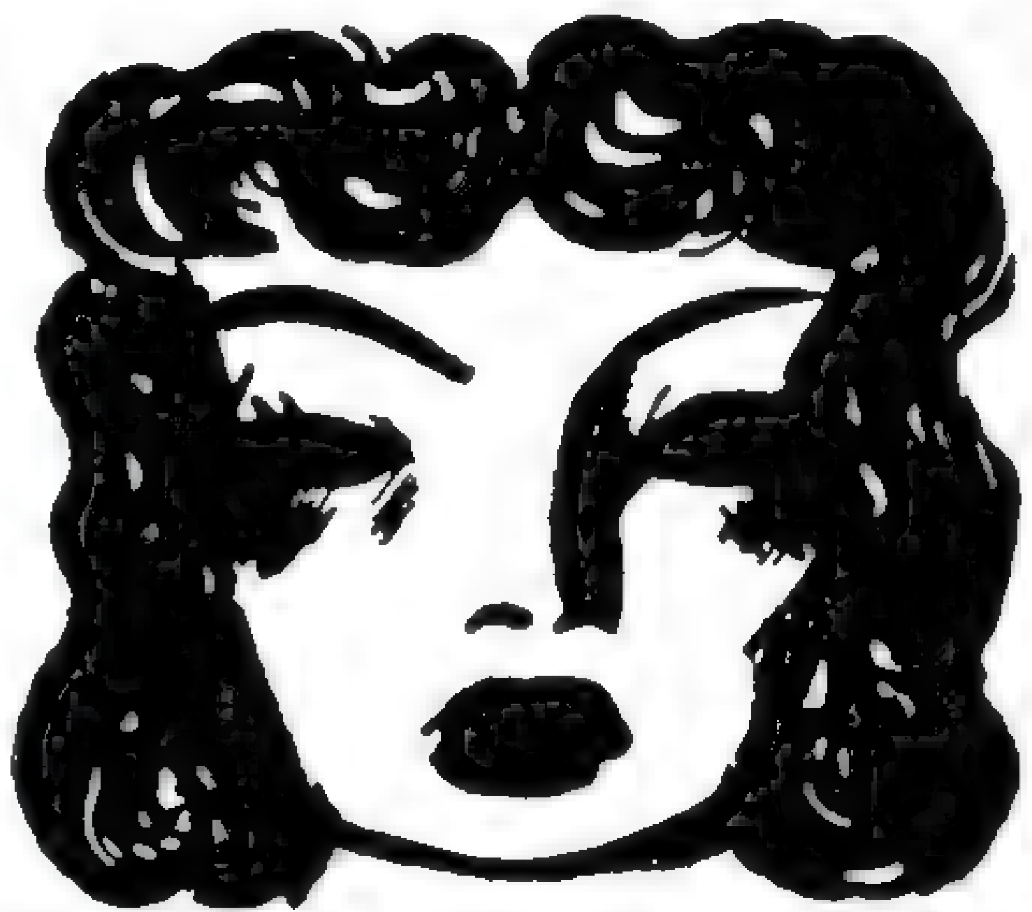
NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.



5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Great Books — new books — famous books. Over 200,000,000 have been sold. List includes modern fiction, mystery, love, adventure, humor, science, psychology, poetry, history, drama, law, biography, philosophy, and other subjects at only 5c per book. Send postcard for **free** catalogue of thousands of bargains. Address:

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.
Catalogue Dept. Desk M-890 Girard, Kansas



The Hussy's Handbook
THE INDISPENSABLE GUIDE TO MEN
By H. B. Norden

Including: Sex in a Nutshell; Why Women Love a Heel; I've Got the South in My Mouth; Baedeker to the Boys; Men: And What to do with Them; Why I Hate Parties, etc.
Devilishly illustrated by Julian Brazelton

Belongs on every man's personal bookshelf. Guaranteed to delight or money back. Only $1.98 postage free (sent C.O.D. postage extra).
MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.

Send me "The HUSSY'S HANDBOOK"
( ) I enclose $1.98 ( ) Send C. O. D. plus postage
Name———— City————
Address———— State————
ARDEN BOOK CO., 45 Astor Pl., Dept. 177, N. Y.

★

Play Pennsylvania

THE BIRDS THAT CAN TAKE IT

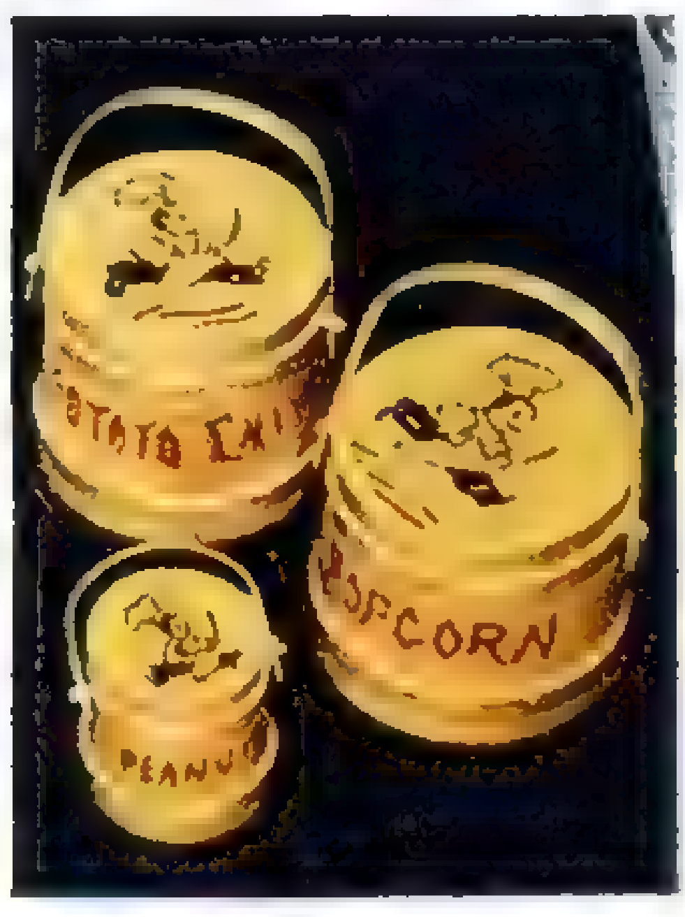
SOLD BY
BETTER STORES
FOR AS LITTLE AS

BLUE GOOSE 3 for 1.75
RED BIRD . . 3 for 1.50
VOLLEY . . . 3 for 1.25

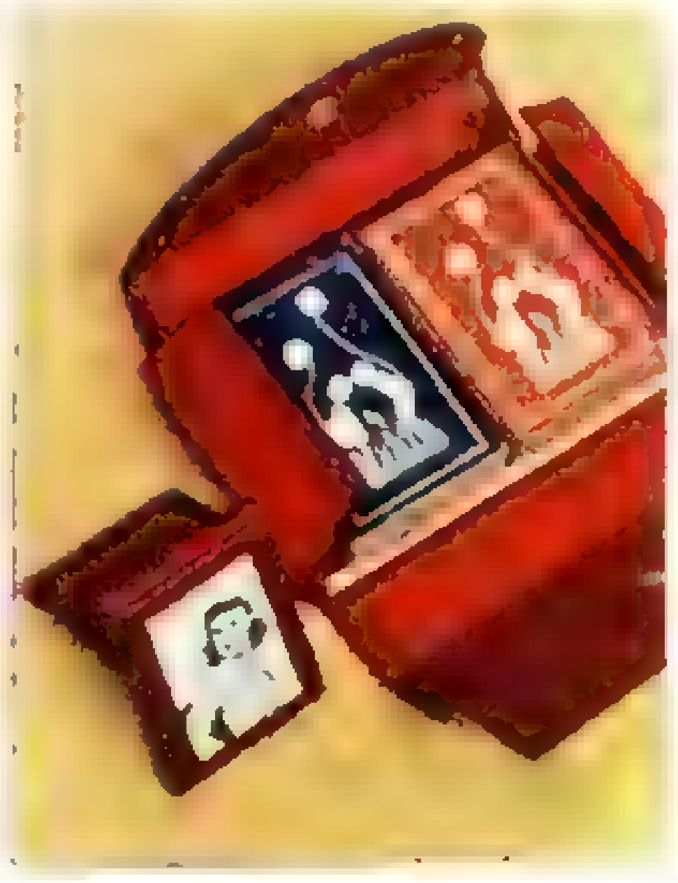
BUY

WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS

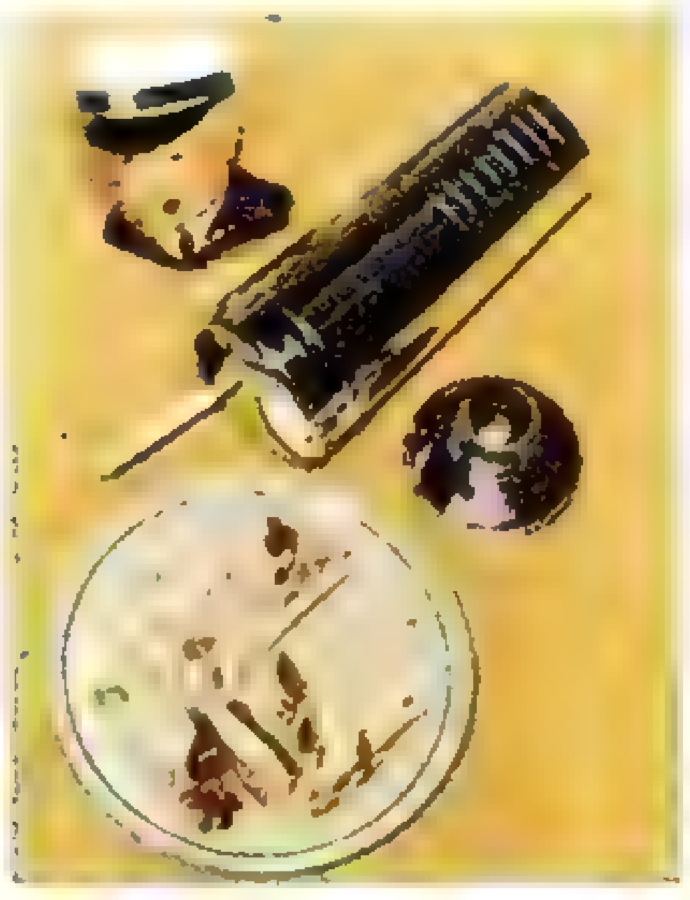
Talking Shop with Esquire



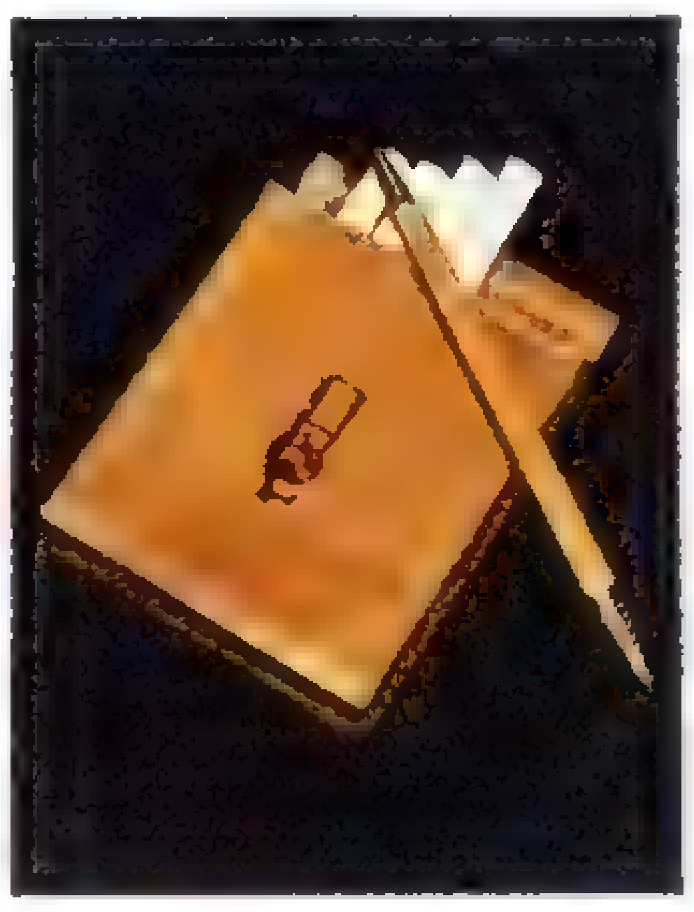
OUTDOOR HOSPITALITY. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he doesn't fancy himself a barbecue expert, given at least a back yard and the right equipment. These wooden buckets are grist to your outdoor epicure's mill. The buckets are, respectively and according to size, for popcorn, potato chips, and peanuts. A still larger one is for charcoal. A chef with carving knife adorns the covers. In appearance, the buckets have a down-on-the-farm ruggedness combined with penthouse sophistication. And they're practical, to boot.



HERE TO STAY. If yours is a diehard father who hasn't yet succumbed to gin rummy, he may still be won over to a good game through the gift of this attractive set, midget-sized for pocket transportation. Those already enthusiasts will like its looks and convenient size. The fine leather case holds two packs of cards, backed up with a score pad... For sentimental reasons, he'd like the chance to carry a matchbook cover that also provides a frame for a snapshot of someone near and dear.



CHURCHILL, CHEER, AND CHINA. Top to bottom: A lifelike ceramic representation of Winston Churchill in the form of a jug that makes a good cigarette container . . . A chromium thermos cocktail shaker (this way they'll *stay* cold). It has an extra top, so that drinks can be shaken up as well as stirred . . . For the epicure and opera-lover, collector's items in the form of plates for his table. These are steel-engraved with words and music of various opera airs, appropriately illustrated in color. The one shown is from *The Barber of Seville;* other operas thusly commemorated are *Faust, Mignon,* and *William Tell.*

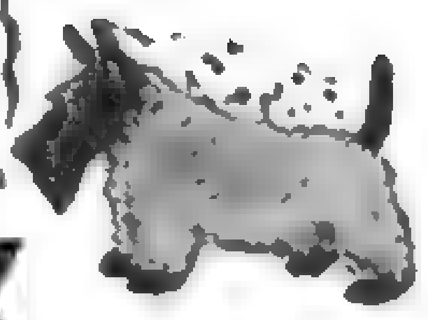


PIGSKIN POINTERS. Novel is this pigskin-covered cigarette case, and a particularly apt gift for the horse-fancier, whether he owns them or just likes to watch them run. The top of the case opens by means of an enameled jockey-cap pull on the front. It holds twenty king-sized cigarettes. Comes in black pin seal, too . . . Measurers and markers like the pencil with its pigskin length marked off in gold-stamped inches. Opposite the automatic writing end is another purposeful point, which, when twisted, reveals a small but sharp knife.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

I'M NO SISSY, BUT I SURE ENJOY MY BUBBLE BATH!



MAGITEX

New Shampoo for Dogs, Cats —Removes Fleas, Lice, Ticks!

You just rub in—wipe it off—Presto!—you have a clean, nice smelling pet. Removes fleas, lice, mites and ticks on contact. Safe, efficient. Large bottle $1; gal. tin $8.50 at Drug, Dept. and Pet stores. Or by mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. FREE circular.

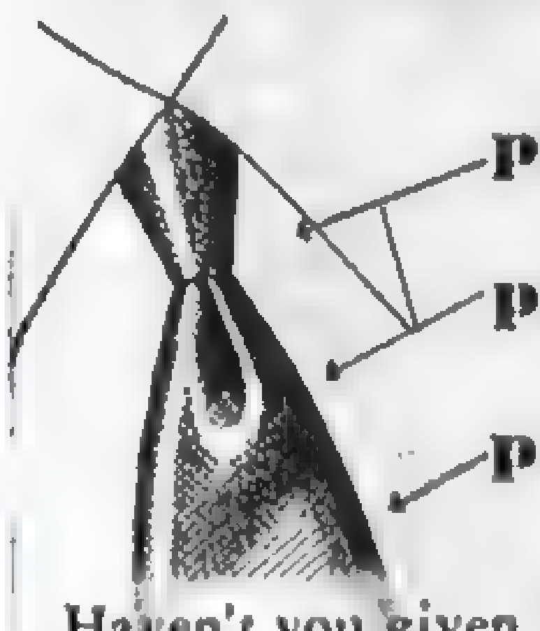
F. Fougera & Co., Inc., Dept. 7, New York

NO TUB
NO SPLASHING

NO SCRUBBING
NO MESS

NO RINSING
NO LONG DRYING

Give Dad Ties That Knot Perfectly
– automatically!



perfect knot
perfect dimple
perfect drape

Haven't you given Dad lovely ties only to see them get that twisted "dishrag" look? Well, here's a sure-fire remedy—ties made with Drapestitch Inner Lining! They always knot perfectly, dimple gracefully, hang smooth and straight. This new *patented* Lining comes in ties at every price—at all good shops—and costs not a penny more! This Father's Day look for the Drapestitch tag on all the ties you buy!

Drapestitch INNER LINING does it automatically

Dimple Tie Corp., 50 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

Please tell me which of my dealers sell ties made with Drapestitch Inner Lining.

Name..

Address..

Give to the
WAR
RELIEF
FUND
of the
AMERICAN
RED CROSS

Give through your
Local Chapter

KOMFIT
by Forstner
...THE FLEXIBLE WATCH BAND

IF you really want the smartest thing in watch bands, here it is! Thin as a dime—flexible from tip to tip—*stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable* — just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner!

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

Gold filled, stainless steel lined $8.50 and $12.50. 14 Kt. gold stainless steel lined $80.00. All stainless steel $3.50

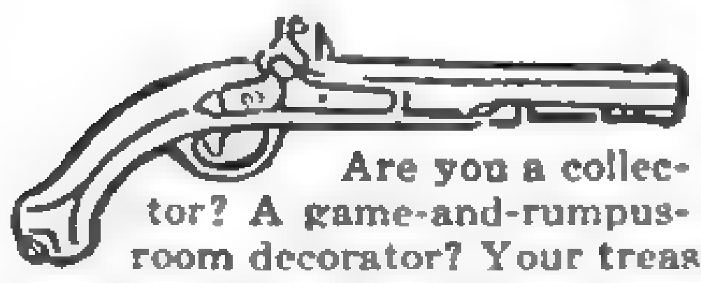
At better jewelers or write to

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. 129, Irvington, New Jersey

Please send descriptive booklet giving full information.

NAME________________

ADDRESS________________



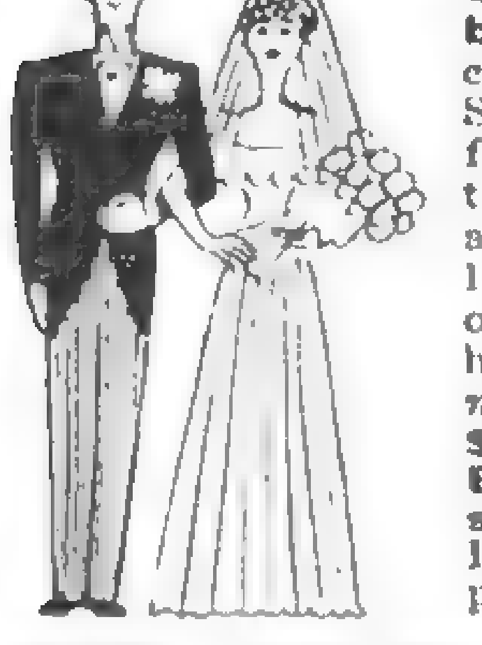
GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing hundreds of authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . **$4.75**
Old U.S. 45-70 breech loading musket . **$6.75**
To get your catalog (New Spring 1942 Edition) send 20c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, H-860 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N.Y.**

WAKE UP
YOUR
Scalp

THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp, see the difference, *feel* the results. Let the new electric driven VITABRUSH answer your worries. 5000 vitalizing strokes per minute. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Recommended by scalp authorities. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information and money-back offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 195 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

How to be a TALL bridegroom



Husband or Lover...IN ONE... QUICK EASY STEP...**Simply buy Staturaids,** the height-increasing smart-looking shoes. Select from **50 smart styles** for town, country, sports, military, university wear. All styles available in buildups of 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2, 2¼ in. (more than ordinary shoes). Increases height; improves poise. *Custom made to your order,* from **$14.50.** Delivery in a few days. **Buy direct from maker and save.** Write Dept. 84, for free Illustrated Catalog, sent in plain wrapper.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Avenue
(near 113th St.) Dept. 84, New York City

Name________________

Address________________

Talking Shop with Esquire

GOLD WITHOUT GLITTER. Any man old enough to be the father of a man old enough to give him a Father's Day gift has probably deducted youthful chichi from his tastes in jewelry. The gold or sterling links at the top, being utterly devoid of adornment except for the adornment of good design and workmanship, go well with dignity. Or, initials always having indubitable appeal, present him with a gold-filled tie clip and/or cuff links with his three initials for decoration and identity.

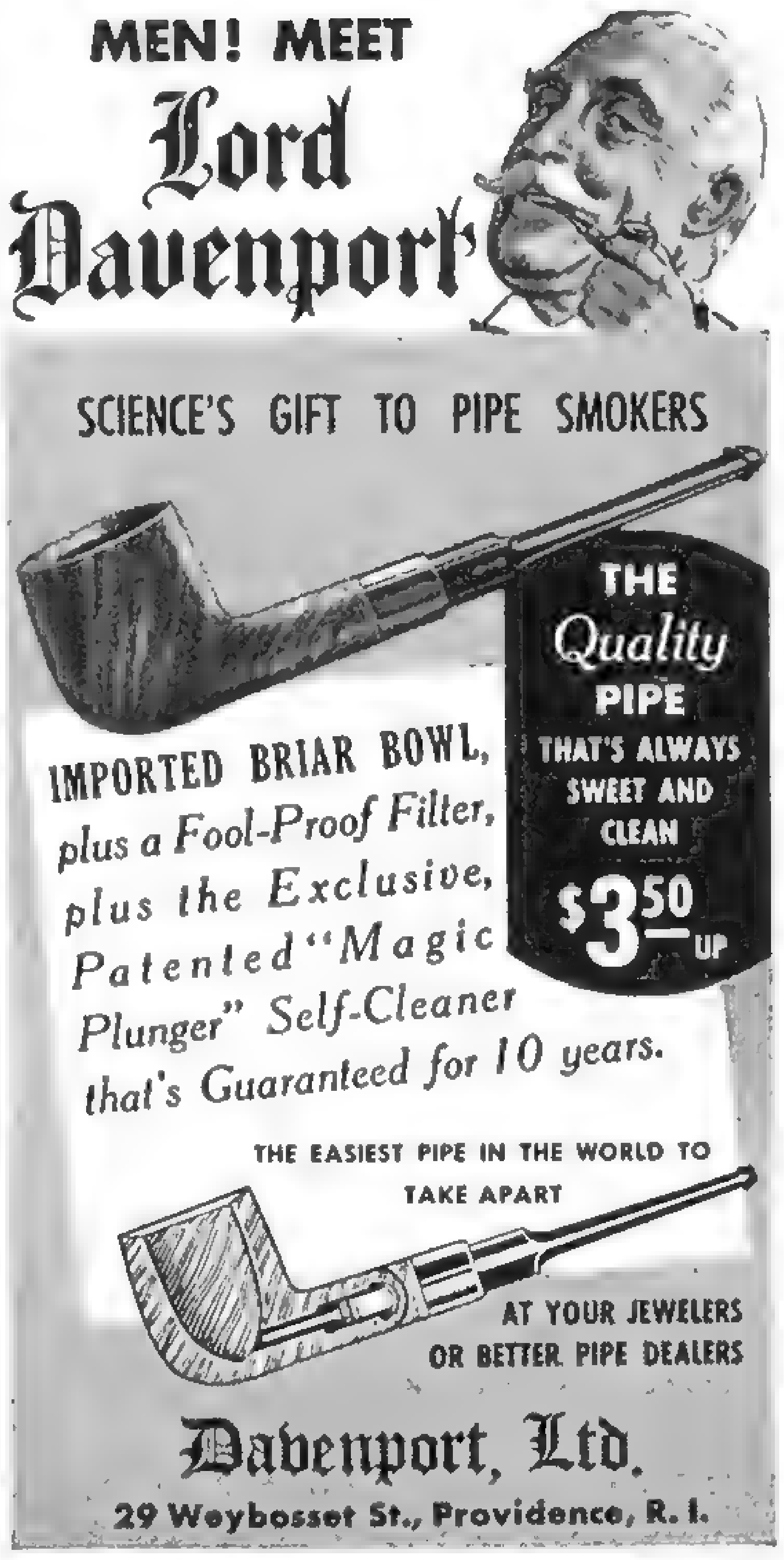
SENSAYUMA. So he's a jolly good fellow, is he? Well, he'll have fun all the livelong year with this assortment of greeting cards—if you don't beat him to them. No ordinary sentiments are represented here. Instead of commemorating holidays like Christmas, Easter, or birthdays, their holiday spirit is dedicated to such esoteric anniversaries as Income Tax Day, April Fool's Day, Repeal Day, Groundhog Day, and other festivals of like merit. There are three of each, all cleverly designed.

MORE FUN. Additional tributes to the gay life of Father, this time as they relate to his activities as a host: First, a snack jar for the bar that will remind him of his favorite dispenser of suds and soda, so faithfully is it modeled. Made of American pottery, in three shaded colors, the bartender figure opens up to hold pretzels or popcorn—or even tobacco, if a wet sponge is inserted in the head . . . Ideal bar towels are the brightly colored paper ones printed with such cockeyed addresses as San Quentin, Hoboken Ferry, Buckingham Palace.

THE OTHER ALLEY. We predict a future for this new game. A cross between the ever-popular darts and bowling, it calls for and develops the better abilities of both in the players. The board, set up on the floor, is the target for darts fired at it with the same intent as if they were bowling balls. The technique of bowling follows through admirably all the way. The darts are thrown underhand from a fourteen-foot foul line; scores are kept on an authentic bowling score form.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



MEN! MEET
Lord Davenport

SCIENCE'S GIFT TO PIPE SMOKERS

THE *Quality* PIPE THAT'S ALWAYS SWEET AND CLEAN

$3.50 UP

IMPORTED BRIAR BOWL, *plus a Fool-Proof Filter, plus the Exclusive, Patented "Magic Plunger" Self-Cleaner that's Guaranteed for 10 years.*

THE EASIEST PIPE IN THE WORLD TO TAKE APART

AT YOUR JEWELERS OR BETTER PIPE DEALERS

Davenport, Ltd.
29 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.

COOL OFF BETWEEN SMOKES
with *Smoke-Ease*
MENTHOLATED INHALER

Plagued by smoker's cough, throat irritations, parched mouth? Here's wonderfully refreshing relief! Just "puff" mildly mentholated inhaler between smokes, and get a cool-tasting flavorful cigarette every time. Pleasantly soothing, too, during colds. No gift more welcome to Father. Made of plastic, can scarcely be distinguished from a real cigarette in a holder. Menthol supply lasts indefinitely. Just $1.00, with money-back guarantee. Order direct.

SMOKE-EASE INHALER CO., 2 W. 45TH ST., NEW YORK

BUY
WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS

buy SLACKS by brand!
Seven Seas
BY MOYER

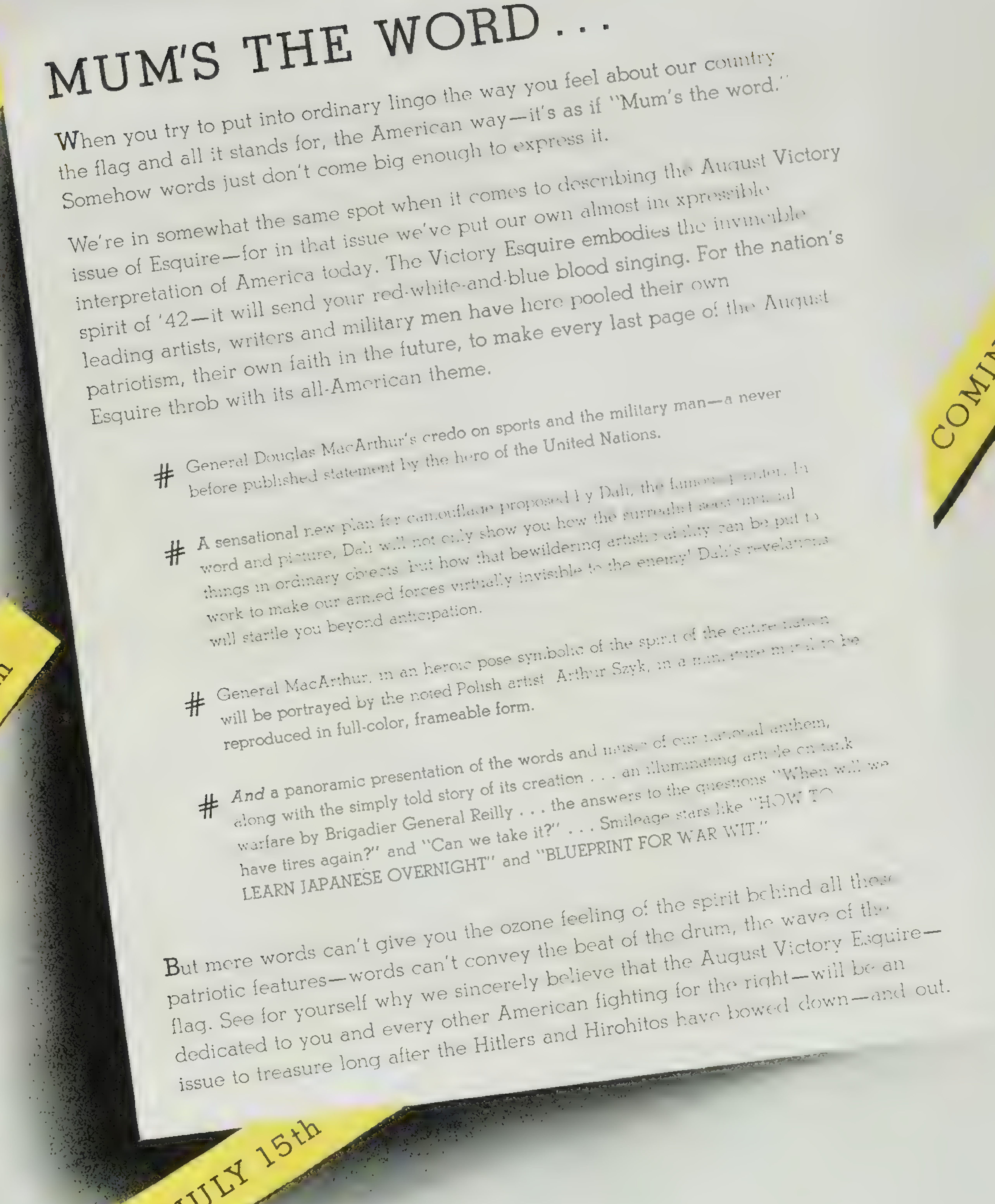
Look for the "Seven Seas" label on every slack you buy. Seven Seas fit, feel and look better. For instance, this Tropical for hot weather is an English pleated sport slack, with cloth-covered Kover-zip fly and Dot fastener.

In sand, brown, gold, marine blue and green at $5.

If your store can't supply you, write
MOYER MFG. COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Coming

COMING...JULY 15th



MUM'S THE WORD...

When you try to put into ordinary lingo the way you feel about our country the flag and all it stands for, the American way—it's as if "Mum's the word." Somehow words just don't come big enough to express it.

We're in somewhat the same spot when it comes to describing the August Victory issue of Esquire—for in that issue we've put our own almost inexpressible interpretation of America today. The Victory Esquire embodies the invincible spirit of '42—it will send your red-white-and-blue blood singing. For the nation's leading artists, writers and military men have here pooled their own patriotism, their own faith in the future, to make every last page of the August Esquire throb with its all-American theme.

- General Douglas MacArthur's credo on sports and the military man—a never before published statement by the hero of the United Nations.
- A sensational new plan for camouflage proposed by Dali, the famous painter. In word and picture, Dali will not only show you how the surrealist sees unusual things in ordinary objects, but how that bewildering artistic ability can be put to work to make our armed forces virtually invisible to the enemy! Dali's revelations will startle you beyond anticipation.
- General MacArthur, in an heroic pose symbolic of the spirit of the entire nation, will be portrayed by the noted Polish artist, Arthur Szyk, in a miniature mural to be reproduced in full-color, frameable form.
- *And* a panoramic presentation of the words and music of our national anthem, along with the simply told story of its creation . . . an illuminating article on tank warfare by Brigadier General Reilly . . . the answers to the questions "When will we have tires again?" and "Can we take it?" . . . Smileage stars like "HOW TO LEARN JAPANESE OVERNIGHT" and "BLUEPRINT FOR WAR WIT."

But mere words can't give you the ozone feeling of the spirit behind all these patriotic features—words can't convey the beat of the drum, the wave of the flag. See for yourself why we sincerely believe that the August Victory Esquire—dedicated to you and every other American fighting for the right—will be an issue to treasure long after the Hitlers and Hirohitos have bowed down—and out.

COMING...JULY 15th

COMING...JULY 15th

COMING...JULY 15th

COMING...JULY 15th

COMING...JULY 15th

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

OF Esquire

Cool Wave Ahead with

90 PROOF
1 QUART
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
"as smooth as old brandy"
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
for the perfect fizz
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED
PRODUCED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
1 QUART
70 PROOF
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
MINT
FLAVORED
GIN
"try a Mint Tom Collins"
PRODUCED BY BEN BURK, INC. BOSTON, MASS.

TOM COLLINS

There's a deep, distinctive flavor to Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin that makes it the perfect choice for a tall, frosty Tom Collins. Recipe on back of label. 90 Proof.

SLOE GIN FIZZ

Rich as rare Burgundy—that's how this tall thirst-quencher tastes when made with Old Mr. Boston—America's largest-selling Sloe Gin! Recipe on every bottle. 70 Proof.

MINT COLLINS

Enjoy this new summer cooler—a Mint Collins made with Old Mr. Boston Mint Flavored Gin. Cool and refreshing as dew-drenched mint. Recipe on every bottle. 70 Proof.

Old Mr. Boston Gins & Rums

OLD Mr. BOSTON
BRAND
Imported
RUM
OLD Mr. BOSTON
BRAND
Imported
RUM
(dark)
RUM COLLINS
CUBA LIBRE

Old Mr. Boston's Light Rum adds new zest to a Rum Collins. Priced low because it's *imported* duty free from the Virgin Islands. Recipe on every bottle. 86 Proof.

Timely drink for tropical weather—a Cuba Libre made with Old Mr. Boston's Dark Rum. This fine rum is also *imported* duty free from the Virgin Islands. Recipe on every bottle. 86 Proof.

OLD Mr. BOSTON

Importer and Distiller of

FINE WHISKEYS, GINS, BRANDIES,
RUMS AND LIQUEURS

Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin 90 Proof, 85 Proof in some states. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Ben Burk, Inc. • Boston, Mass.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

H. L. Simpson

This month's discovery is H. L. SIMPSON, a Kentuckian, who says, apropos of his story, *The Two Hunters;* "I have been a good bit in the hills, but never moonshined. There isn't any money or satisfaction in the business anyhow. If you make good corn liquor it costs too much with corn more than a dollar a bushel, and always having to buy fruit jars or another coil of worm or solder for the boiler. I have an ordinary college degree in science, but am working and studying still. I am a native-born Kentuckian all the way back to before there was a Kentucky. I had people in the Revolution and the Civil War. I like to hunt, but up here there's not much chance, so I do mostly straight target work with rifle and pistol."

•

HARRY BOTSFORD, contributor of *But Fish Waive the Rules*, says his great sorrow is that he ties the most God-awful looking trout flies in the world. He has worked in the oil fields; mixed cement, done some dynamiting, helped build bridges, clerked in a bank, owned an advertising agency, served a term as editor, and did a hitch in the Army during the last World War. He lives in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania holding a post as a trade association executive and writes magazine articles in his spare time, including cookery pieces for women's publications. He says he's happily married with two fine youngsters and a police dog that's just learning to bark.

Harry Botsford

•

HENRY C. NICHOLAS decided in his third year at the University of Richmond that a college education was an old-fashioned and over-rated idea, so he left to become the editor of a magazine called *Virginia Life*, which expired in three months. He went to New York and wrote articles for the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal* and several magazines. After writing an article on railroads he rather fancied himself as a railroad expert and became head of the Railroad Department of one of Wall Street's largest banking houses. Later he served as a dollar a year man in Washington and on returning to New York became President of a ten-million dollar investment trust. Then came the panic and he took up Contract Bridge.

Graham Greene

GRAHAM GREENE was educated at Berkhamsted School, in England, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He was sub-editor of the *Nottingham Journal*, and in 1926 he joined the staff of the *London Times* where he remained till 1929 when his book, *The Man Within* appeared and was such a promising success that he retired from journalism to devote his whole energies to writing. He has produced such books as *England Made Me, This Gun for Hire, Brighton Rock* (which has been dramatized for Gilbert Miller,) *Another Mexico* and his latest novel, *Labyrinthine Ways* which was bought by Alexander Korda as the basis of a movie. He is in Africa now in the service of the British Government. His London house, which had once belonged to the historian, Macaulay, was destroyed by bombs, and his wife and children are living with the President of Oxford.

•

On his eleventh birthday in Salina, Kansas, HOWARD TURTLE first became interested in horn blowers like Merle Evans (see page 52) when he got a silver cornet with pearl keys. He worked his way through the University of Kansas playing in a campus dance band. His first newspaper job was soliciting want ads in a little Texas town named Childress; he helped organize a town band and led the cornet section, and with this drag, was promoted to city hall reporter. Then he read copy on the *Kansas City Star*, and found time to write sports articles for *Collier's* and the *Post*. The draft board sent him to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis for induction last March. Now he's at Camp Cooke, which is north of Los Angeles. He says: "This is an armored division and it's very encouraging to look around at this tough outfit. Everywhere are almost endless columns of marching men; up and down all the roads snort monsters with the ugliest snouts I've ever seen. It'll take a lot of Germans and Japs to stop us, once we start to roll."

Edward Harris Heth

Born in Milwaukee of German ancestry, EDWARD HARRIS HETH did undergraduate work at the University of Wisconsin; began writing during his sophomore year and published his first story in the then *American Mercury* through the help of Zona Gale. His fiction has since appeared in *Scribner's*, *Harpers*, *Yale Review*, *Virginia Quarterly* and *Story*. His published novels are: *Some We Loved*, *Told by a Drum* and *Light over Ruby Street*.

•

ODEN HUGHART MEEKER describes himself as "educationally over-exposed at the Eaglebrook School, the Choate School and Princeton University. I have held down various unprofitable jobs as office boy, car parker, advertising underling, publishing ditto, ordinary seaman, salesman, assistant in a natural history museum and script writer for a film company."

•

SIGMUND SAMETH'S *Keep Cool with Your Coat On* grew directly out of a sweltering summer in Savannah, where he discovered his southern friends didn't mind the heat. He got into freelance writing by a roundabout way. After graduating from Columbia College in 1936 he hooked up with an Arctic Expedition and got so interested in Eskimos that he turned to professional anthropology as a career. He did some popularized writing in that field, then branched out into general topics.

Sigmund Sameth

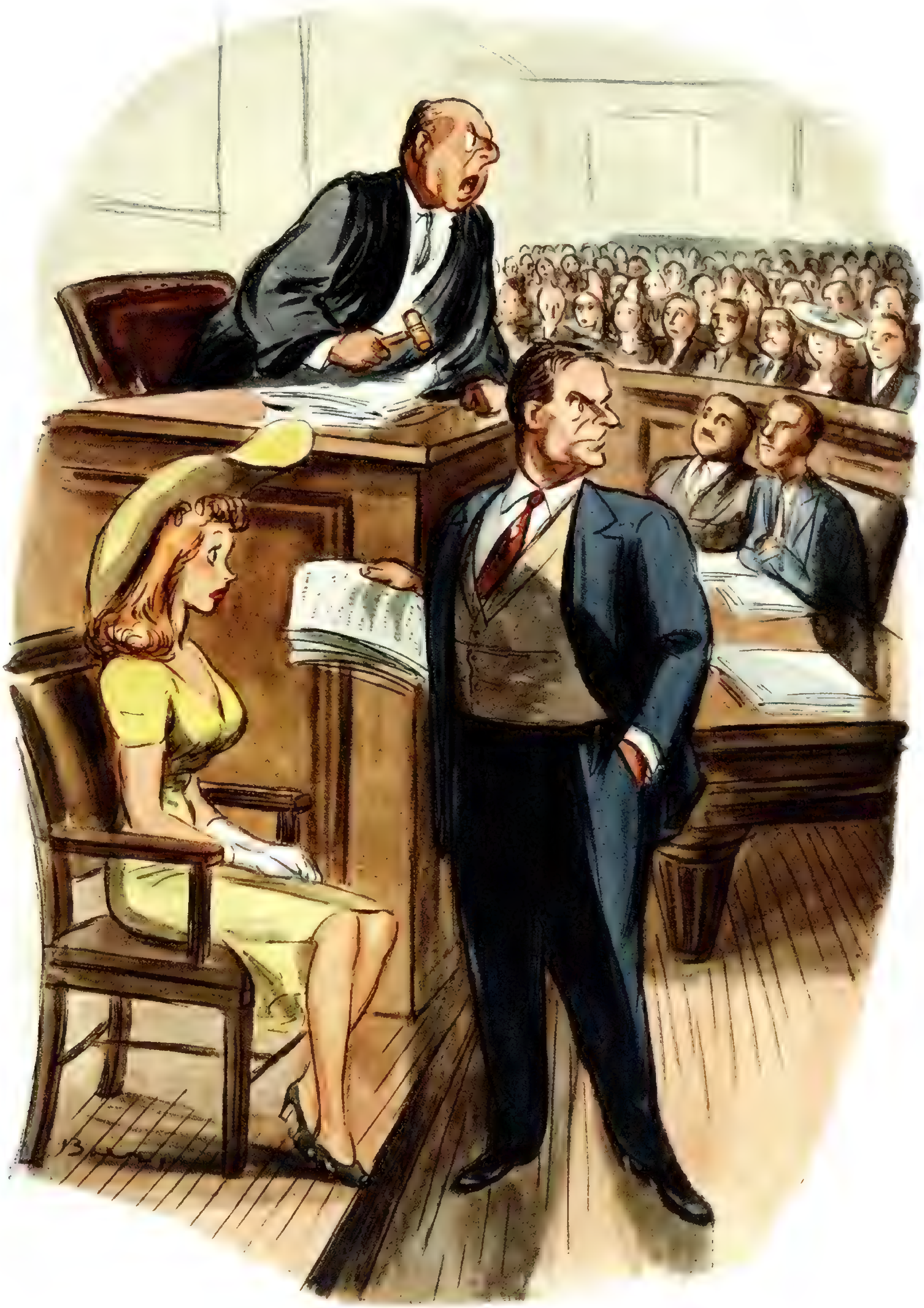
•

STUART KINZIE describes himself as that oddity, a Southerner who lives up Nawth and doesn't hate it; in fact, he actually likes New York. He struggles into the city every day from his home on Long Island where he lives surrounded by females; one feline, two canine and three human which latter are a wife, aged 27 and two small daughters aged 5 and 2. Perhaps it was by way of compensation that he wrote the article decrying rules of gentlemanly conduct on page 23.

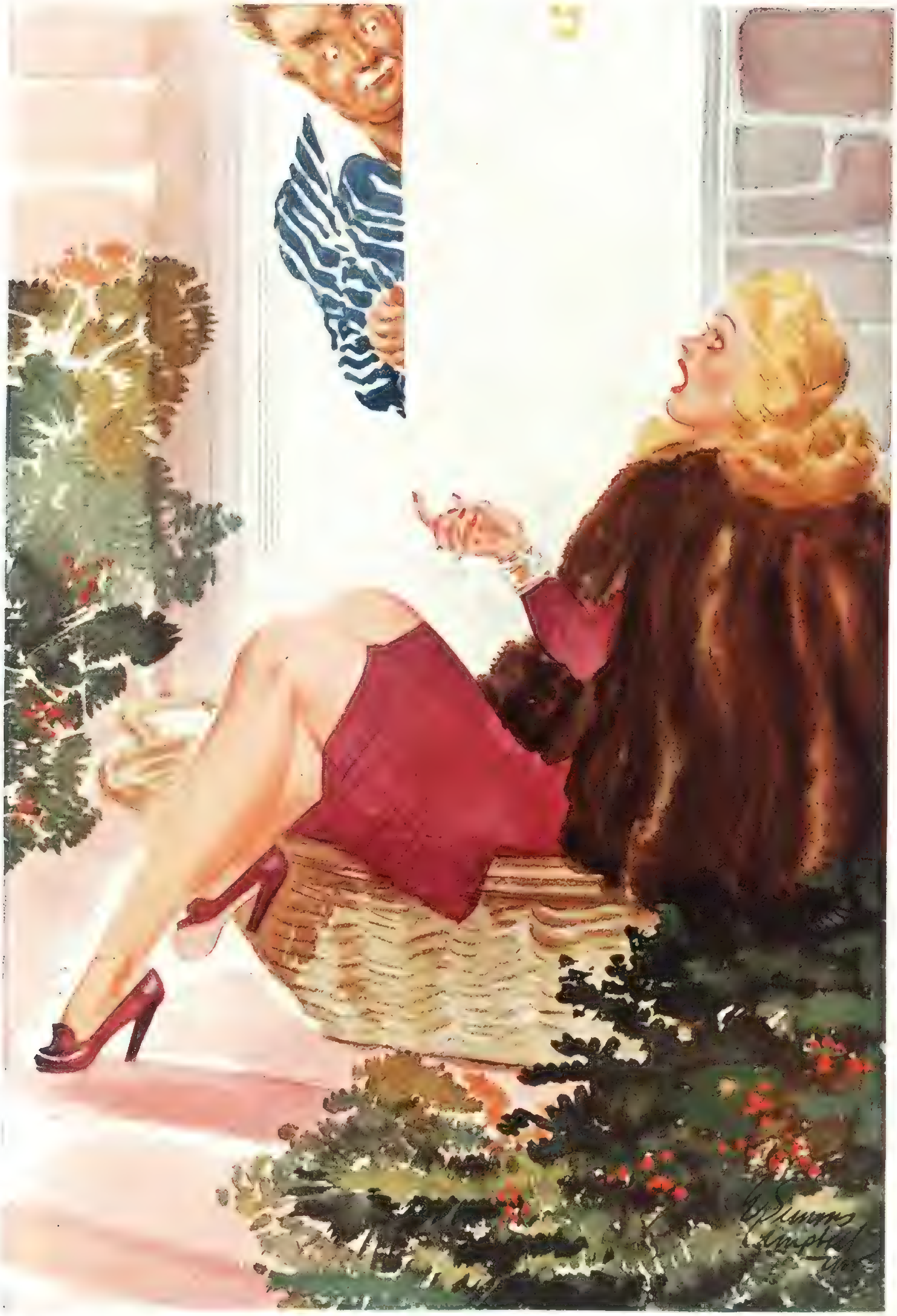
•

After ROGER BIRTWELL had been a streetcar conductor, a bill collector, laundry man and manager of a candy factory, he spent a decade each with the *Boston Post* and the *New York Daily News*. He has written track extensively and in 1934 declined a Nazi offer to publicize the '36 Berlin Olympics in America.

Roger Birtwell



"Let's have no coaching from the audience, please"


E. Simms Campbell

"I've been abandoned—he said he couldn't afford the things I had to have"

Things Father Never Told Me

Questioning the social taboos against swatting deserving ladies, kissing and telling, hitting a guy when he's down

by STUART KINZIE

• ARTICLE •

It was at the tender age of six that the futility of being a gentleman first began to oppress me. On this occasion, goaded beyond endurance by the surreptitious pinches of the seven-year-old siren who sat behind me in Sunday School, I expressed my displeasure by turning around and bashing the little lady smartly in the eye.

Instantly I was beset by angry adults who gave me to understand that while fighting in Sunday School was bad, striking a girl was unspeakably worse. Hell, they said, was paved with little boys who struck little girls.

"But she pinched me!" I howled. "Here!"

"Never mind *where*," they said hurriedly. "Gentlemen don't do such things." There was—please notice—no mention at all of what ladies did or did not do.

Right then and there it occurred to me that gentlemen could not be very bright.

But when I joined the Boy Scouts my resistance collapsed utterly. A Scout had to be a gentleman—or else.

Curiously enough, my career as a Scout was ruined almost at the start by excessive honesty. To become a Second Class Scout, a Tenderfoot had to run a mile in twelve minutes. This was no great trick, but for some reason known only to Dan Beard, the wretched Tenderfoot had to cover the distance in *exactly* twelve minutes, no more and no less. Without looking at a watch, either.

All one winter I ran miles and miles, hoping to pass this test. Sometimes I was clocked in ten minutes, sometimes fourteen. But never twelve. The other little Tenderfeet wisely concealed watches on their persons and came in on the dot. Most of them were Eagle Scouts by the time I got discouraged and quit.

This alone should have taught me the futility of being a gentleman, but it did not. It is only now, years later, with cynicism creeping in anyway, that I have begun to weigh the Code in the balance and find it wanting.

I don't object, particularly, to the things a gentleman is supposed to do, silly as some of them seem. If it makes the ladies any happier for me to claw off my hat in a crowded elevator, thereby thumping several of them in the face with my elbow, I am delighted to oblige. No, what depresses me is refraining from doing the things a gentleman is *not* supposed to do. Most of these omissions render life difficult and dull. Consequently, I have decided to omit them no longer.

Let's consider a few of these classic prohibitions. A gentleman, for example, must Never Lie—and as evidence we are offered that highly dubious story about the cherry tree. Well, in recent years I have come to appreciate the fact that lying is a very gracious art. Every good story has elements of exaggeration; in fact, the greatest bores I know are the people who are afraid to tell anything but the truth. So I have decided to start lying right away. In fact, I have started.

Then there is the hoary adage that a gentleman Does Not Kiss and Tell. In the case of married gentlemen—a category in which I have the misfortune to belong—the prohibition is shorter and even more drastic, to wit: a gentleman Does Not Kiss. Period. I really hate to think of the frustration that has probably been built up in me through the years because of this unnatural edict. Time and again things have come to a pretty pass—very pretty—only to be halted at the critical moment because the Code steps in and warns me that this is not The Thing To Do.

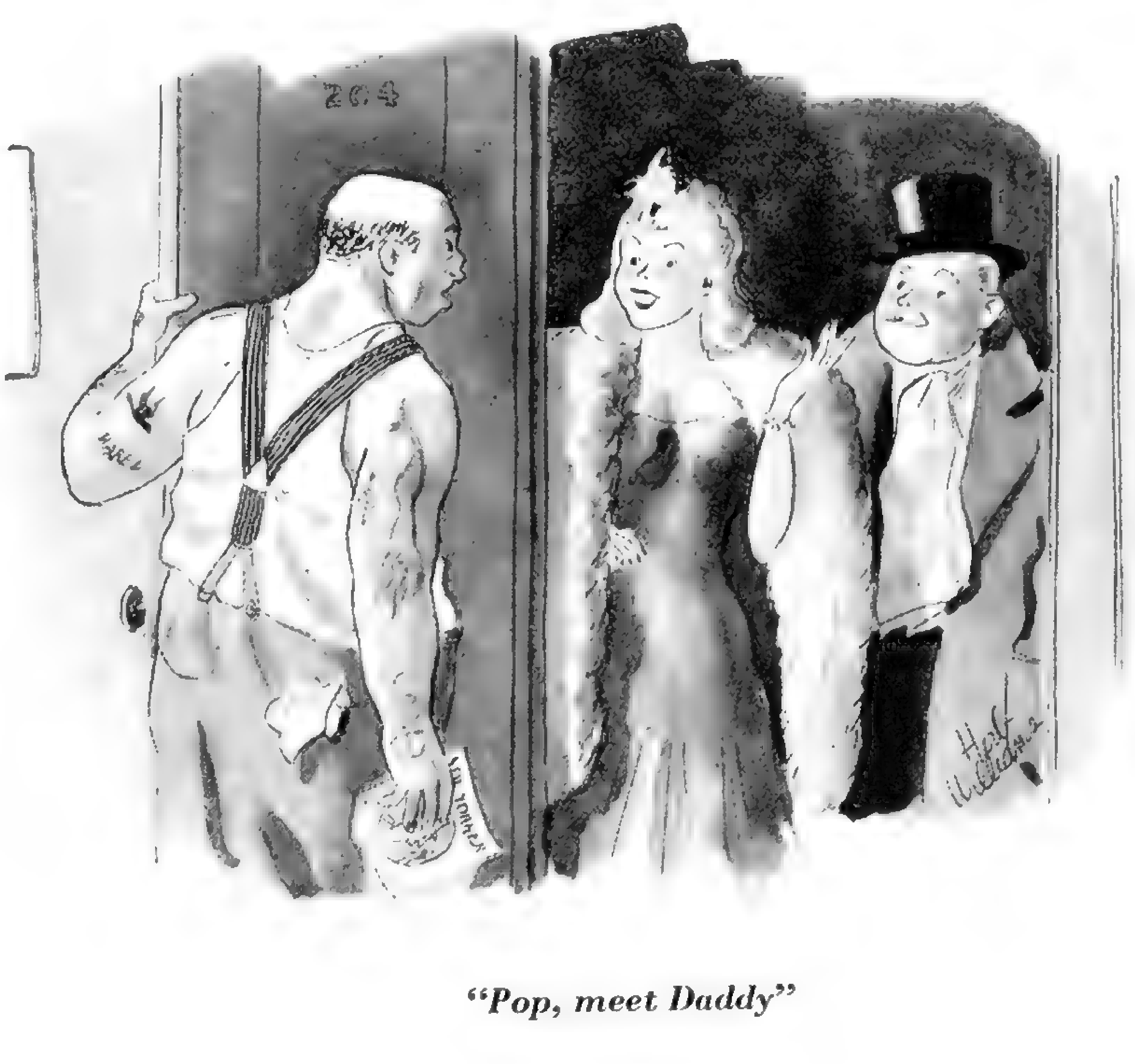
Under my new regime, though, things will be much easier. I am simply going to amend the adage to A Gentleman Does Not Kiss and Tell His Wife.

The ironic aspect of the Code, where women are concerned, is that the ladies have a marked partiality for the sly rogue and the mild reprobate. Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but blondes do not always prefer gentlemen—at least, not perfect ones. They like to be slapped around occasionally; and while I have not struck a woman for some time—maybe because none has pinched me first—I can think of at least one who would probably respect me more if I had.

These tags of gentlemanly conduct, which we all accept as gospel, sometimes can be actually dangerous. Take the one about never hitting a man when he's down. I have known personally of lamentable occasions where the fallen foe has arisen and whaled the everlasting tar out of his gentlemanly opponent, who would have been wise to end hostilities while he had the chance with a good swift kick in the teeth. Or somewhere.

There is, too, a certain smug hypocrisy latent in these sanctimonious sayings that annoys me. A gentleman, we are taught, Does Not Cheat At Cards, the inference being that he refrains simply because he is a gentleman. This is a lot of nonsense. The intelligent man does not cheat at cards (a) because it spoils a perfectly good game, and (b) because sooner or later somebody is going to hand him an All-American poke in the nose. That's all there is to it.

In short, being a gentleman is a snare and a delusion and a bore, and I am through with it. Only one thing bothers me, I had a dream the other night in which all the frustrated gentlemen threw off their shackles and formed a mob and went rampaging around, beating their wives and trampling old ladies and smashing things. But in the mob there was one poor sap who dashed about wringing his hands and trying to restrain the others and crying out that this was not The Thing To Do. And pretty soon the mob came close enough for me to recognize this guy . . . That's right; the poor sap was me. ###



"Pop, meet Daddy"

Father Had It Soft

Don't let him boast about the hardships of his youth for his was the luckiest, happiest and most contented generation

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

℞

Writing somewhere in that endless record he called *Hail and Farewell*, George Moore once pointed out that the charwomen at the Temple, in London, were called "laundresses," because they never washed anything—not even themselves.

And here, in a metaphor, is the point of view of the Victorian age—an age in which nobody looked at anything squarely, nobody washed any mental, or moral, or economic laundry—not even his own.

If you don't face reality, you have it easy; or at least until reality faces you. Yet history so spaces its rhythms that it is often possible to pass a whole generation—sometimes a brace of generations—before snubbed realities leap up and exact their price.

Now Father's world was one of those happy interregna between wars and cataclysmic crises. Father lived in a sphere which was nothing if not a bright-colored balloon, which soared ever blithely, and ever upward—in an ever-expanding universe.

But Father didn't see that. And he takes retrospective and masochistic pleasure in telling you about the primitive hardships of his youth: how he slept under counters, passed up schooling, and broke the ice in the old bucket, each morning, before washing.

"Son," he often will say, "you don't know how soft you have it. When I was young, there was no electric light, no radio, no telephone, no automobile. Life was hard; nothing was handed to you. It was 'root hog or die.' "

Yet even here, Father missed up on reality.

And if some cosmic adding machine could be used to compare Father's problems with ours, one inescapable fact would stand out: *Father had it soft.*

In Father's day, illusions were still possible, even such illusions as the one that "motion is progress." And if realities at any time rose up to plague him, Father simply looked the other way—for in those days there still was another way.

* * *

Suppose we look, for a moment, at Father's world. Suppose we try to isolate its origin, its philosophy, its hope, and its glory—if any.

The wellsprings of Father's peculiar cosmopolis were a kind of ten-cent optimism—a blind belief that in Mr. Pangloss' best of all possible worlds, everything was even better in this best of all possible countries . . . and, as to the future, as the famous whoever-said-it said, "You ain't seen nothing yet."

But little did this whoever-said-it realize, "You ain't."

Everything was growing bigger; and bigger, in Father's select circle, was an automatic and infallible index of things "better."

The idea of progress was an illusion that Father kept nicely framed, over the mantle. Somehow, it seemed to him, that all the ages preceding his own became progressively darker and darker, the farther back you burrowed. His review of history was brought to an abrupt halt only by the black muck of primordial ooze. Father conveniently overlooked the Greeks.

And on that soft cloud, in which his world was neatly nested, all he had to do was to recline at his ease, leaving the onrush of inevitable and cumulative progress to sweep him with it into a Utopian future. This future, it should be marked, was tantalizingly equipped with whirling cotton mills, in which little angels idly strummed on the looms.

Radicalism was revolution and rot—a perverse creation of bomb-throwers and beard-growers. And anyone who had his feet on the ground, and his heart with progress and Theodore Roosevelt, knew beyond question that every evil would vanish from the earth—if you only waited long enough with patience, courage, thrift, faith . . . and your money conservatively invested at six per cent.

Karl Marx was writing in those days, so was Sigmund Freud; but Father read Scott and Bulwer-Lytton. And who would gainsay that it was a nice world, a sweet world, a gallant world, that these latter sages dangled before them as sucker-bait.

For after all, most people are in agreement about the things desirable in life. And the world of chivalry, with ceaseless bowing and high sentiment, with pleasant damsels who sit prettily and endlessly on ramparts or in turrets—soft-eyed from longing for doughty Lochinvar . . . is not an unpleasant world, all things considered.

We, unfortunately, who are living in a streamlined dark age—an unhappy upset to Father's notion of progress—we know that ways and means are somehow more to the point than purple dreams. Father had it soft—even in dreams.

* * *

Father, it must be remembered, lived in one of those rare periods in which a man could be sandwiched between wars. The wars skipped Father, fore and aft. We, however, born out of phase with Martian rhythms, hit the jack pot twice. And what jack pots! When wars hit us, everything tumbled—not simply easy idealism and poetic fancy, not simply the so-called four freedoms, but something far more fundamental: the hope for reason, the only reason for hope.

Do you remember Mark Twain? He was the man who wandered through Europe, finding the classic paintings incurably barbaric—for not one could speak English. America, the land of common sense and Yankee drive, that was the place where art would have to stand on its own feet.

And remember Eugene Field, author of *When Willie Wet the Bed*, and other flowing verse? Field said when Chicago got going, it would make culture hum.

There was William Graham Sumner, Yale's eminent sociologist and anthropologist—the man held in esteem everywhere, except among sociologists and anthropologists. Mr. Sumner, who on the side was an expert on railroads and an arch-deacon in the Republican Party, maintained that it was "The Forgotten Man" who was going to lead Father's world to great deeds of derring-do.

This "Forgotten Man" was each of the myriad, good, sober citizens, like Father, who did his job simply and well—and consequently was forgotten.

Incidentally, good reader, this is one of the reasons Father's world eventually collapsed—in case you've forgotten. The Messrs. Sumner, Twain, and Field added their bit of fluff to the softness of Father's couch; but it seems to be one of the forgotten laws of thermodynamics, that few complicated systems stand up well on supports of fluff.

* * *

In all fairness, though, there was a deal of nice, sharp thinking in Father's world. There was the thinking of Matthew Arnold, of Ruskin; the thinking of Thoreau and William Morris. Unhappily, each of these pleasant souls breathed only with one lung. Their social fabrics, however delicate, never reached full development—because their breathing was too soft.

Ruskin thought and taught that the world could become better and more reasonable, by becoming more beautiful. Beauty and morals, he felt, went hand in hand—like Hansel and Gretel, or ham and eggs. And that sooner or later, "man's inhumanity to man" would be dissolved in the happy haze of transcendent art.

Mr. William Morris tilted his lance against the machine. "Go back, go back," he said, "to the handloom and the homecrafts, titillate your soul with simple virtue—and Valhalla will be here."

On this side of the Atlantic, our own Thoreau gave Morris a sincere and moving illustration of such stoic truth—at least for a couple of years. Thoreau may never have won the American people to his particular brand of social amity, but he was not sterile: he became the co-father, with Tolstoi, of Mahatma Ghandi.

Perhaps the most clear-eyed and most civilized of the soft-spoken proponents of a soft world, in Father's day, was Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold's solution for the ills of the world was "sweetness and light"—a phrase which let him in for no end of ribbing.

"Culture," he said, "hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them prevail."

Mr. Arnold went on to say that culture would never be satisfied until we all come to a perfect man. "It knows," he said, "that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light . . . culture must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible."

All of which is wonderful stuff. Only Mr. Arnold, who worked of necessity on one lung, wasn't able to tell us how to make this sweetness and light "prevail."

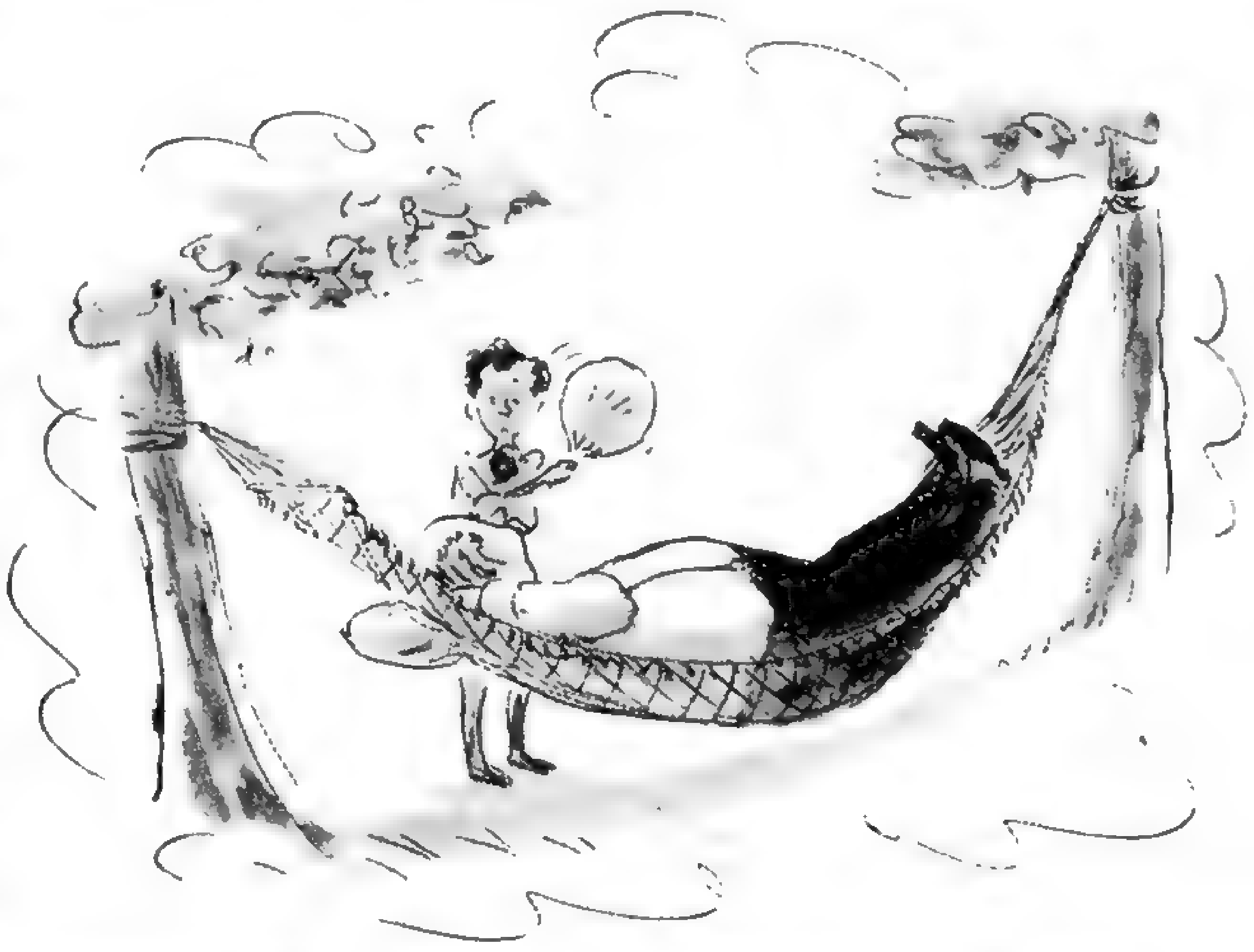
* * *

Oh yes, it was a nice world, a wondrous world that Father had; no momentous problems, no insupportable burdens, no hard fears—and much, much space.

In it you were born, you breathed, you danced Viennese waltzes . . . and you died.

Occasionally, Father went on a bender. Like Mark Twain, he went abroad, looked at a few cathedrals, dunked himself at Carlsbad . . . and came home to rest. Mother went along to soak up "culture," not "sweetness and light" exactly, but something that passed for it very well—back home with the Garden Club.

As for the personal social problems, they were few and scarcely cataclysmic. The family was static, well-rooted in wherever it was that Father lived. Father didn't gallivant around trying his hand at new businesses—or at least not very often. He grew up in a business; and the business grew with the country. He grew up with his community; the community grew up with him.

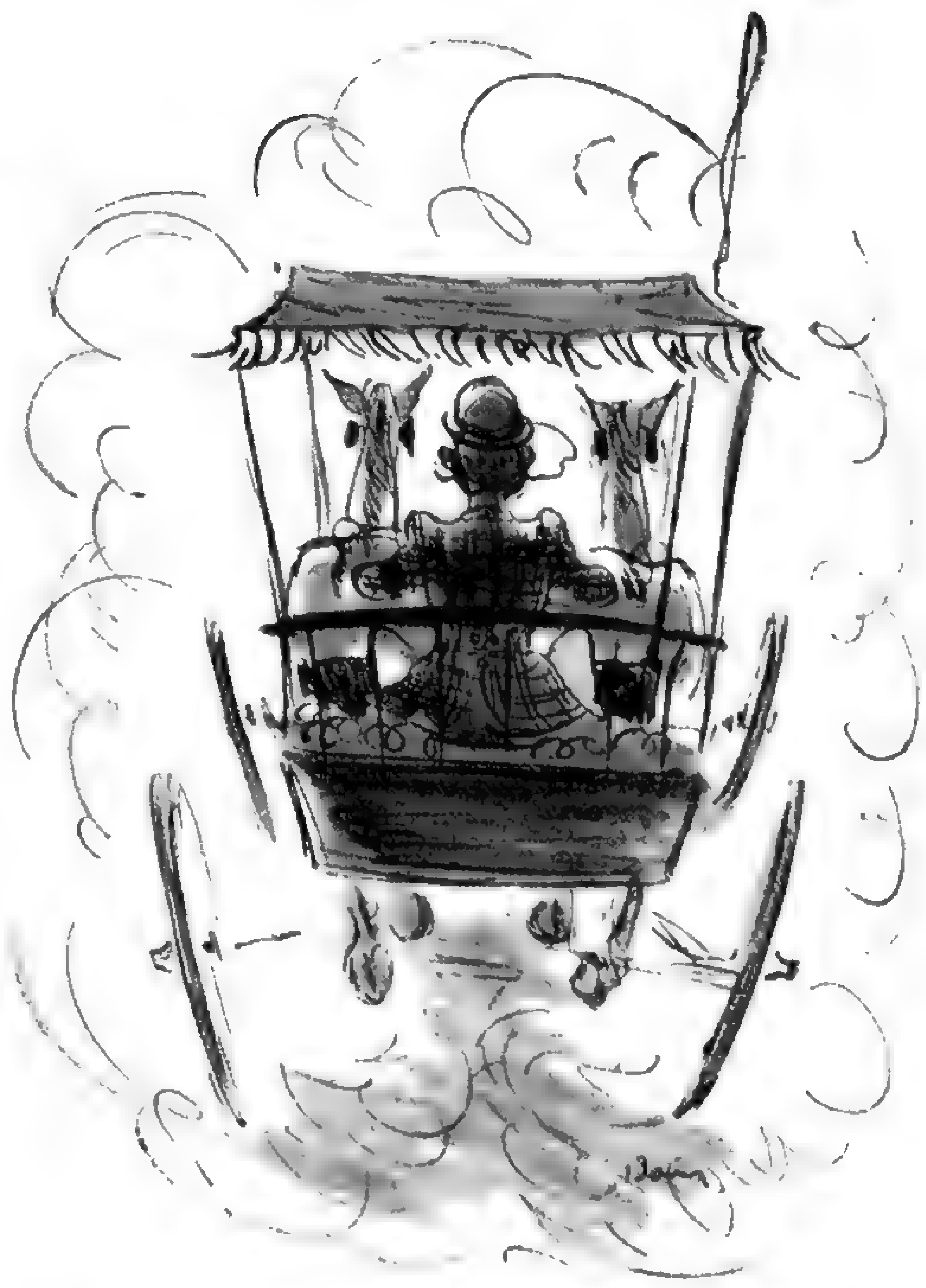


Father had tall space around him: he lived in a big barn called a house, not in a junior packing case called an apartment. And when he went to work, he drove leisurely behind friendly, ambling horses. He was unafflicted by subways, parking lots, traffic lights, parking tickets . . . and tire shortages.

The headlines of his papers were not burdened with such sad and turbulent statements as "Two Hundred More Hostages Executed Today." More often they would begin, simply, "Letter from our London Correspondent." The text following would explain, with many unnecessary classical allusions, that Queen Victoria was celebrating her Diamond Jubilee.

* * *

The important thing in Father's world was to be a "gentleman." If you were a gentleman, nothing that you could do was wrong. If you weren't, nothing that you could do was right. But since being a gentleman depended largely on the geographical relationship existing between the place you were born and the railroad track, there was very little you could do about this business—either way. The distinction between right and wrong, in other words, was for the most part in the hands of the real estate dealers.



But no matter how you looked at things, in Father's world, all you had to do was to sit still and wait—like Mohammed's mountain. Things would either come to you, or they wouldn't. If they didn't, that was your *karma;* if they did, you had good and sufficient proof of the essential goodness and genuine bounty of the American way of life.

It was a quaint world, all right. You grew, like the lilies in the field; and when dusk came, you departed quietly—like Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's Arabs.

You were asked to subscribe to no political credo, except "progress." It was not necessary for you to prepare yourself to fly from one country to another, nor to take any decisive stand about those matters so pleasantly delineated in the Declaration of Independence—and thence forgotten.

You simply took your place with Mr. Sumner's legions of "Forgotten" men. You stretched out, comfortably, after a mid-day dinner, well content to be forgotten. Children sprouted up around you; and brushed the flies from your face, in your pleasant middle age.

God may or may not have been in his heaven—that was an academic point—but certainly all seemed reasonably well with a secretly sick world.

* * *

In his chortling about modern progress, Father might have implied how "sorry" he was, that in his youth he didn't have the amazing advantages that were handed to you on a stainless-steel platter. Actually, and inwardly, he was damned glad that he had not had them.

"He told people he was sorry," as Samuel Butler once put it, ". . . and here began the first genuine sorrow; for he was really sorry that people would not believe he was sorry that he was not more sorry." #

There Must Be a Losing Coach

As in a melodramatic movie, Swede knew his Dad's job as coach of the opposing team depended on his own side's losing

by SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

• FICTION •

When the girl came into the lodge lobby, the State football squad was sitting around waiting out the hour until bedtime. They'd traveled halfway across the continent to play tomorrow's game and they were nervous but trying not to show it. According to all the dope, they'd win at a walk, but you never could tell. And the Wildcats would be pointing for them. In fact, it was known that the job of the Wildcat coach depended on winning this game. He'd shoot the wad against State.

But when the girl came into the lobby, the thirty-four State huskies for the moment forgot about the game; and even Coach Happy Hough, in the middle of telling something important to a reporter from the *Telegram*, trailed off. The reporter didn't notice it, for he'd also seen the girl. She stood just inside the doorway, oblivious of—or accustomed to—the open admiration, and slowly surveyed the faces of the squad.

Then she said, "Swede," and envious eyes turned to the tall end who got to his feet, face a dull, flushed red in contrast to straw-colored hair.

"Hello, Marta," he said, and crossed to her, automatically avoiding a foot stuck out to trip him.

They stood a moment together, and then said, "I thought maybe you'd call."

"Been pretty busy." His eyes went to the floor. "We only got in yesterday. We had a workout, and there was a banquet last night, and then tonight coach brought us out here to this lodge where we wouldn't be molested—I mean, where things would be quiet—"

"I know you've been busy," she said. "But I thought you might give us a ring." Her voice lowered. "Andy wants to see you."

He glanced over his shoulder, almost furtively. "It's almost bedtime," he said.

"You could be decent about it," she said, and added with a faint touch of scorn: "Or perhaps you think he'll try to bribe you?"

"Let's not go into things."

"Swede, you've hurt him terribly. He's still your father, you know. And you haven't even given him a ring."

"I'll ask Coach." Swede crossed to where Happy Hough was talking with the *Telegram* reporter.

"I'd like to go out for an hour, Coach."

Happy Hough glanced at the lobby clock. Four minutes to nine. "Be in by ten," he said. He didn't mean five after ten.

"Nothing can happen in an hour," the reporter said. He began laughing loudly, then sobered abruptly under Happy Hough's ice-blue gaze. The coach had got his nickname for the same reason fat men are called Tiny.

"Just like old times," the girl said as she drove Swede down the twisting canyon road. "A moon and a car and—us." The light touch came with an effort.

Swede said nothing. Looking backwards always hurt, and he didn't like to do it.

"How are you making out, Swede?"

"Okay."

"You're first-string end, I hear."

"Yes."

"That's nice going for a sophomore."

He said nothing, and she gave up trying to make conversation. A decrepit dine-dance spot had been wedged against the hillside where the canyon widened out briefly. Marta pulled up before it, and Swede followed her in. It was a dismal place with a low ceiling and dirty floor, and deserted but for the heavy-set man in the last of the three booths. He was a big man, florid, always a bit rumpled, hearty but with small bitter lines at his mouth corners when he wasn't smiling.

He was Andy Jones, coach of the team Swede had come half across the continent to play.

"Hello, Swede."

"Hello, Dad."

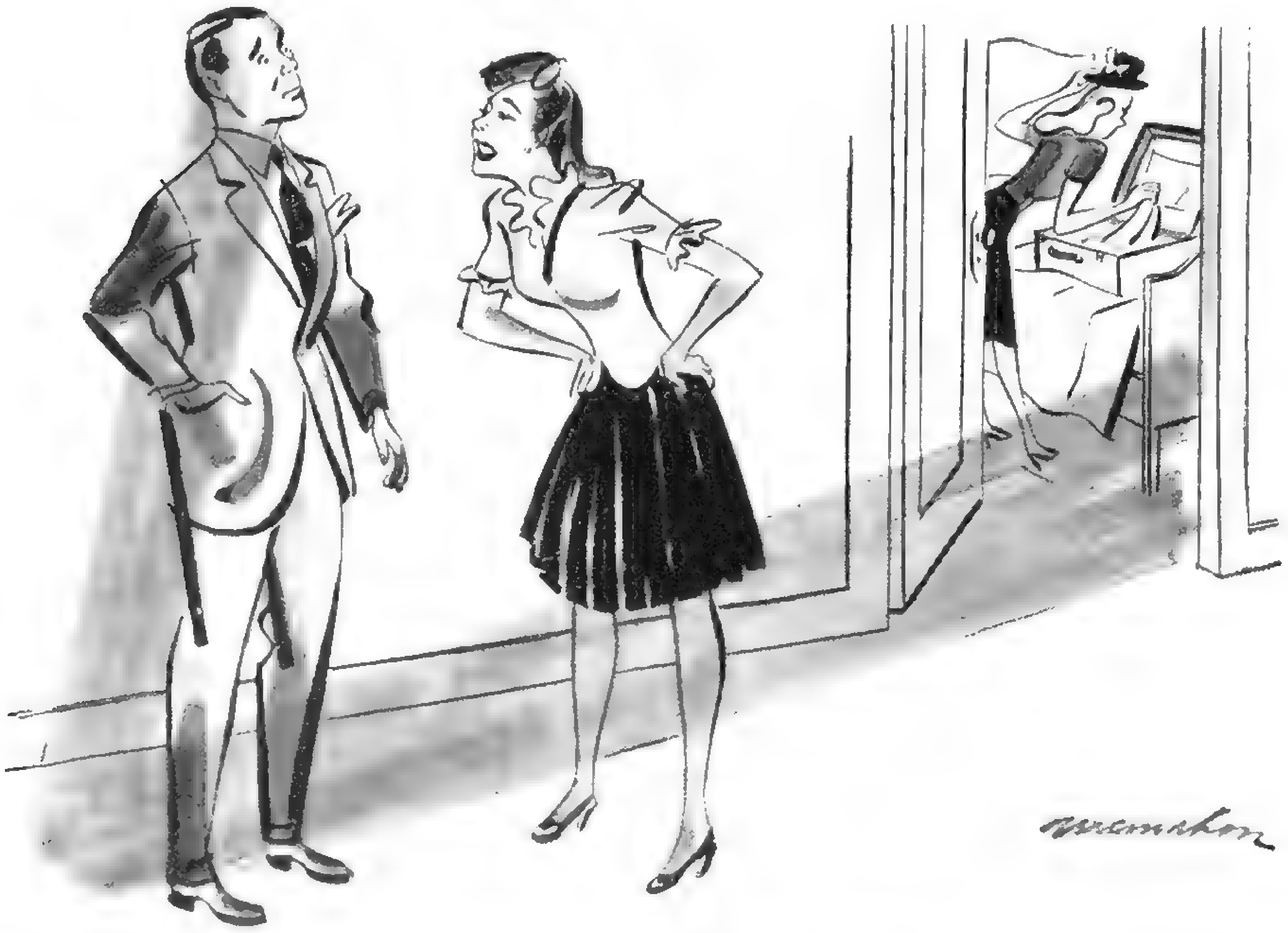
There was reserve in their smiles and handshakes, almost a caution, that each tried not to show. Swede saw that his father had changed in the year and a half since he'd last seen him. That had been in Texas, before Andy Jones got the head coaching position out here. He'd always been a big man, but now there was a certain looseness about him, as if he were beginning to sag under the pressure of twenty-odd years in the coaching grind. Twenty-odd years can be a long time—high school coach, anonymous assistant in universities here and there and everywhere hoping and waiting for the big chance while the world forgot you were once All-American. And then last spring he'd finally got his bid for head coach—on a one-year contract. After all that waiting, he had to produce a winning team in one season, or drop back out of sight again. And he hadn't come through. This season his Wildcats had won two, tied one, and lost four. It was an open secret that he'd be thrown to the wolves unless the Wildcats won tomorrow's intersectional game with State.

"You're looking fine, Swede," Andy Jones said. Swede replied that he felt all right. Marta remarked about the weather and the three of them squeezed the last word out of that subject. It was stuffy and uncomfortable, and Swede had wanted to avoid it all. There was nothing he could say any more to his girl or his father, without bringing up the past, and that was all settled long ago.

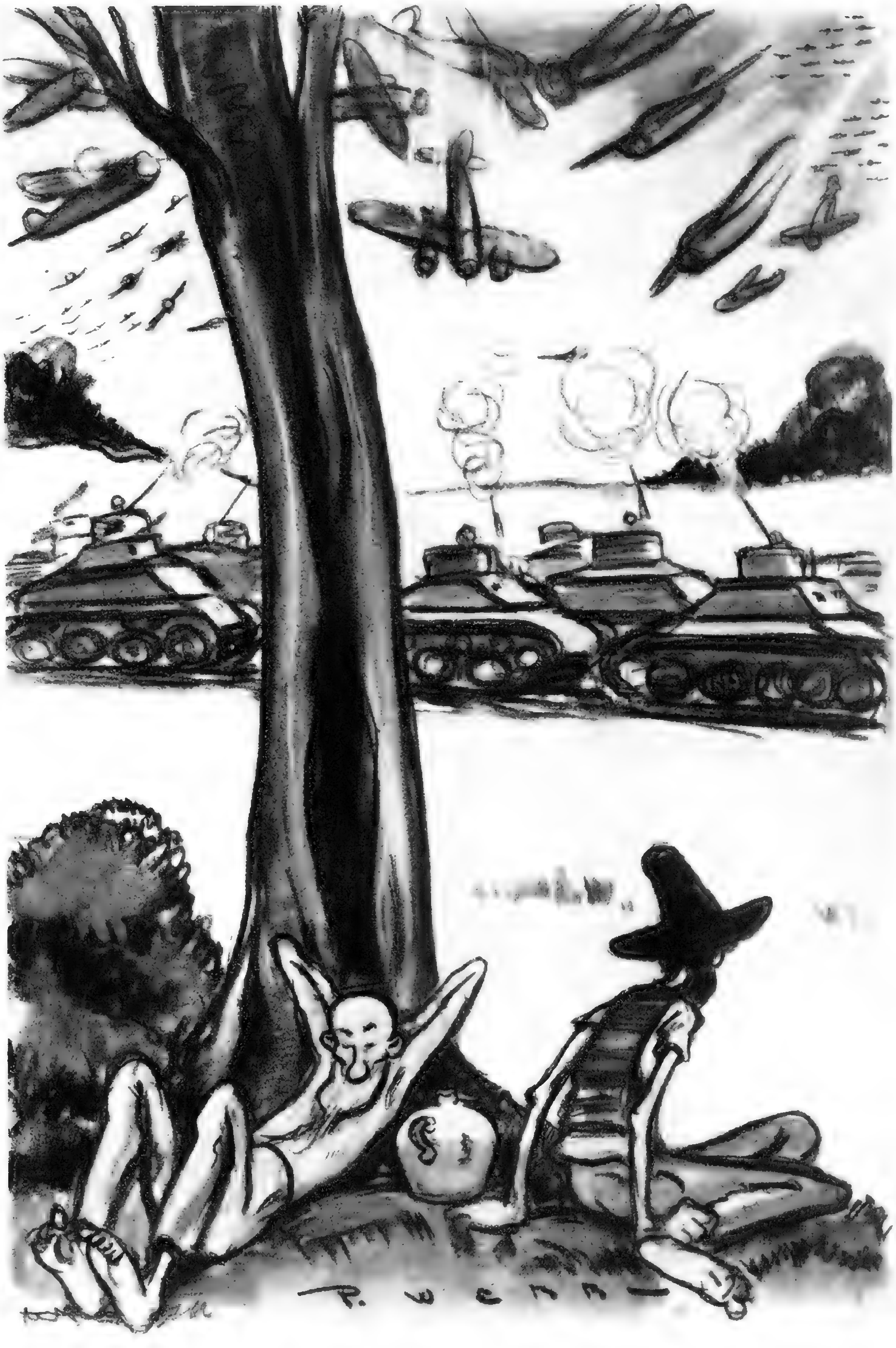
The door of the place opened and slammed shut. A voice said, "A beer." Then, rising: "Hello, Andy! What bringeth thou? Are you—?" It died away.

Swede turned to see the reporter for the *Telegram* who'd been talking with Coach Happy Hough back at the lodge. The reporter was looking from Andy Jones to Swede

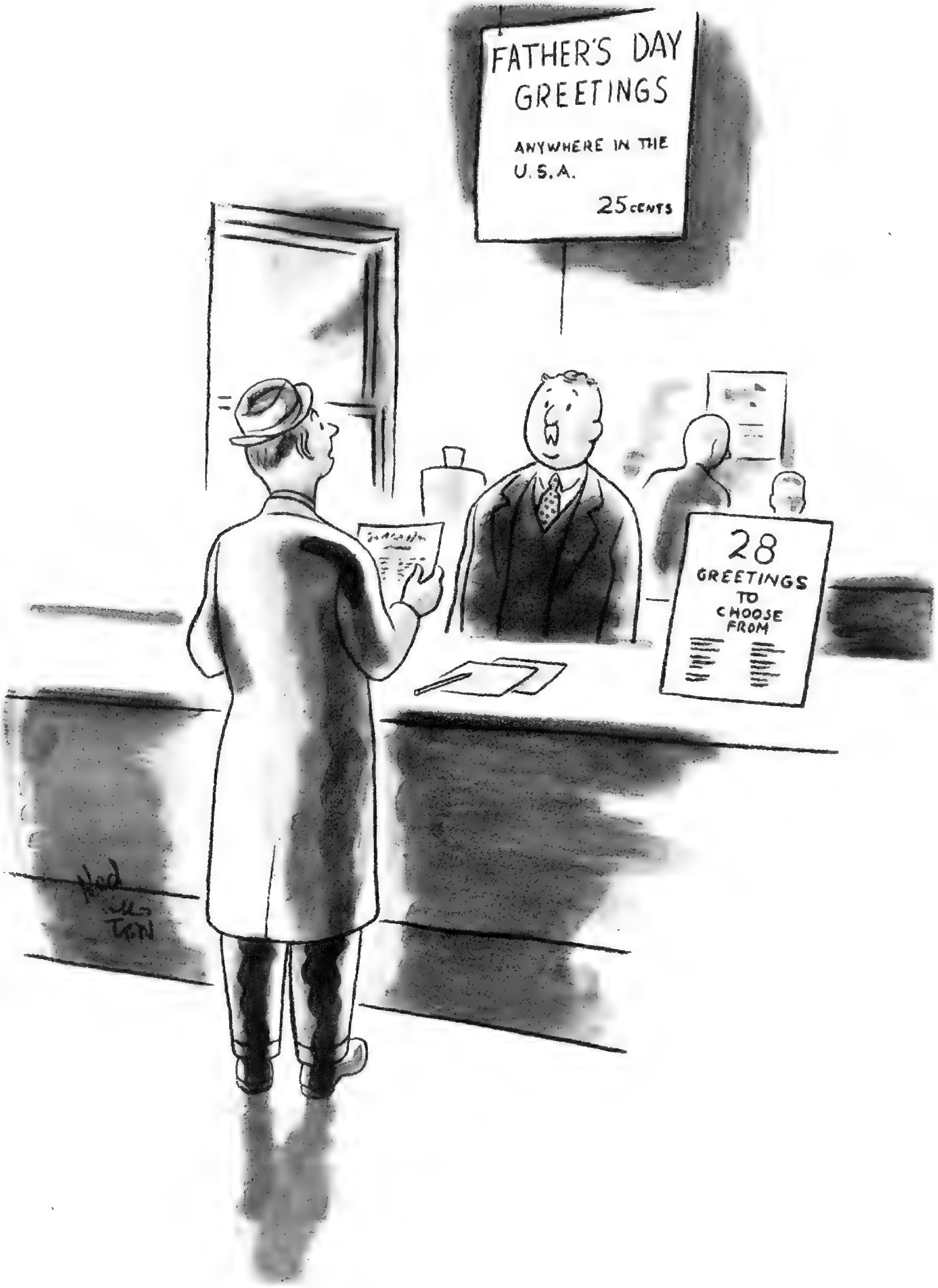
Continued on page 108



"John, why can't you be like other husbands and kiss the maid now and then so we don't lose her"



"Damn it, Paw—Ah'm tired o' doin' all the describin'! Why don't you face around an' do yore own lookin'?"


FATHER'S DAY GREETINGS
ANYWHERE IN THE U.S.A.
25 CENTS
28 GREETINGS TO CHOOSE FROM

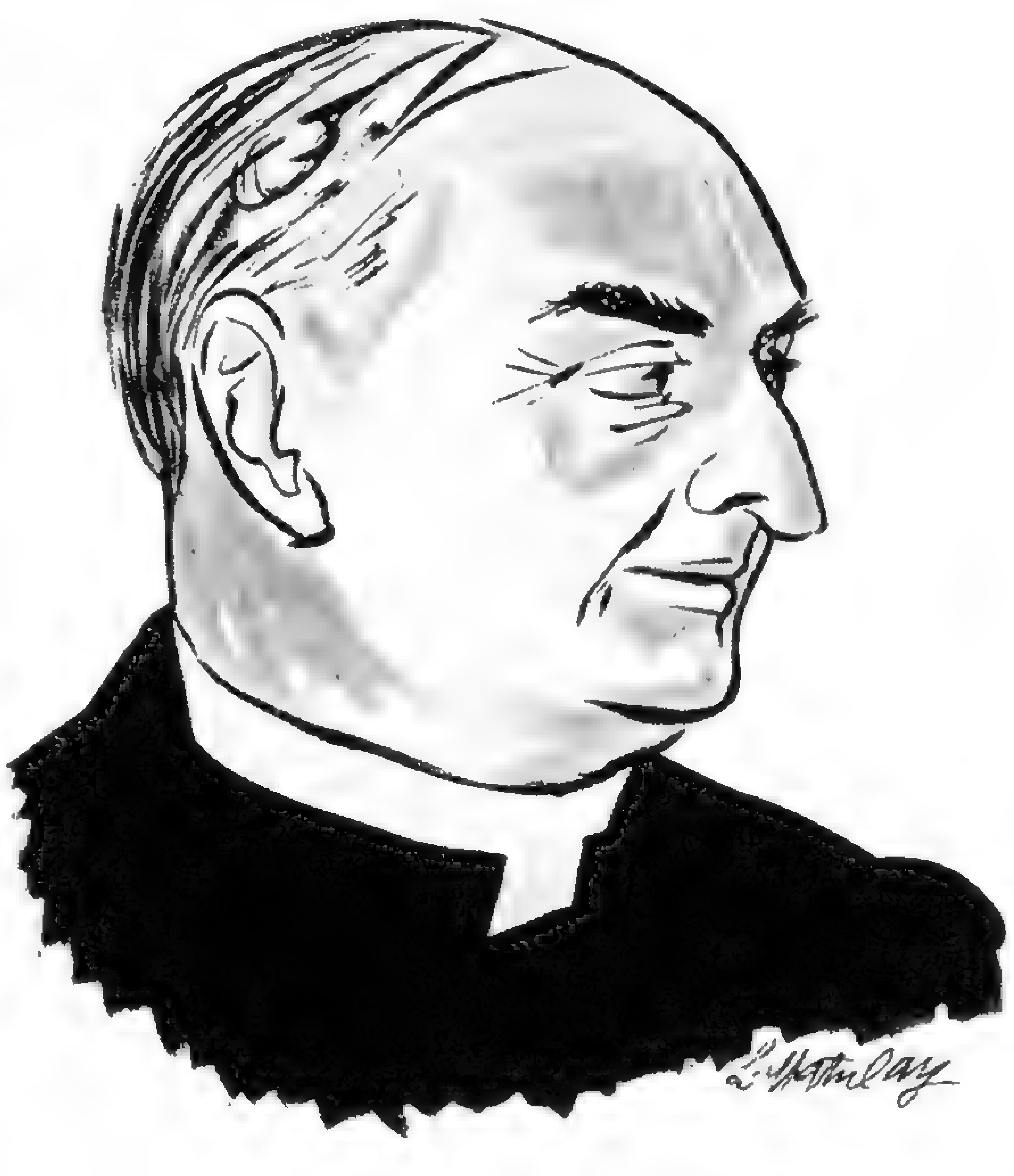
"Could I change the last line of greeting number fifteen to a request for ten bucks?"

Father of the C. Y. O.

As prison chaplain he realized society should bestir itself in time to help the youngsters who never had a chance

by CHARLES CARROLL SMITH

• ARTICLE •



Bishop Bernard James Sheil

You won't learn from The Boss how many doomed men he walked with to the scaffold or the chair. In a world crowded with scolds, The Boss isn't one to reach back to recollect errors in humanity's box scores. He won't add his voice in rebuking mankind for being a flock of fatheads.

When he was a Catholic chaplain at the Cook County jail in Chicago, back in 1919, The Boss saw what many considered substantial progress in society's treatment of the criminal. He saw execution advanced from the method of the rope—a crude and often faulty process of correction—to the scientific procedure of burning. In both cases the soul went to God, according to The Boss' belief, and the corpse went to the next of kin, according to law. The Boss couldn't figure citizens were entitled to brag about any minor technical change in achieving the ultimate ends of spirit and flesh.

What bothered The Boss, who was too young then—as now—to realize that mankind frequently isn't worth a damn, was his conviction that he'd been the comrade of many a pretty fair fellow on the victim's one-way stroll.

A tough kid of one of Chicago's earlier mobs questioned The Boss just before the black hood muffled the lad's cries. The boy shrieked:

"Why do they wait until the rope is around my neck before they start to do something?"

"They." Who were "they?" The Boss wondered. Not being one to pass the buck with tirades, The Boss decided he was one of "they."

The Boss kept thinking of that ill-fated kid, and of

> 'All the woe that moved him so
> That he gave that bitter cry,
> All the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats . . . "

They weren't mainly the unlucky boy's own fault. The Boss knew that. He'd been around. From that hanging and its background, developed an idea. Although the idea was not conceived in a thoroughly pretty atmosphere, that doesn't bother The Boss. Calvary was a bleak and ugly place. The idea grew . . . and continues to grow.

The Boss who worked out the idea and who's still giving it the long working hours of his days and nights is Bishop Bernard James Sheil, founder of the Catholic Youth Organization.

Probably one of the most positive proofs that the C.Y.O. has succeeded in its ambition of helping youngsters regardless of their religions—if any—is that the Catholic Youth Organization is so generally known as the C.Y.O.

It's certain that the diligent Bishop is called The Boss by thousands of youngsters and adults who have a genuinely reverent note in their voices. Reverence is not a spontaneous quality among many who revere The Boss.

It must be that the Bishop has met during his fifty-four years of stepping sprightly around this footstool at least a million men. Not in the casual hit-and-run way of meeting but to talk to and trade thoughts and to form friendships.

That million is a variegated lot and spread around. From the death cell to the Vatican, from ward heeler to White House, from slum-housed colored kids to the mightiest barons of business, from the zealous missionary passing out tracts of special and curious gospel revelation to the distinguished hierarchy of sects other than that to which he belongs, has roved this strenuous cleric.

And without having a rap registered against him.

Yes, maybe there are a few. It is said in Chicago that this holy man would dive off the top of the Board of Trade statue to pounce on a nickel he might grab for the C.Y.O. The C.Y.O. is the Bishop's baby. It has grown up in twelve years past available sustenance resources. Desperation has made the Bishop a very adept gentleman at putting on the bite. He is entirely naïve about it, too. He even makes a bid for funds about the time the income tax payment is made. At the same time he has C.Y.O. kids selling War Savings bonds and stamps.

And, some whisper that The Boss is the Catholic Mike Jacobs. They say that because The Boss has been active in promoting amateur boxing matches. Anybody who thinks they're scandalizing a cleric by hanging that Mike Jacobs reference on Bishop Sheil doesn't know the score. The Boss laughs.

If the matches are good for the boys as a practical application of psychology, and the public pays to enjoy the matches with the kids, the benign Boss is happy. The excellent showing of the C.Y.O. boys fighting with the Army, Navy and Marines show C.Y.O. funds for physical fitness have been wisely spent.

The C.Y.O. auditor is a Scot, William Haston, who in his duty and in glorifying the Joe Miller tradition of the Caledonians, squeezes a penny until the Indian sweats. The Bishop, impetuous to expand his youth organization work, has his troubles with the adamantine Presbyterian. He finds it less trying on his vows to slug additional funds from the populace than to plead successfully with "Scotty" Haston to relax his assigned grip on a budget never adequate to handle work the Bishop insists is imperative. Mr. Haston, it seems, has read about the raven with the manna, and the loaves and the fishes, but has never seen such miracles happen.

However, the Bishop's resiliency has not been diminished by bumping into financial stone walls. He was acquainted with the intricacies and rules of finance when he was taken from parochial work and appointed to the Chancery Office of the Chicago diocese and in 1924 was appointed Chancellor. He was treasurer of the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress held at Chicago in 1926. For his able handling of his assignments in finance and for the organization work he did in connection with the Eucharistic Congress, Father Sheil was recommended by the late Cardinal Mundelein to Pope Pius XI and was made a Domestic Prelate with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor.

Although the ecclesiastical honors that have been bestowed upon the reverend father have been a source of considerable pride to the older settlers of the Chicago Near Northwest-side neighborhood in which Bishop Sheil was born, the progress of the region's product has been regarded by the community as nothing to be noted with amazement.

"Bernie always was a standout lad," patriarchs and the middle-aged of his old neighborhood, regardless of their religion, declare. The left-handers and the infidels still speak

Continued on page 120

Her Uncle vs. His Father

Mr. Fennick welcomed the peer's son to St. Ambrose's as a spider would a fly, while Lord Driver had plans of his own

by GRAHAM GREENE

• FICTION •

When the chemist had shut his shop for the night he went through a door at the back into a hall that served both him and the flats above, and then up two flights and a half of stairs, carrying an offering of a little box of pills. The box was stamped with his name and address; Priskett, 14, New End Street, Oxford. He was a middle-aged man with a thin moustache and scared, evasive eyes; he wore his long white coat even when he was off duty as if it had the power of protecting him like a King's uniform from his enemies. A door was marked with a visiting card Mr. Nicholas Fennick, B.A.: the chemist rang three short times.

The man who opened the door was sixty years old at least, with snow-white hair and a pink babyish skin. He wore a mulberry velvet dinner jacket, and his glasses swung on the end of a wide black ribbon. He said with a kind of boisterousness, "Ah, Priskett, step in, Priskett."

"I brought you some more of my pills."

"Invaluable, Priskett. If only you had taken a degree—the Society Apothecaries would have been enough—I would have appointed you resident medical officer of St. Ambrose."

"How's the college doing?"

"Give me your company for a moment in the common room, and you shall know all."

Mr. Fennick led the way down a little dark passage cluttered with mackintoshes; Mr. Priskett, feeling his way uneasily from mackintosh to mackintosh, kicked in front of him a pair of girl's shoes. "One day," Mr. Fennick said, "we must build . . ." and he made a broad confident gesture with his glasses that seemed to press back the walls of the common room: a small round table covered with a landlady's cloth, three or four shiny chairs and a glass-fronted bookcase containing a copy of *Every Man His Own Lawyer.* "My niece Elizabeth," Mr. Fennick said, "my medical adviser." A very young girl with a lean, pretty face nodded perfunctorily from behind a typewriter. "I am going to train Elizabeth," Mr. Fennick said, "to act as bursar."

Mr. Priskett said humbly, "And what do you think of the college, Miss Fennick?"

"My name's Cross," the girl said. "I think it's a good idea. I'm surprised my uncle thought of it."

"In a way it was—partly—my idea."

"I'm more surprised still," the girl said firmly.

Mr. Priskett, folding his hands in front of his white coat as though he were pleading before a tribunal, went on: "You see I said to your uncle that with all these colleges being taken over by the military and the tutors having nothing to do they ought to start teaching by correspondence."

"A glass of audit ale, Priskett," Mr. Fennick suggested. He took a bottle of brown ale out of a cupboard and poured out two gaseous glasses.

"Of course," Mr. Priskett pleaded. "I hadn't thought of all this—the common-room, I mean, and St. Ambrose's."

The girl said briskly, "As I see it, Uncle is running a swindle called St. Ambrose's College, Oxford."

"Not a swindle, my dear. The advertisement was very carefully worded." He knew it by heart; every phrase had been carefully checked with his copy of *Every Man His Own Lawyer* open on the table. He repeated it now in a voice full and husky with bottled brown ale. "War conditions prevent your going up to Oxford. St. Ambrose's—Tom Brown's old college—has made an important break with tradition. For the period of the war only it will be possible to receive tuition by post wherever you may be, whether defending the Empire on the cold rocks of Iceland or on the burning sands of Libya, in the main street of an American town or a cottage in Devonshire . . ."

"You've overdone it," the girl said. "It won't catch anybody but saps."

"There are plenty of saps," Mr. Fennick said. "But I'll skip that bit. 'Degree-diplomas will be granted at the end of three terms instead of the usual three years.'" He explained: "That gives a quick turnover. One can't wait for money these days. 'Gain a real Oxford education at Tom Brown's old college. For full particulars of tuition fees, battels etc. write to the Bursar.'"

"And do you mean to say the University can't stop that?"

"Anybody," Mr. Fennick said with a kind of pride, "can start a college anywhere. I've never said it was part of the University."

"But battels—battels mean board and lodging."

"In this case," Mr. Fennick said, "it's quite a nominal fee—to keep your name in perpetuity on the books of the old firm—I mean the college."

"And the tuition . . ."

"Priskett here is the science tutor. I take history and classics. I thought that you, my dear, might tackle—economics?"

"I don't know anything about them."

"The examinations, of course, have to be rather simple—within the capacity of the tutors. (There is an excellent public library here.) And another thing—the fees are returnable if the diploma-degree is not granted."

"You mean . . ."

"Nobody will ever fail," Mr. Priskett brought breathlessly out.

"And you are really getting results?"

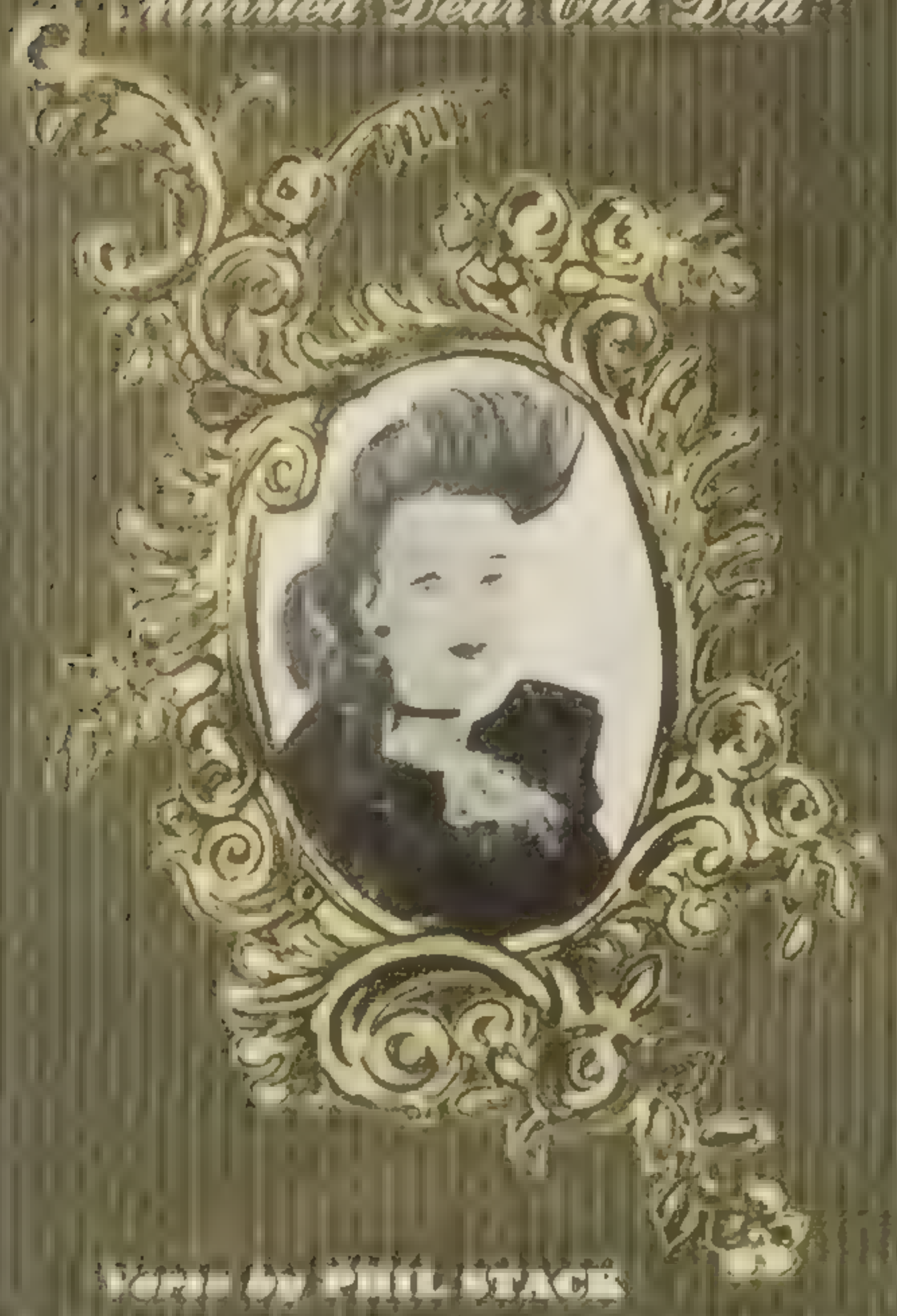
"I waited, my dear, until I could see the distinct possibility of at least six hundred a year for the three of us before I wired you. And

Continued on page 116

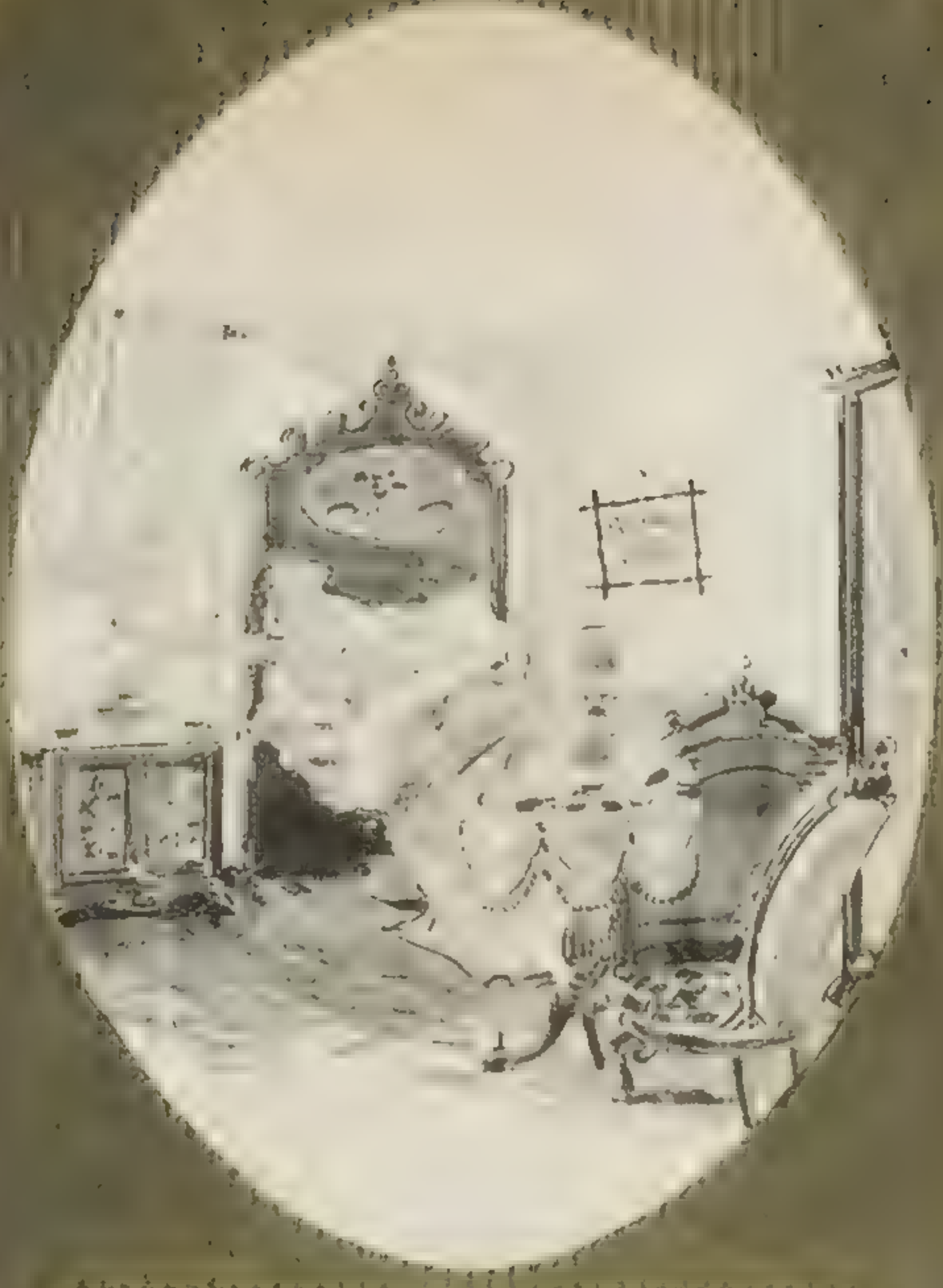
Bob Gallivan

"I guess this makes me almost an orphan"

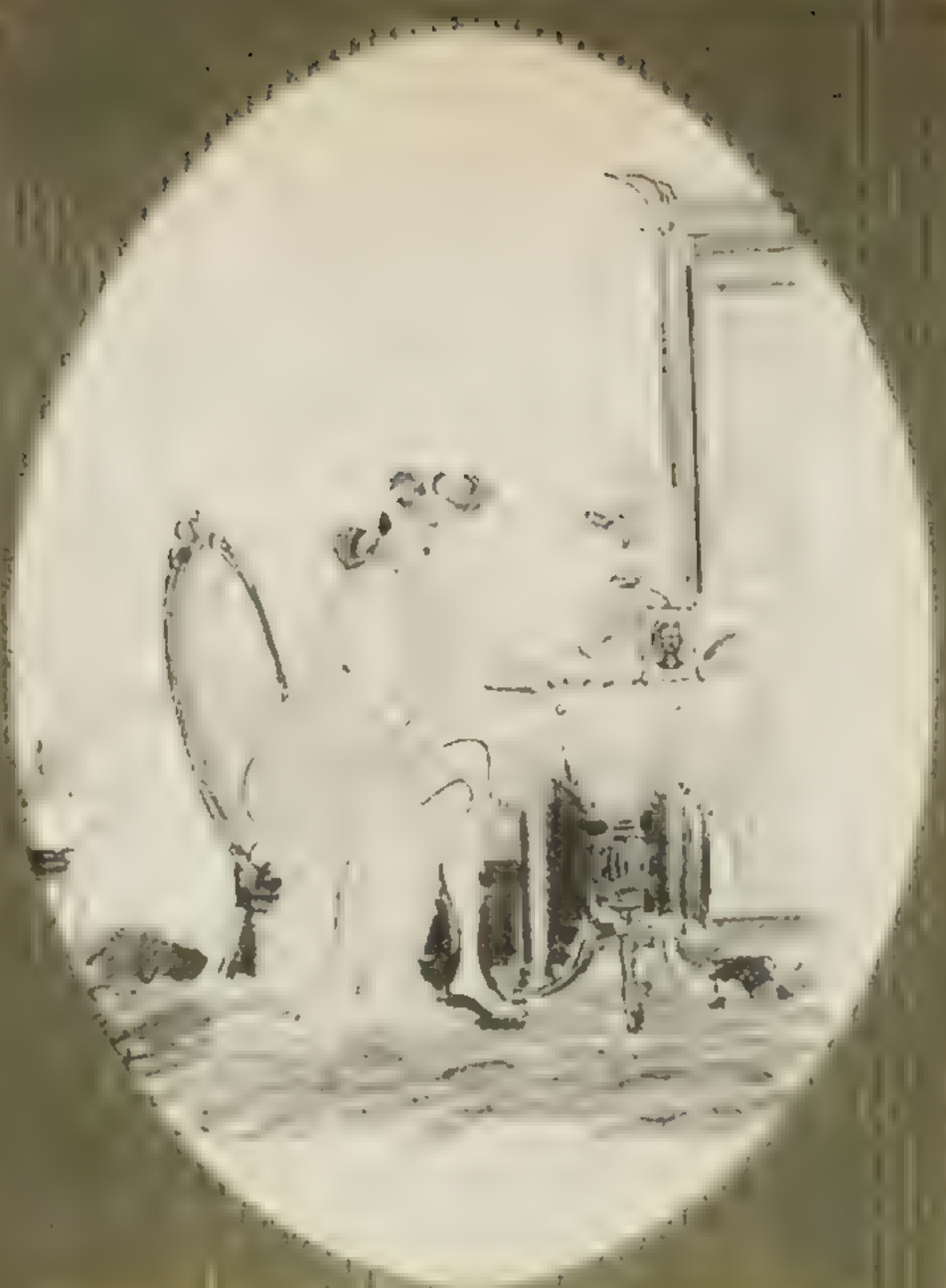
"Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad"



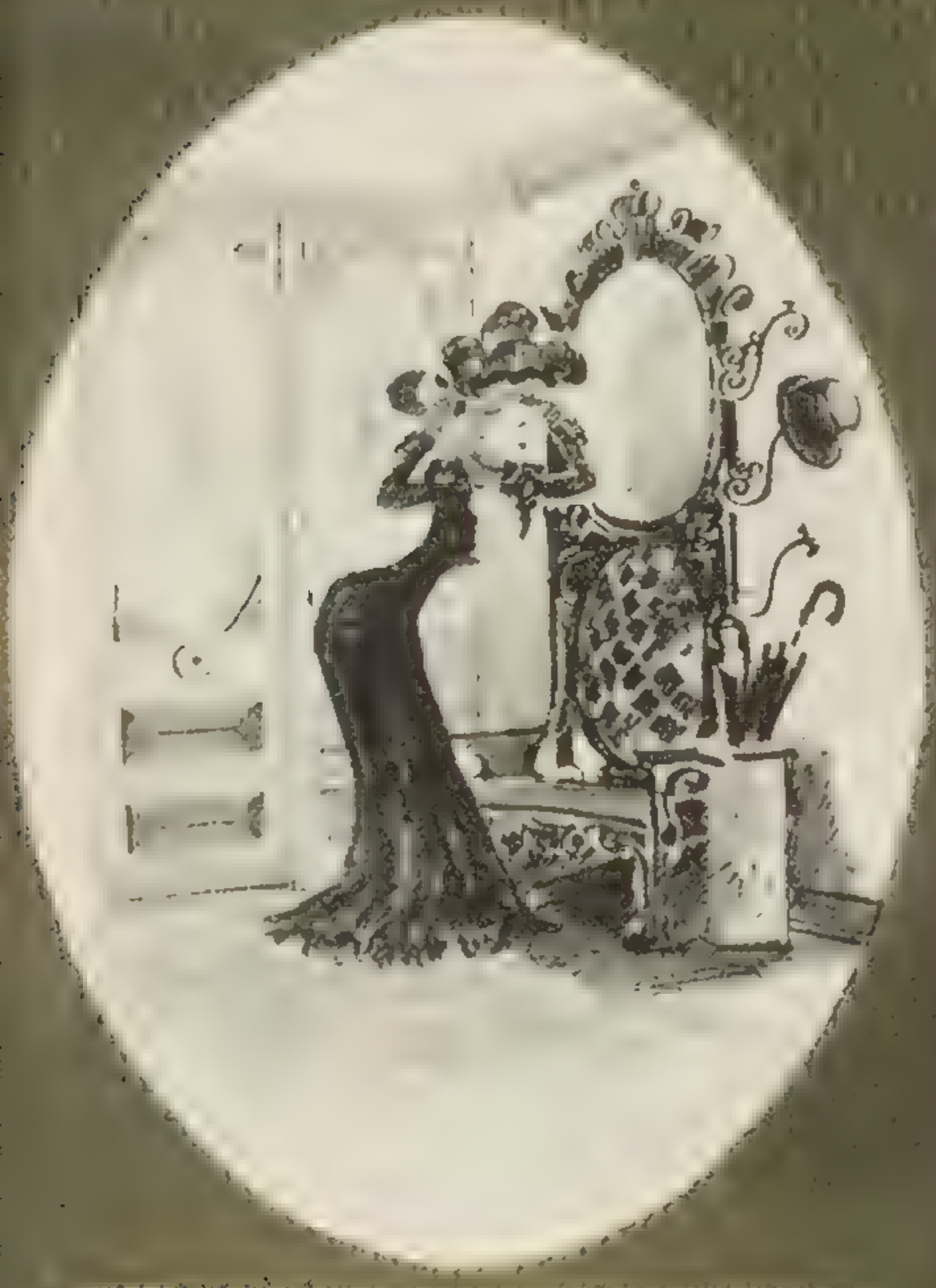
Verse by PHIL STACK
Drawings by ARTHUR T. BLOMQUIST



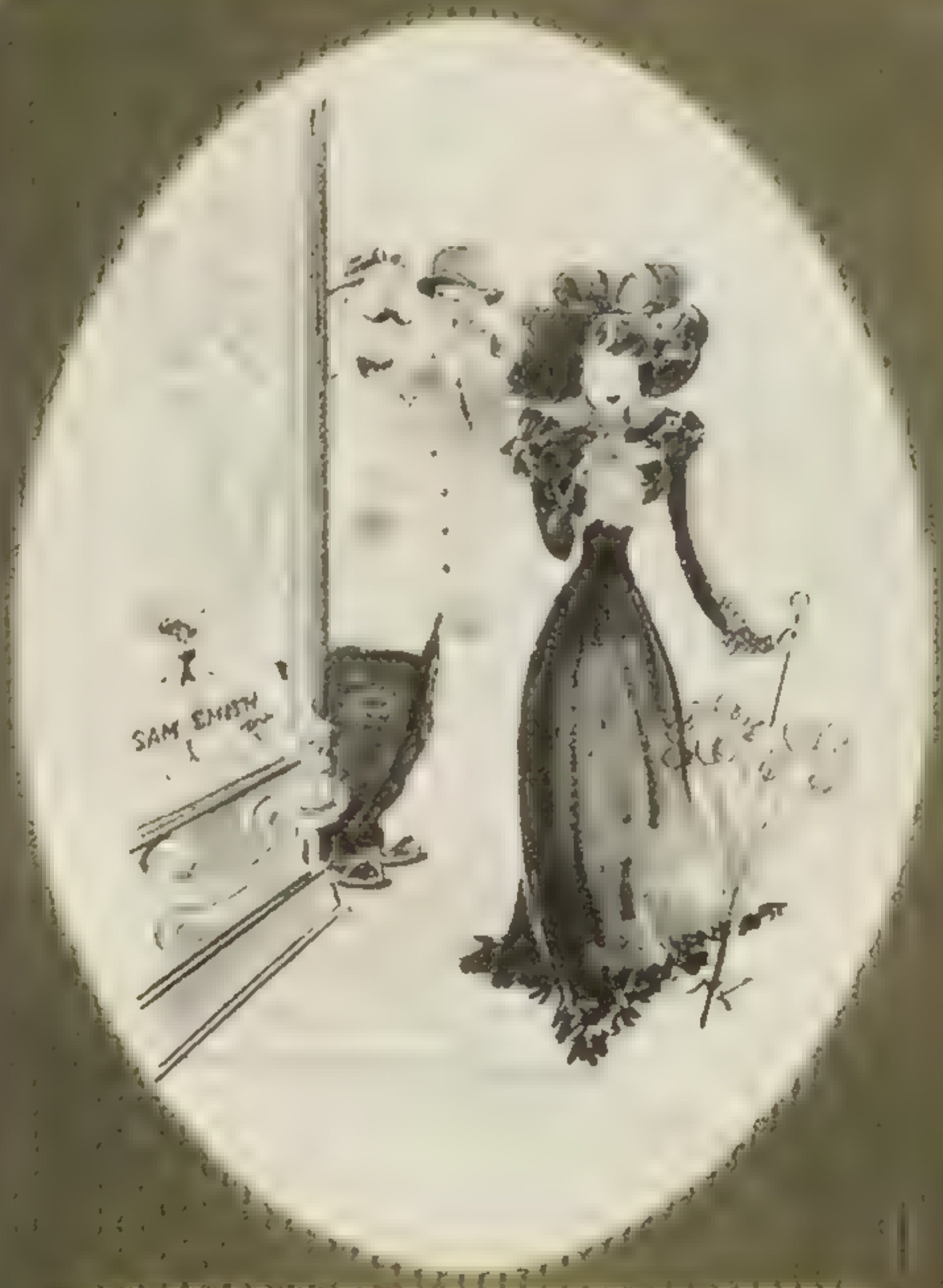
1–*Regard the fair Amelia,*
She wakens, brisk and buoyed,
Her dreams are sweet and girlish
Without a tinge of Freud!



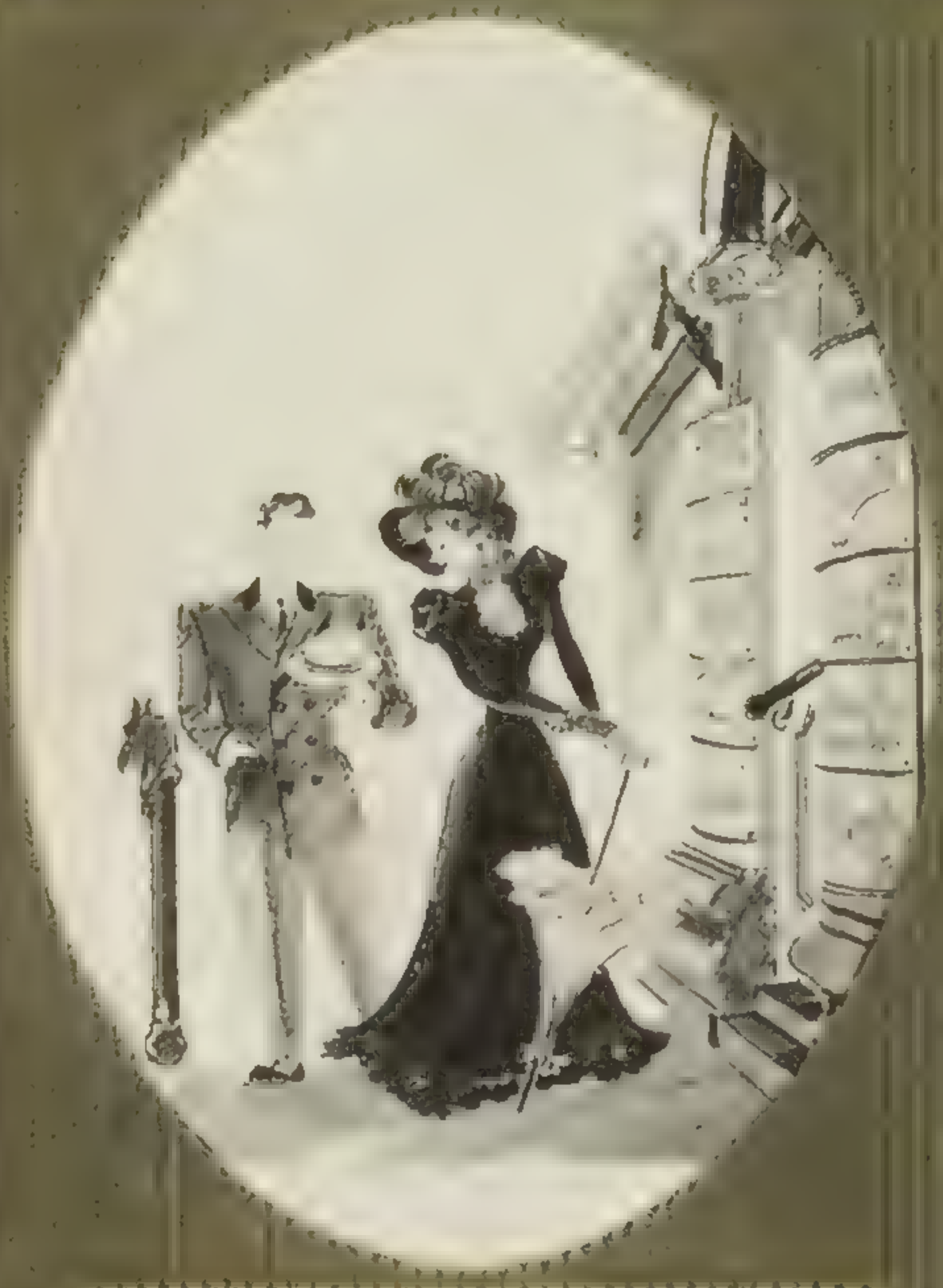
2–*She lamps the boy friend's photograph*
Then, pink with bashfulness,
Our Vision cuts his vision off
Before she starts to dress!



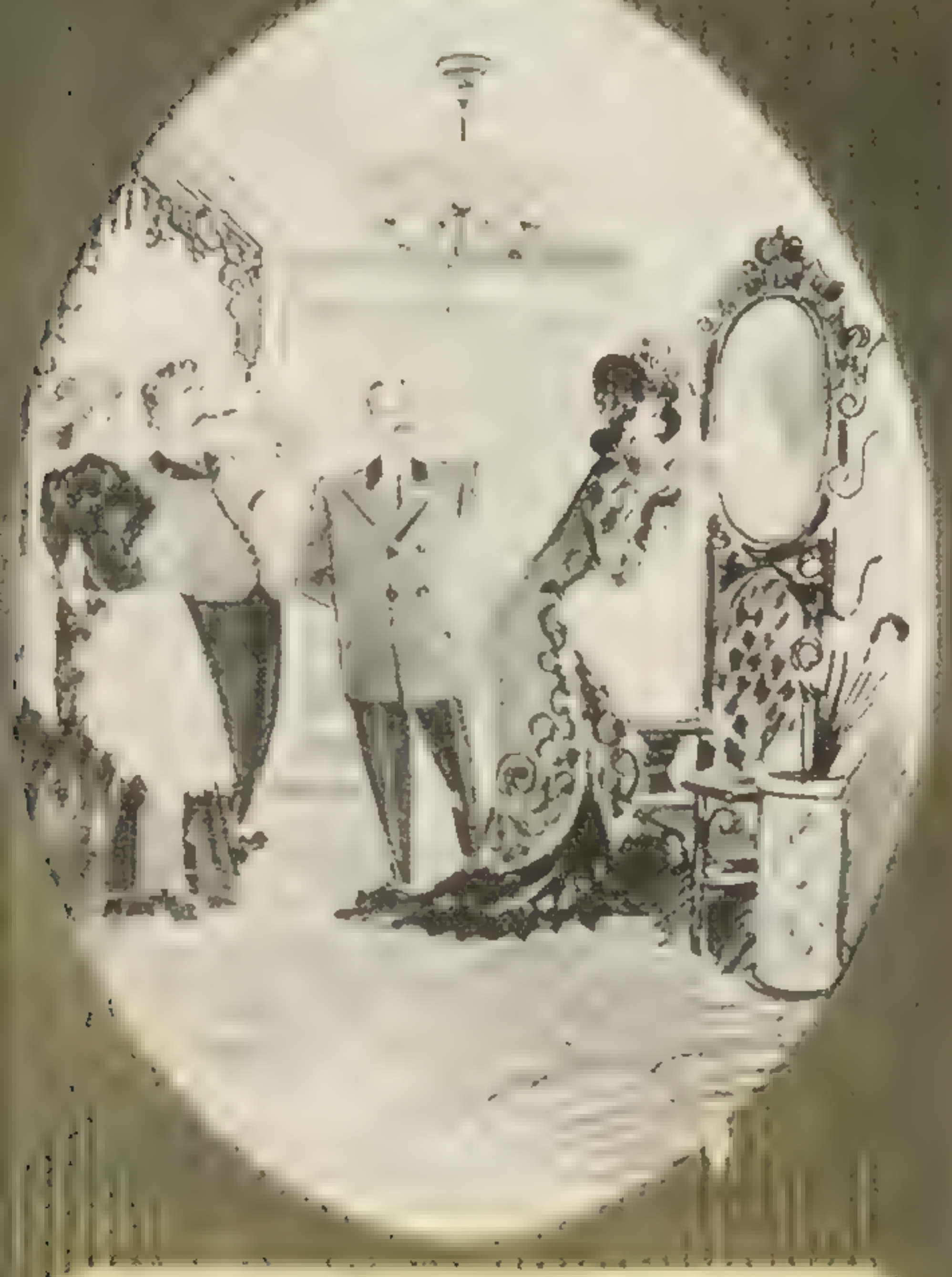
6–*Upon her shapely noggin*
She plants a weird affair;
It looks as screwy as the hats
The current cuties wear!



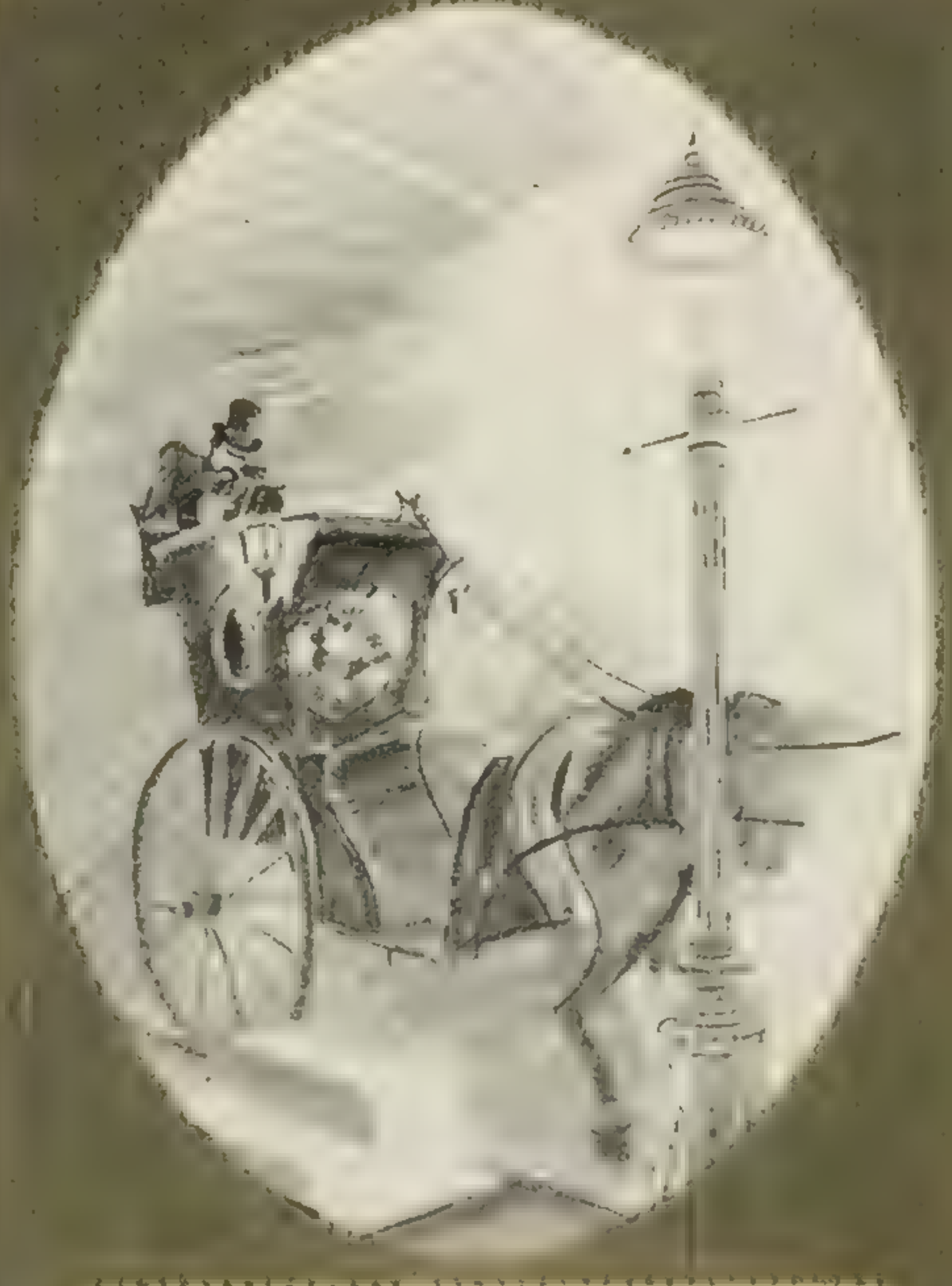
7–*She swishes by the Barbershop*
And takes the boys by storm!
The wolves are out, as always,
To admire her Racing Form!



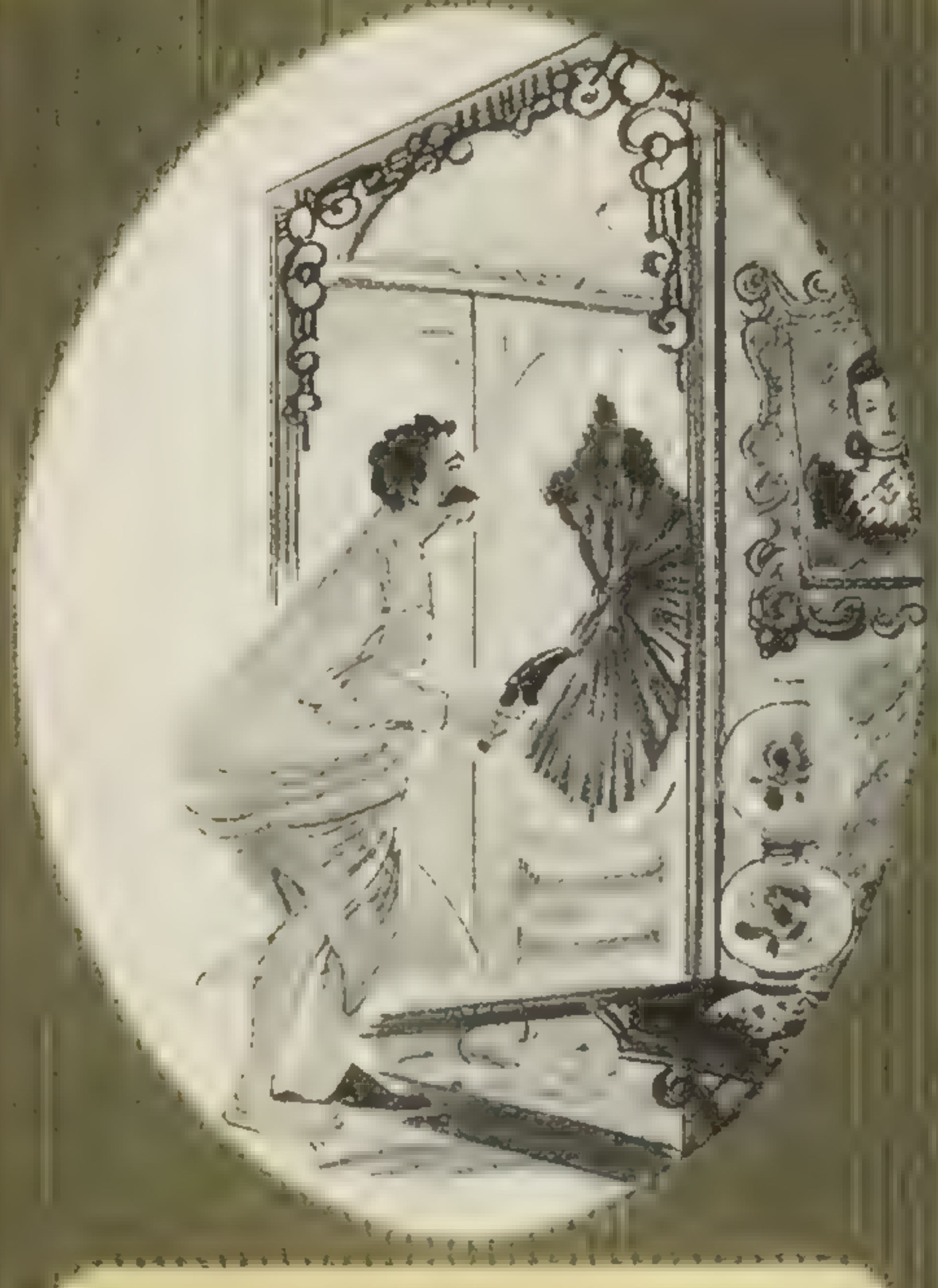
8–*She meets a local Hot Shot*
And poses for a bit,
The Mug is high on collars
But a trifle low on "It!"



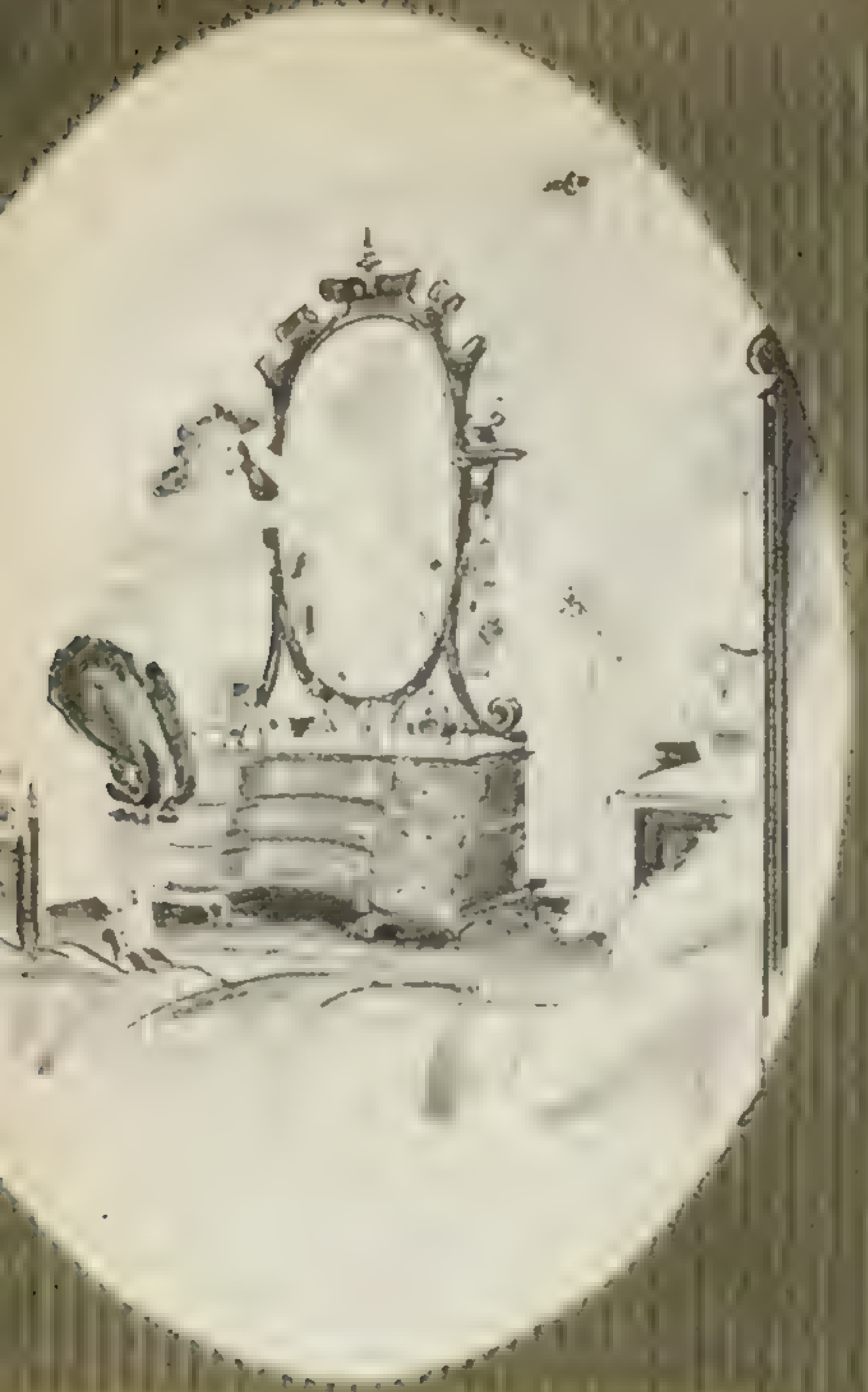
12–*Amelia puts the pressure*
Upon her Portly Pater
So there is small objection raised
When Edgar dates her later!



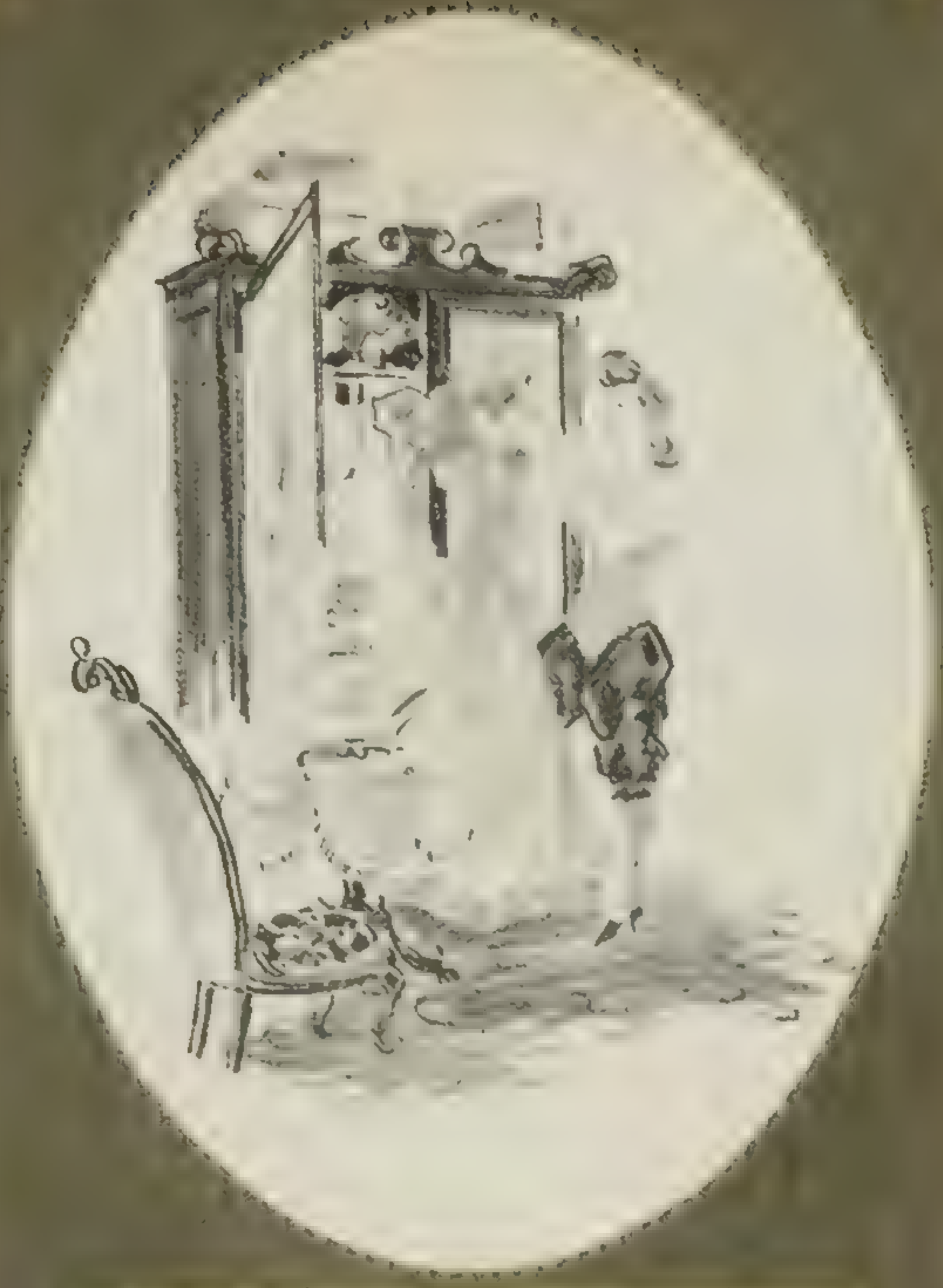
13–*This scene is perfect for Romance*
Though Edgar had to Plan some!
The midnight hour, a trusting girl,
A Guy, tall, dark . . . and Hansom!



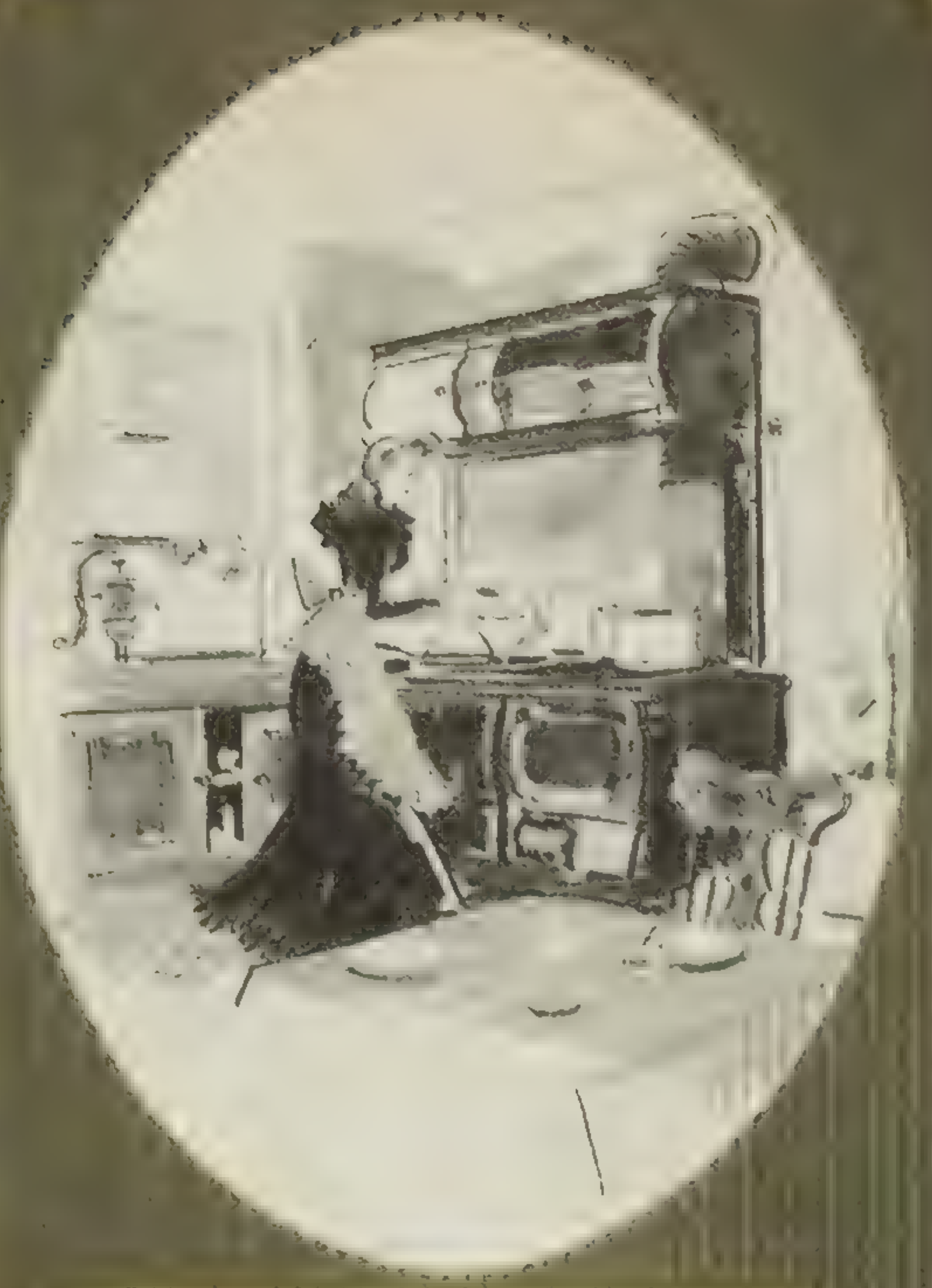
14–*Oh, would there were some simple way*
To give Amelia warning
Between the time she sighs, "Good Night!"
And Papa shouts, "Good Morning!"



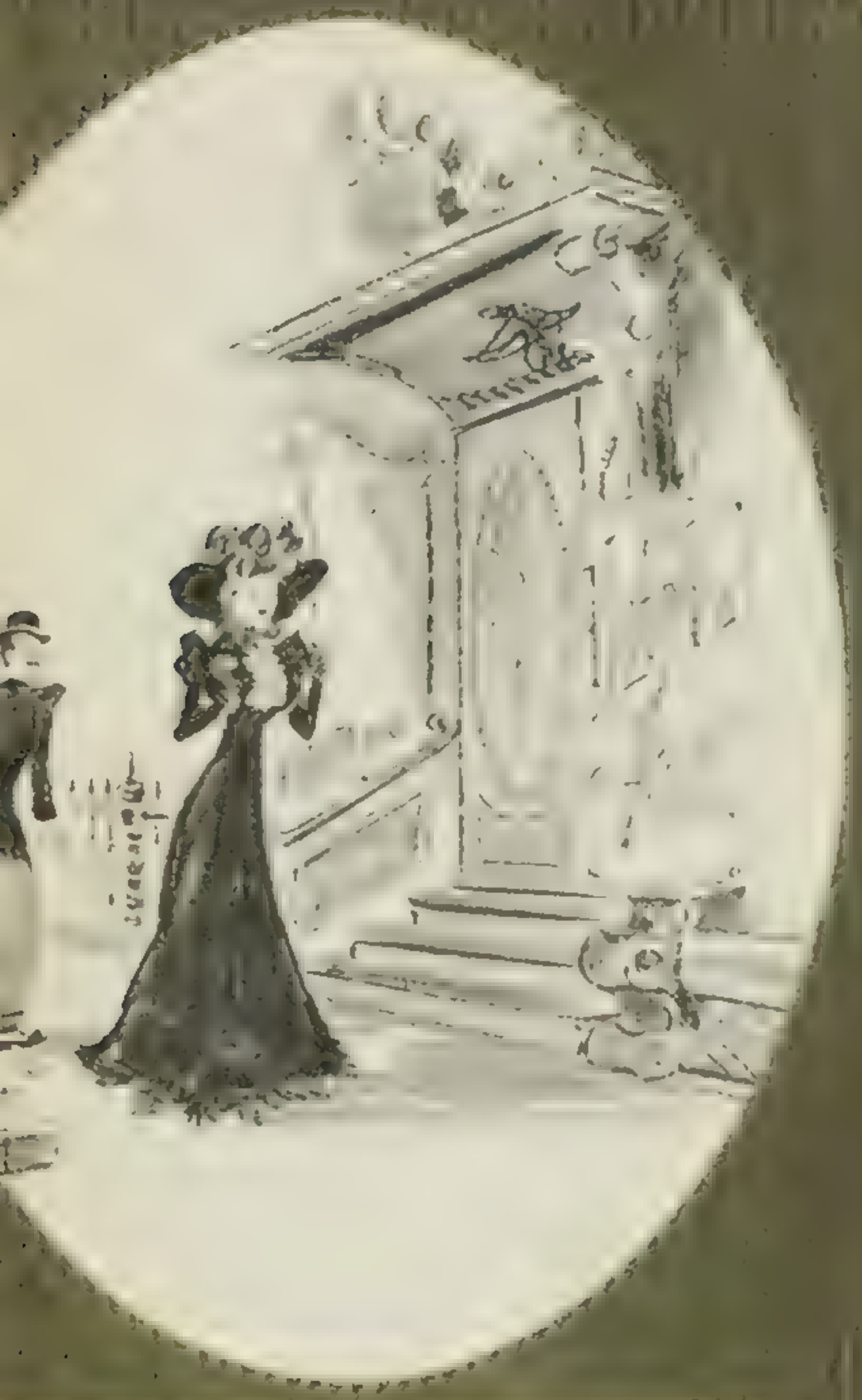
3–*Her chiffonier is crowded*
With trophies of the dance,
But she is hardly crowded
In those go-to-meetin' Pants!



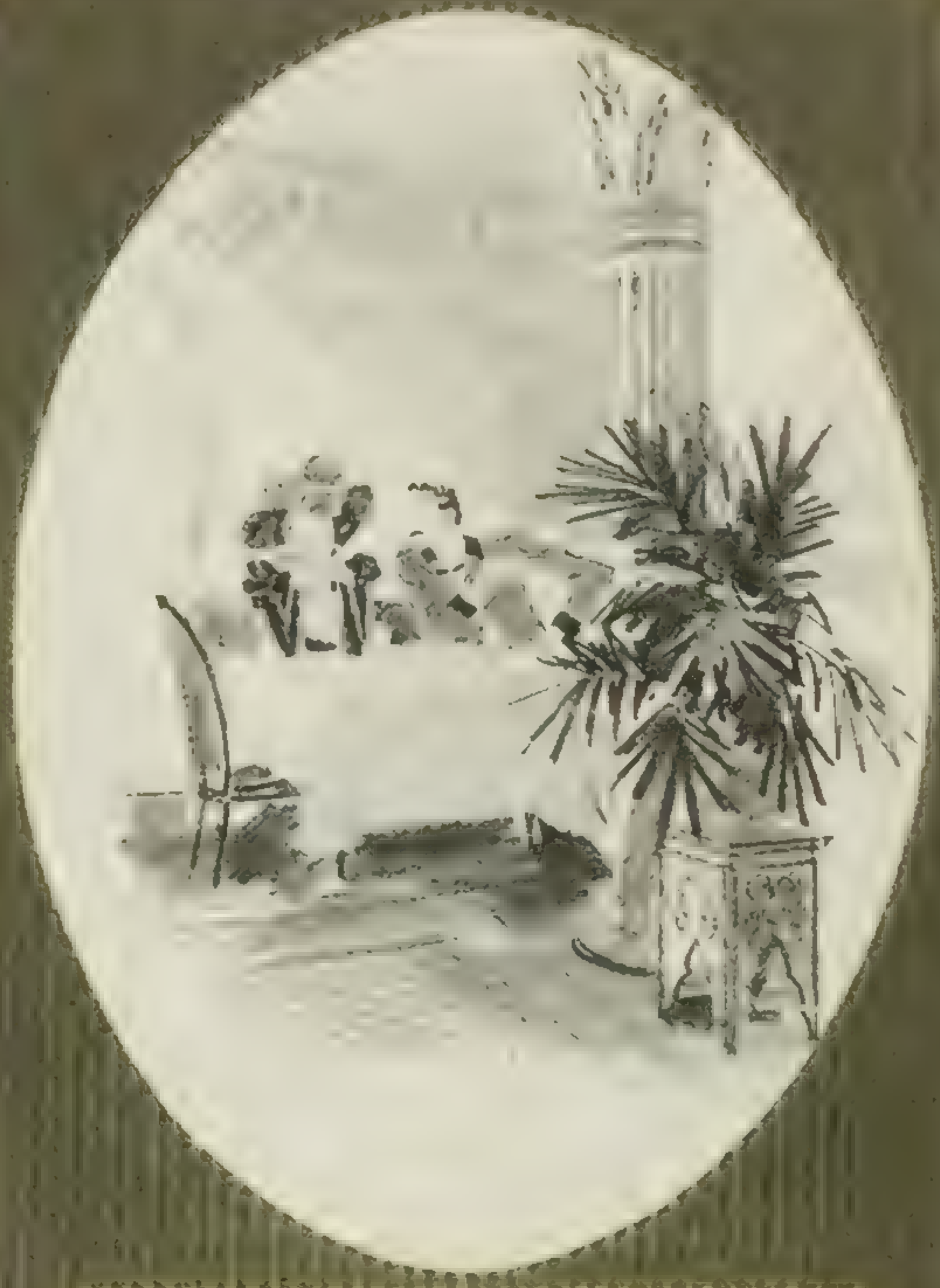
4–*Her dress is stiff and silken*
To wow the local chaps . . .
(Remember, this is long before
We tangled with the Japs!)



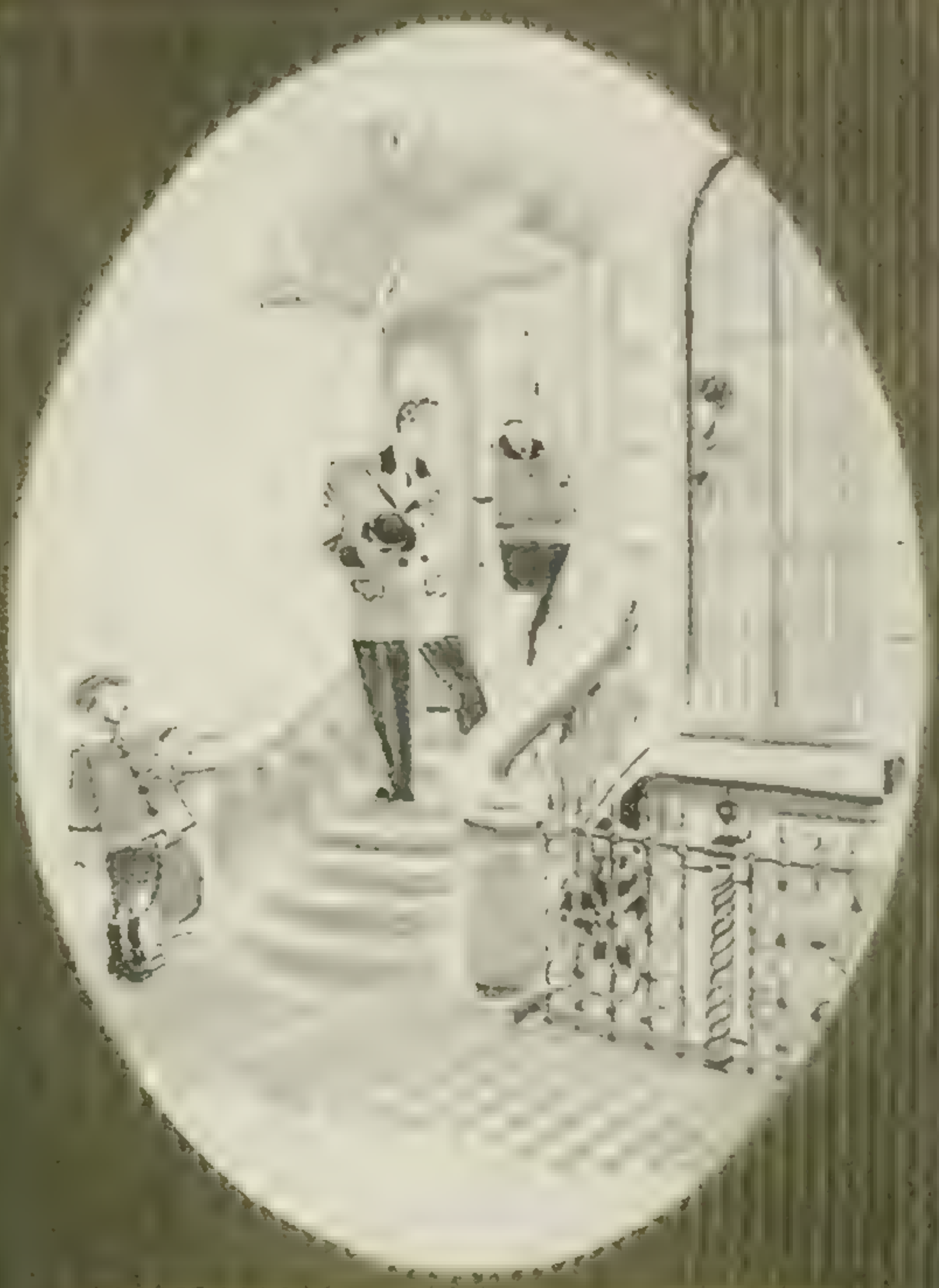
5–*Amelia gets her breakfast!*
But this is not so strange—
There was a time when Maidens
Were at Home upon the Range!



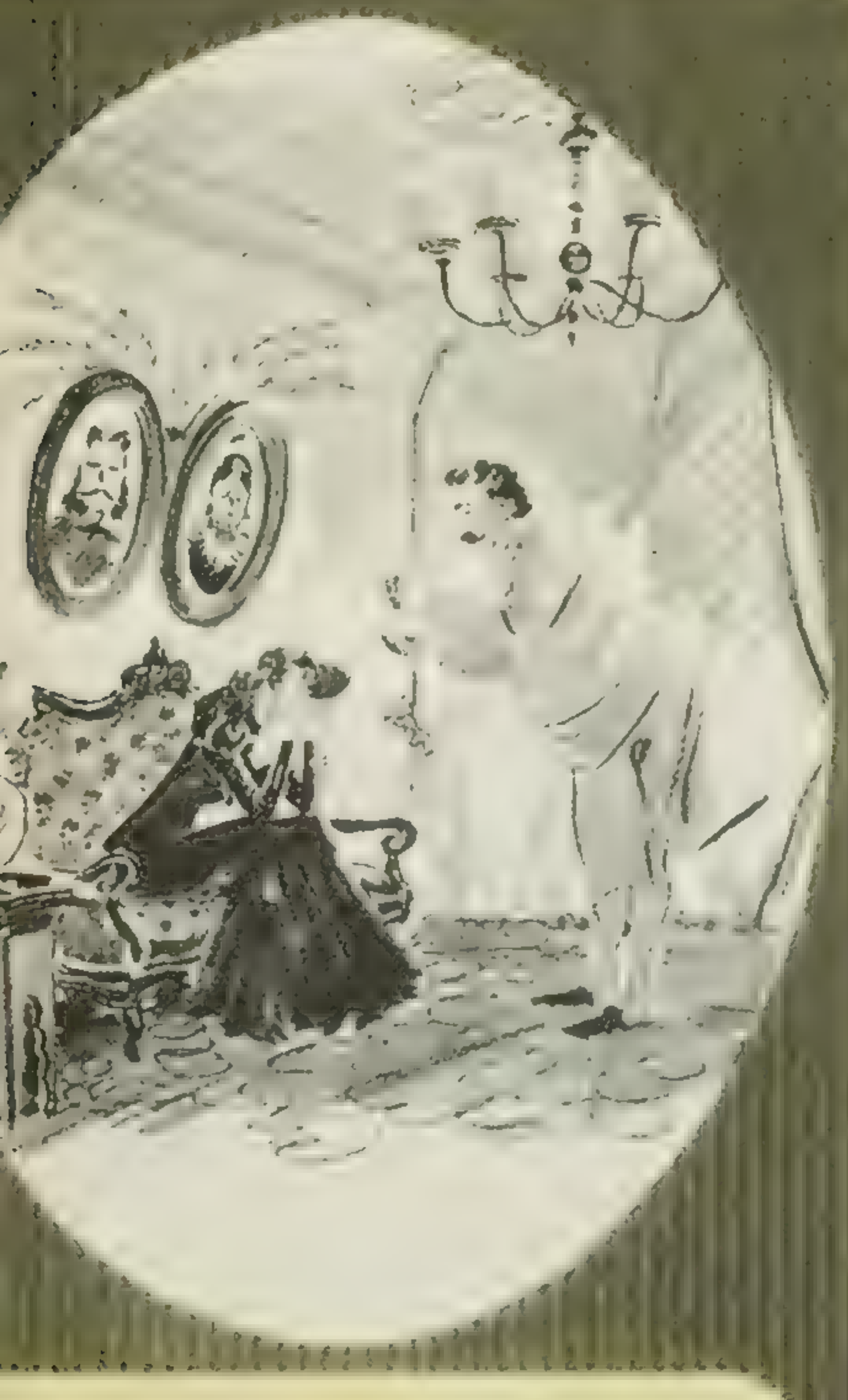
–*Now comes the City Slicker*
To give the Plot a Prod . . .
Amelia drops her handkerchief—
(Good Girl! Good Grief! Good God!)



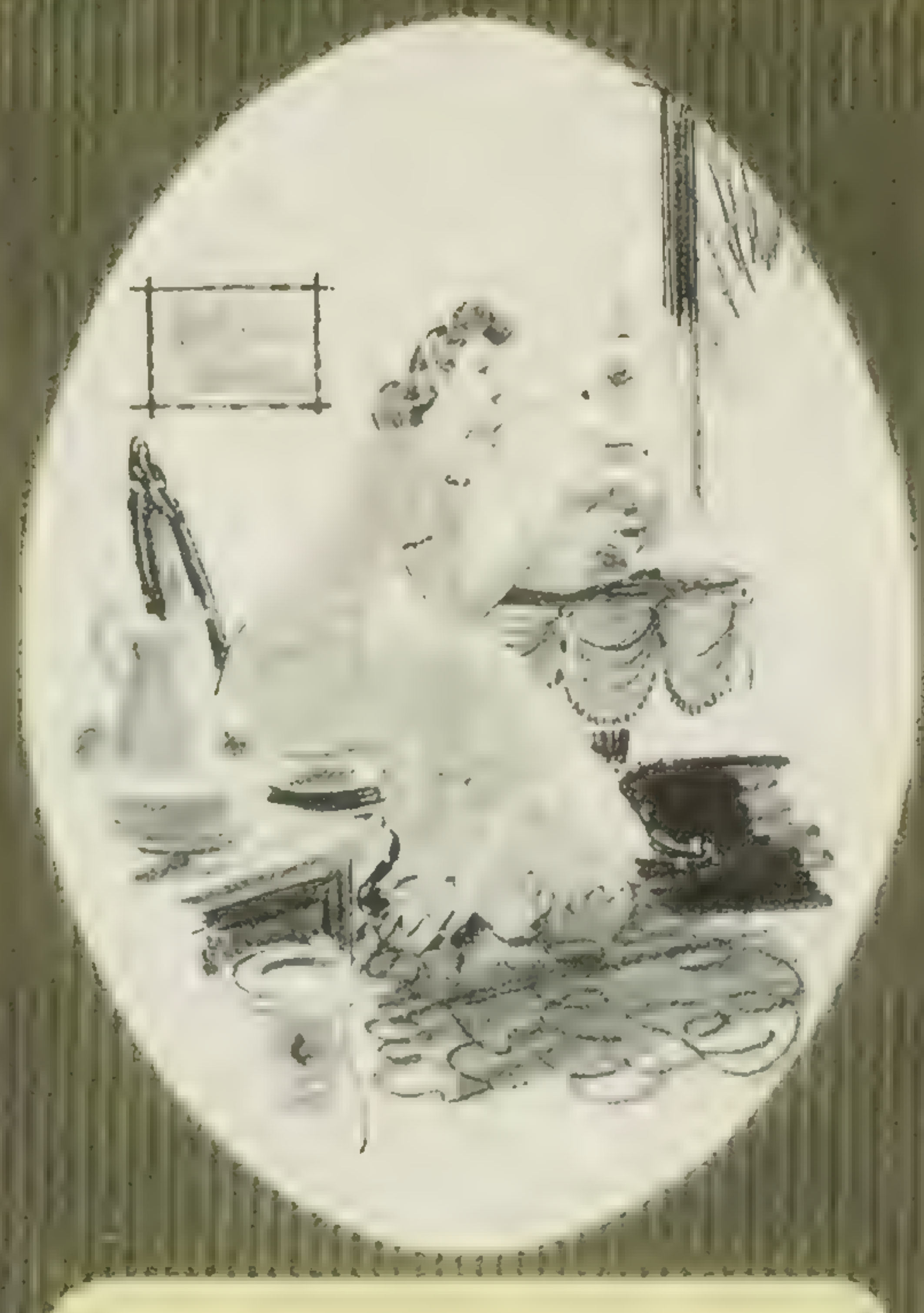
10–*Gone, gone, her Parents' warnings,*
Her heart is beating fast
As Edgar Swayne (For it is He!)
Suggests a light repast!



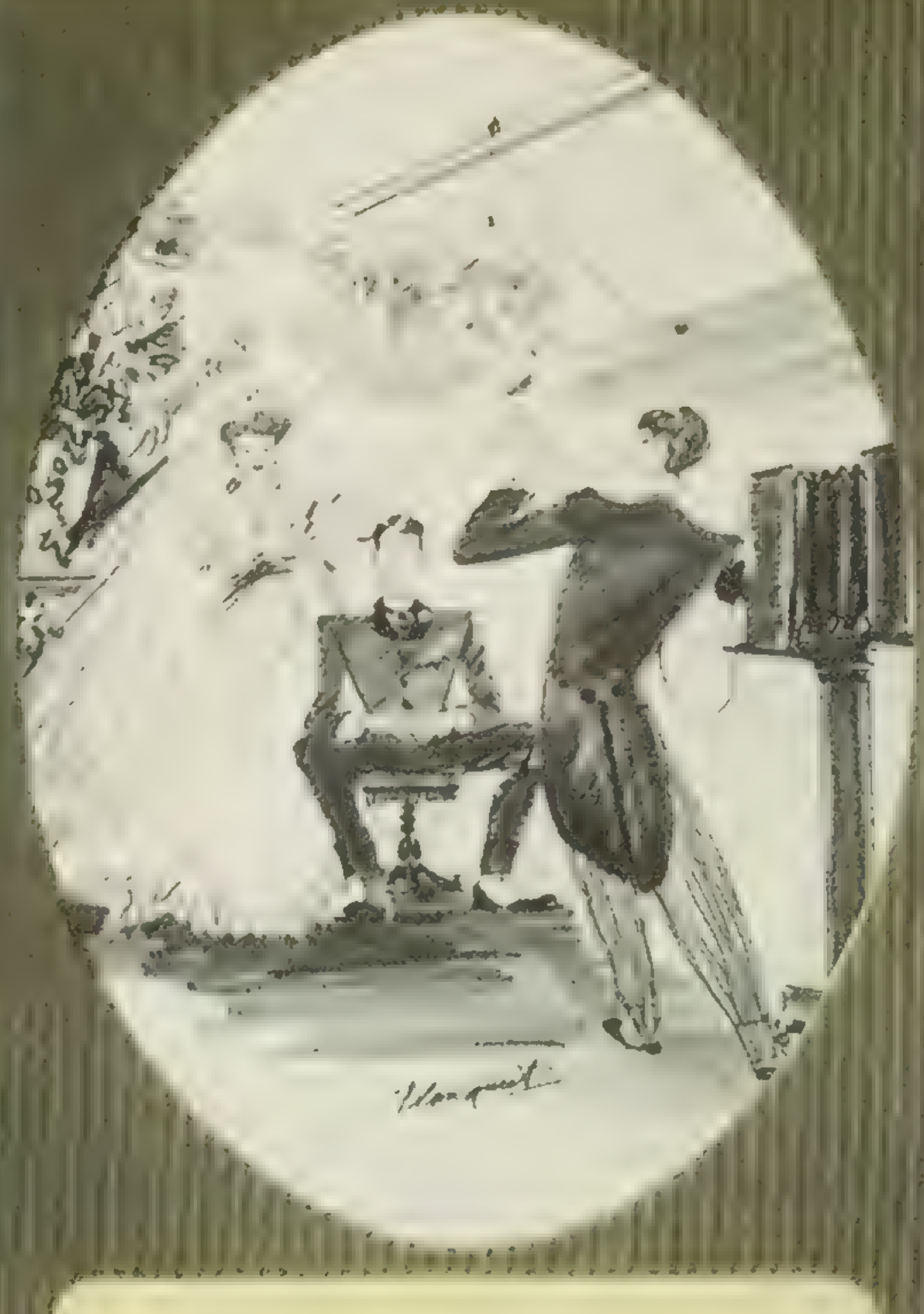
11–*His crafty, cultured phrases*
Dance rhumbas in her dome,
But Pop's a little leery
When this Playboy brings her home!



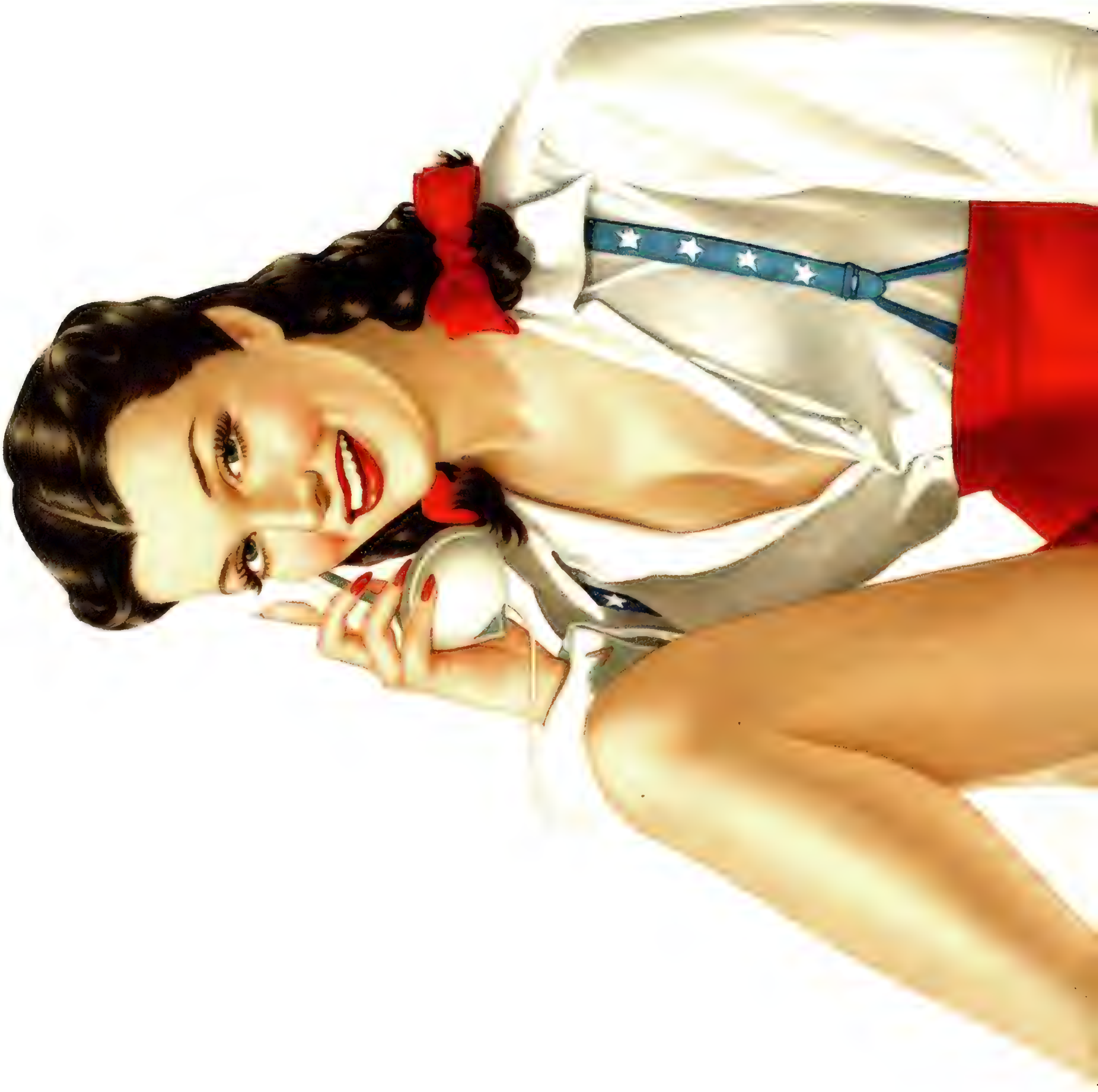
15–*Amelia is reduced to tears*
Though innocent of sin!
(Pop probably remembers
All the doorways He was in!)

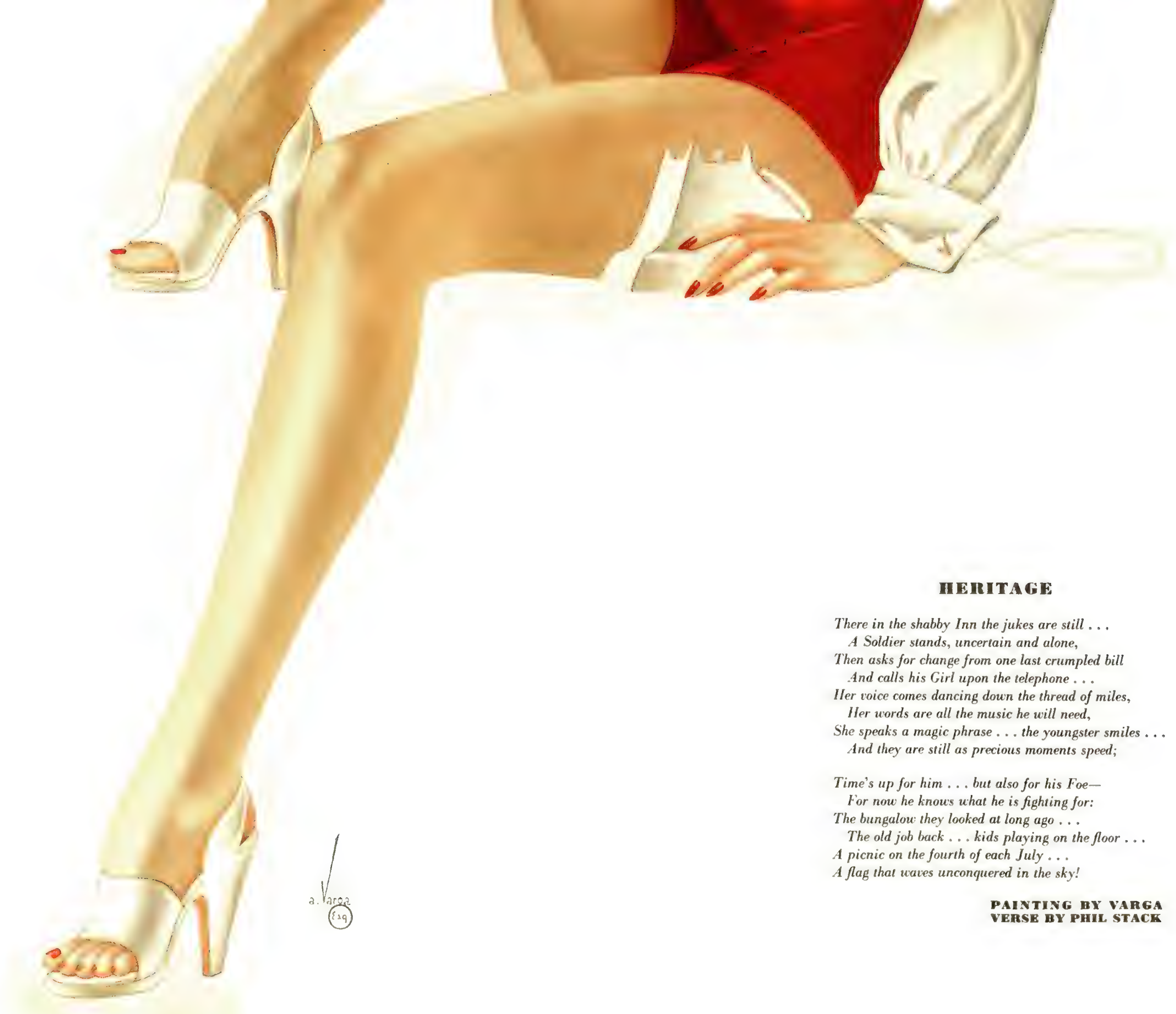


16–*But once within her quiet room*
Amelia starts to write,
Confiding in her Diary Dear
That purple, pulsing night!



17–*But True Love is a Solid Rock*
And Passion oft is fleet;
Amelia wedded Wilbur Jenks
The Boy across the Street!





HERITAGE

There in the shabby Inn the jukes are still . . .
A Soldier stands, uncertain and alone,
Then asks for change from one last crumpled bill
And calls his Girl upon the telephone . . .
Her voice comes dancing down the thread of miles,
Her words are all the music he will need,
She speaks a magic phrase . . . the youngster smiles . . .
And they are still as precious moments speed;

Time's up for him . . . but also for his Foe—
For now he knows what he is fighting for:
The bungalow they looked at long ago . . .
The old job back . . . kids playing on the floor . . .
A picnic on the fourth of each July . . .
A flag that waves unconquered in the sky!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

On Wings of Wood

Plastic plywood, that miracle substance of planes, will create new automobiles, homes and countless things after the war

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• ARTICLE •

The search for airplane materials has been something like the search for a Philosopher's Stone or a Golden Fleece. The ideal substance must fulfill almost impossible conditions. It must be all strength, and no weight. It must be available in vast quantities, with sources of supply independent of enemy attack points. It must be cheap. It must lend itself to mass production methods. It must be easy to process.

The answer to this aeronautical maiden's prayer is the miracle substance of the 1940's: plastic plywood.

The history of ordinary plywood, in the aircraft industry, is as old as the saga of crack-ups. Old Tony Fokker used to be one of its strongest advocates. When Bill Stout demonstrated the first thick-wing metal airplane, afterwards known as the Ford trimotor, Fokker was present. "Bill," he said, "I can build a plane from plywood veneer that will do everything your plane will . . . and do it at less cost, and with less waste."

"Quite true, Tony," Stout answered, "you can. But you will run into one trouble. Sooner or later your plane will have a 'veneereal' disease."

And Stout's prediction held. All of Fokker's early plywood planes developed compression cracks, or other fatigue disorders. One fell, killing Knute Rockne. Others disposed of other persons.

But today, all of that has passed. For plastic plywood is as different from ordinary plywood as stainless steel is from cast iron.

Plastic plywood is the strongest substance—per unit of weight—that is available. It is waterproof and weatherproof. It is more fire-resistant than duralumin. It is more rigid, per unit weight, than steel. It can be molded in a jiffy, on or in the most inexpensive molds; and if and when repairs are necessary, it can be patched like an auto tire.

A technical point should be made here: plastic plywood is scarcely plywood—it's more accurate to say that it is a compound of phenolic resins and sandwiched layers of plywood.

The plywood, in this connection, acts as a strength-producing binder. Steel rods, embedded in concrete, provide a parallel structure, wherein the concrete acquires the tensile strength of the steel . . . and the steel, the compressive strength of the concrete.

Two men are chiefly responsible for the development of plastic plywood; and each holds specific patents . . . and operates in competition with the other. The plywood moguls are Eugene Vidal, one-time head of the old Bureau of Air Commerce; and Sherman Fairchild, millionaire aviator, pioneer in aerial photography, airline entrepreneur, inventor and manufacturer.

Vidal's development was an outgrowth of work begun by a certain Harry Atwood, who had previously built a plane using plywood impregnated with celluloid. Vidal bought up Atwood's patents, and combined Atwood's ideas with inventions of his own. After an incubating process, he launched, officially, the Vidal method, which consists of placing alternate strips of plywood on a male mold, interspersing these layers with sheets of phenolic resin, placing the whole in a huge rubber bag—then turning on the heat.

It's only a matter of minutes from the time that the heat—in the form of live steam—hits the bag, until a perfectly and permanently formed product emerges, like Pallas Athene, fully clad, sprang from the forehead of her old man.

Fairchild's offspring, variously known as the Duramold Process and the Haskelite Process, is similar to that of Vidal's, except for the fact that a female mold is specified—rather than the convex devices of Vidal.

The uses to which this new, wonder-working material can be put are virtually limitless. Take the case of automobile bodies: the great problem mass-production machinery faces in turning out automobile bodies, and similar stamped-steel structures, is that of time and cost.

Giant steel dies have to be made, before stamping is possible; and those dies take upwards of six months to build, and involve the sinking of large sums into capital expenses—sums which only can be amortized successfully where great quantities can be disposed of.

Molds for plastic plywood bodies, on the other hand, can be made of wood or concrete, in the space of a few days or weeks—and at the cost of only a few hundred dollars.

Another factor which has to be bandied about, in any sane approach to manufacturing problems, is the element of repair. A steel body, once bent or twisted, is headed in a fair way for the junk heap and the re-smelting mills. Plastic plywood, being a friendlier substance, can regenerate its parts as easily, and much more quickly than a lobster can grow a second claw . . . or a groundworm a second tail.

Suppose you were driving a car with a plastic plywood body. Let's work from the usual hypothesis: a woman driver runs into you hard, smack, and amidship.

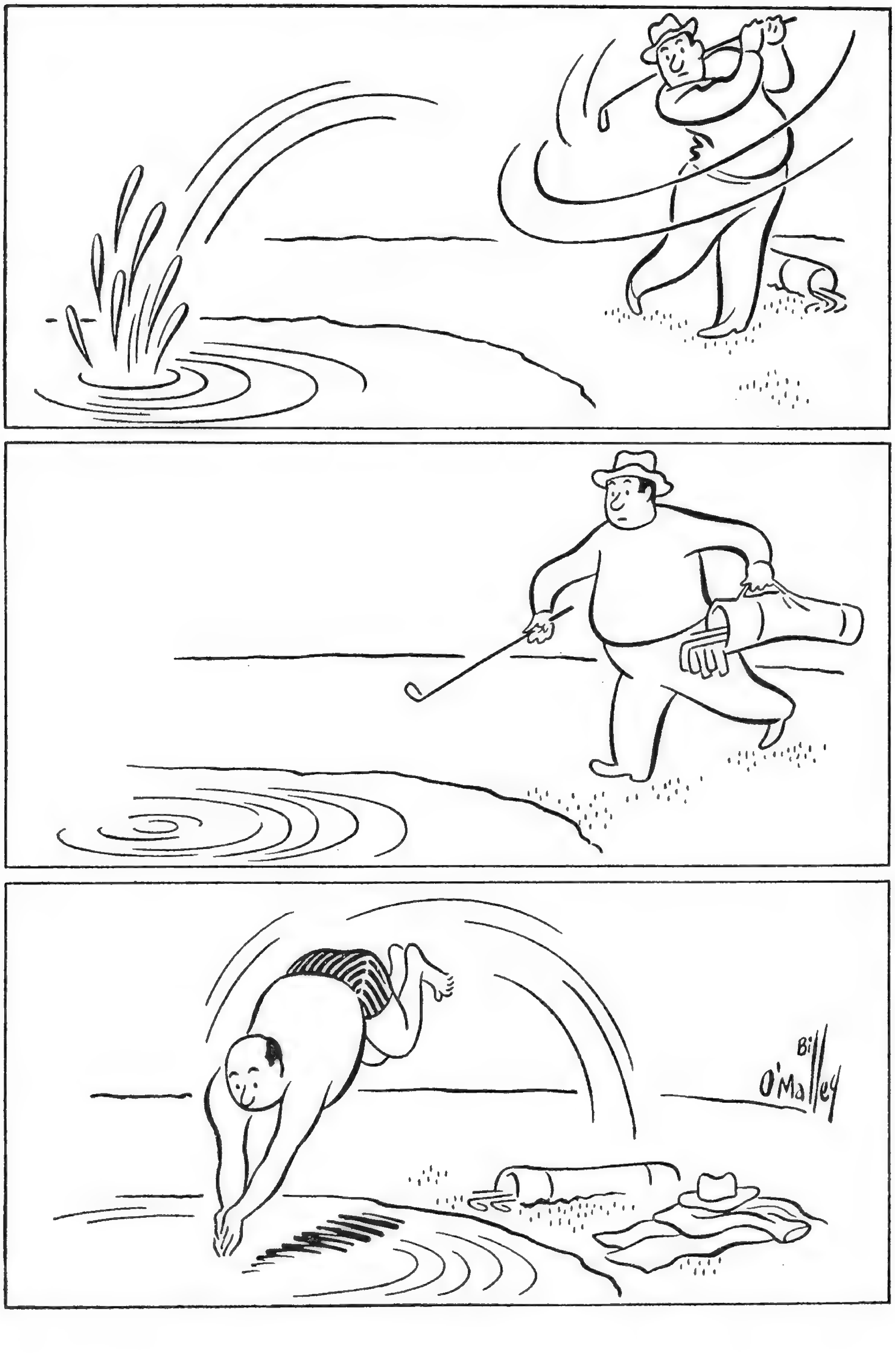
You step out of your neatly-creased chariot, no whit abashed. You make the usual gallant remarks to the effect that it was your fault, that it really doesn't matter, and, if you're from the South, you might even imply that this was what you wanted to have happen anyway.

You doff your hat pleasantly, make a courteous bow . . . and drive to the nearest service station. Within a few minutes, a repair man cuts out the dents, tacks on a new section, flicks a bit of steam over it . . . and, *voilà*, your

Continued in center of page 132

GEORGE WOLFE

"If we move the offensive up an hour we can still catch the afternoon headlines!"


Bill O'Malley

The Sporting Scene

Commending the realistic Marines who welcome athletes not for publicity pets but to fight and die for their country

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

Now is the time for all good men to cut out the coneroo and come to the aid of their country.

Expanding the old typewriting exercise to propose that the coneroo, no matter how noble its flavor, be deleted for the duration, leads into the Sporting Scene. In this vista there has been observable a reluctance, or inability, to recognize the realities headlined on front pages of our newspapers.

General public reaction to the strutting of sport as a star performer in war is becoming increasingly critical. As early as February comment was made that comparatively few sport celebrities were acting dynamic roles in the biggest game of all but were being used as minstrels in front of the main tent or as uniformed calisthenic leaders.

Because of a ballyhoo on sport's big names in non-combatant capacities the impression gained currency that the muscle men were serving on an "athletic scholarship" basis. Service sports publicity has been gravely at fault on two counts:

(1) Neglect in telling the real story of the strenuous toughening physical training program required by the Navy, Army and Marines.

(2) Unfairness to athletes who desire to serve to the utmost limit and without being made publicity pets while other lads do the fighting.

Criticism of the circus feature of Navy and Army athletics is grossly unjust to the majority of once prominent athletes in the services. But critics assert their judgment is given circumstantial confirmation by the necessity of arranging football schedules for service teams six months or more before the kick-offs.

It is an idea of many that a collegiate or pro football star recruited by a service team in February will be in the team's line-up on some gridiron in the autumn. A lad of less notoriety and only such rough and tumble athletic training as the sandlots and intramurals might supply could enlist at the same time the star signed up, be trained, shipped to sea, land, or air, battle and be a gold star in some family's flag before the lucky athletic luminary concluded his autumn activities on the striped turf.

The discrimination has not elevated sport's reputation in the public's mind. Further adverse criticism has been made of preferential ratings given service teams' athletes. This criticism has been vehement from the less-favored comrades of the favored celebrities. The reputed morale-building presence of the notables has been negated in application of an attractive theory. Enlisted men for their morale building seem quite satisfied to dwell on the deeds of men in combat ranging from General MacArthur to the Negro mess attendant who, in defiance of regulations, valiantly manned a gun against a Jap attack.

Additional unfavorable publicity has been given the wartime role of athletes by incidents of conspicuous athletes' deferment because of physical disability, and by tardiness of certain glorified sports performers in enlisting. These highly publicized youths completed leisurely and careful shopping tours prior to signing with Uncle Whiskers.

It will be noted from these illustrations of major points of the criticism voiced against sport's wartime service to date that the criticism is fundamentally the result of errors made by Navy and Army officials in considering the American public a group reading only the sports pages.

And it must be said in defense of those who made the mistake of over-emphasizing the circus aspect of the service sports program that prior to the publication of casualty lists a rather large part of the populace did pore over the sports sections as the gospel of brawn and conquest.

A significant example of the trusting innocence of those who read the sport section as gospel was the extensive credence given to reports that the Great Lakes Naval Training Station intended to recruit an all-star baseball team with "athletic scholarships" and engage in a 100-game schedule.

This rumor was especially shocking to parents of youngsters whose lack of distinction other than that of willingness to fight, had been recognized by assignment to perilous service at sea and by attaining such ratings they might earn the long, hard way. Reaction among the enlisted men was not fervently favorable, notwithstanding the strong publicity Great Lakes has given its athletic luminaries.

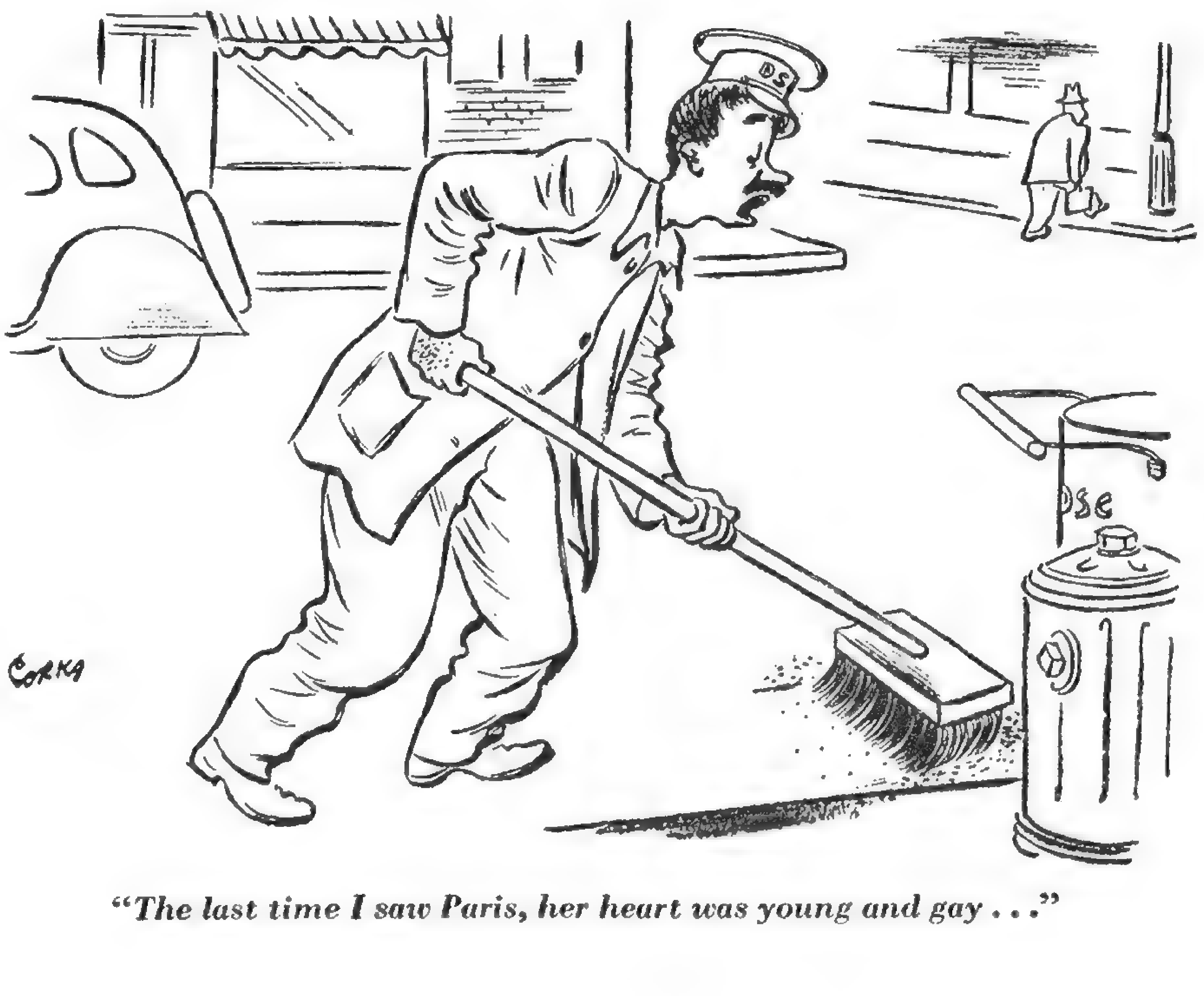
Official denials of the rumored 100-game baseball schedule stilled a querulous babble that was reaching not only sports but editorial departments of newspapers.

Obviously the attitude of youths since the first World War had changed to the extent that the athletic notable in a camp is regarded primarily as an entertainer and not as an inspirer of the old college try in battle. Veteran football coaches can speak with profound authority on this sophistication in the viewpoint of the modern young men.

The Marines, adhering to their "First to Fight" tradition, are definitely amused by the development. They had abandoned circus sports before the nation got into the war. Nevertheless sport as a strenuous intramural conditioner rates exceedingly high with the Marines.

The Marines are intensely interested in getting athletes into their branch of service, but only on the terms that the athlete's sole job is that of being a Marine. No promise other than that of general service is given a Marine on enlistment. Marine recruiting

Continued on page 95



"The last time I saw Paris, her heart was young and gay . . ."

A Story Teller's Story

Sir Robert relates a meloncholeh expiddience in the lahst woah with a beautiful and clevah lady spah

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

After so long an absence it was good to be back at the Gentlemen's Club in Twiddenham.

So many months of war had done odd things to the Club. Thick cracks in the high plaster walls were testimony to last year's bombings. The young servant lads, with their sharp elongated faces, had been replaced by young servant lasses. The portrait of the founder of the Gentlemen's Club, the old Earl of Southwark, was draped with protective sheets, as were the paintings by Sir Archibald Copington-Slaugh, M. A., member, picturing in the best classical style the triumph at Balaclava. The windows were gloomy with their permanent blackout paint. The rare files of periodicals of King James' day had been removed to the cellar, as had the Holbein presented by Mr. George Mudgett, chairman of the board of Mudgett's Distilleries, commemorating Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Anyway, the club was changed.

But, having given my wet hat and rubber coat to the pasty-cheeked girl in the cloakroom, the sight of the same old cronies at the same old table warmed my heart. There would always be an England, I thought, so long as there was a Major Mawkley, so long as there was a Peterson-Jones, a Cecil Ransome, an Earl of Chisham.

"The Amedican writin' chap!" exclaimed the Earl. Lord Broadknoll, fifth Earl of Chisham, was dressed in the natty uniform of a lieutenant. His duties had something to do with keeping up people's morale.

Peterson-Jones dropped the monocle out of his eye. "This is jolleh!"

"Damn it, do sit down," said the Earl, "and have a spot."

Young Ransome, the Cockney gambling lad whose presence in the company was easily explained by the fact that he took the gentlemen's bets on the cuff, hastily provided me with a chair. "There you are, sir. Ayn't seen you in a 'ound's age, nobody ayn't."

"Pleased," said Mawkley. Major (Sir Robert) Mawkley, one-time active member of the Military Intelligence Department, and still attached to the M. I. D. in an advisory capacity, mumbled in his usual foggy enunciation. "Beastleh weathah, this."

It was certainly a nasty night out and I was glad to be near a warm fire again with friends.

"Reminds me of a rahther melancholeh expiddience in the lahst woah," Sir Robert said. "It was just such a rainy night in a creepeh little Spanish bordah town that we obsarved the lahst solemn rights ovah the body of a beautiful lady spah, one Fraulein Ludmilla Schmidt, an extrodinrilly clevah operatah who'd bean in the pay of the Central Powahs."

Pouring himself a fresh tumbler of Old Highland and spraying it with a faint mist of soda, Mawkley lubricated his vocal chords with hardly a pause in the flow of his words. "What made this Fraulein Schmidt so extrodinrilly successful—that is till her sudden untimeleh end—was that instead of operatin' in the customry mystidious mannah, she expended no effart whatevah to keep her identiteh a secret. Indeed, she made a great point of publicizin' her activities on behahf of the Garmans."

"But I say," said Peterson-Jones, "that's not quite the way one goes about being a spah if one is one. I mean, ahfter oll!"

"Preciseleh," said Sir Robert. "Preciseleh what we oll thought. This Fraulein Schmidt was endowed with a good measure of femminine charm, I may add. We operatahs supposed the fraulein claimed membahship in the Garman Militry Intelligence marely for the parpose of evokin' romantic interest. What else was there to suppose? Consequentleh we failed to take the gull sediousleh. In this unconventional mannah she succeeded in eliciting oll sorts of rahther valuable militry information."

Lord Broadknoll, having tried unsuccessfully to capture an unusually athletic fly beneath his whiskey glass, gave it up for the moment in order to lull it into a false sense of security. "The blahsted Hun never did have a civilized respect for tradition. He isn't a gentleman's enemeh, damn it oll!"

"Unfortunateleh one doesn't choose one's enemehs from among the bettah clahsses," observed Peterson-Jones.

"True sah," said Sir Robert. "But what I started out to relate—"

Broadknoll turned to me. "I say, my deah fellah," said the Earl, to whom the thought had suddenly occurred, "You did know Amedica had declared woah on the Garman chaps."

I said yes. I said I'd heard Churchill make his address to the joint session of the American Congress just before taking the Clipper for Lisbon, as a matter of fact.

A beautiful smile curved out along Peterson-Jones's white mustache at the mention of the Prime Minister's name. "Sound fellah, Charchle."

"Agree," said Lord Broadknoll.

"Sound fellah, veddy sound," added Peterson-Jones. "Does famousleh with a woah. Thoughts go on inside his head. Had Charchle about oll the time, never used him till the necessity arose. Characteristic of the British, that. Never coll on the best till it's needed. Confuses the othah side no end. Veddy sound fellah, Charchle. Goes about and sees things done."

"In any case, we failed to take the gull sediousleh," said the major.

"Gull?" said Peterson-Jones.

"What gull?" asked Broadknoll, puzzled.

"This brilliant young female spah of whom I've bean tellin' you."

"Ah, the gull! Preciseleh," said the Earl.

The major poured himself a fresh libation, weakened it with a drop or two of soda, and continued his story. "We had a blahsted young chap, well thought of by the Woah Office, a Captain Forsythe, who'd done Intelligence among the Arabs for Allenby. Mattah of fact, this Forsythe fellah had acquahed the nickname of Arabia Felix and had done dangerous courier wark between Allenby and this chap who killed himself on a motor bicycle."

"The gull," said Lord Broadknoll.

"I'm comin' to the gull, sah," said Sir Robert.

"Cudious lad, this T. E. Lawrence," said Peterson-Jones. "Met him at a meeting of the Hellenic Archaeological Societeh. Preoccupied oll the time."

" 'E were goin' eyty-six miles a nour, 'e were," volunteered young Ransome. " 'Ad no roight to be doin' eyty-six, 'e 'adn't. Reminds me of a auntie o' mine. Couldn't drive a ve-hicle proper unless she'd 'ad 'er two bottles o' Guinness's, a fack, milors. One dy she went out cold sober and bowled over a milk lorry, she did. Cost 'er ten quid fer damidges."

"Getting back to Forsythe," continued the major, who was beginning to look slightly annoyed at these interruptions, "he—"

"Forsythe," said the Earl. "Where ware we? Don't remembah any Forsythe."

"This chap who came out to Spain."

"Spain? I thought it was Arabia."

"Spain," said the major. "He was sent from Arabia to join us in Spain, a neutral territry, in which the operatahs of the belligerent nations ware warkin' at the time, and where we fahst came upon Fraulein Ludmilla Schmidt. Forsythe was instantleh attracted by her considerable physical charms. Hadn't seen any propah white female in a yeah, a hardship on a young British spah. The point was, we ware oll warkin' desperateleh to discovah the relative strengths of the forces facin' each othah on the Western Front for the spring offensive. In the meantime there was considerable countah-espionage goin' on. There ware times when one couldn't be sure what spah was representin' what government. Consequentleh you can imagine the confusion caused among us by a parson such as this Fraulein Schmidt, who frankleh stated she was in the pay of the Garman Impiddial Government."

"Oh, quite," said the Earl.

"This blahsted Forsythe chap made love to the gull quite openleh. She returned his advahnces, but advised him to confine himself strictleh to amorous mattahs, since any valuable information he might let slip in his enthusiasm would be promptleh tarned ovah to her suppidiors in Barlin."

"Dash it oll, one simpleh wouldn't know what to do in such sarcumstinces," Peterson-Jones declared.

"Forsythe, as a mattah of fact, had got a bit of Near-East guile in his blood. One evening he let slip the location of a French ammunition dump, parposeleh of course. Intelligence came through the veddy followin' ahfternoon that the dump had bean blown up. The fellah complained bittahleh. 'I have got to shoot her, Mawkleh. One flinches at the thought of shootin' a pretty thing like the fraulein, but there it is.' "

"I should think one would," Lord Broadknoll commented. "Myself, I take a deer at Chisham Park behind the hounds once a yeah for the sake of tradition, but detest to kill things except for sport. Beastleh snails bean into my pansy beds, have to hire a chap for a guinea a month to come in mornin's and step on 'em. Dreadful squshin' sound they make."

"I 'ad a granny wot knew a close relative of the 'angman in Ole Bailey, a chap wot went by the nyme o' Tummis," observed young Ransome. "Accordin' to wot this 'ere granny use to tell to us lads bein' put to bed o' nights, this 'angman by the nyme o' Tummis use to tie rocks on the ends of 'is ropes to stretch 'em out proper, each rope with a condemned chap's nyme on it. When my granny ahsked this relative of the 'angman 'ow this Tummis felt when it come time to 'ang a bloody—pardon, milors—a blahsted murderer, why this relative says this 'ang-man would worrit hisself sick fer fear one o' the bloomin' ropes would bust. Up to when my ole granny died," Ransome added, "no rope 'ad ever busted."

"Dashed efficient in some things, the English," Peterson-Jones commented.

"I told the lad he needn't shoot the gull himself," the major went on indomitably. "I told him there was a jolleh beggah, a blighter named Senor Aguillaros or Aguillanos, I don't recoll which, who killed parsons for a reasonable fee. 'Get Aguillanos to shoot her, Forsythe,' I said. 'No, Mawkleh,' he protested. 'An English gentleman doesn't hire people to shoot a defenseless gull. He shoots her himself, whateveh the effect upon his private sentiments may be.' 'Well said,' I said."

"Extrodinrilly well said," said Peterson-Jones.

"This Forsythe chap said he wanted to make doubleh sure he was dealin' with a genuine Garman operatah before he shot her," said the major. "Trainin', you know. Thoroughness. No substitute for it. So he again mentioned, in the course of his love-making, the location of an Italian airdrome. Like clockwark the following day wad reached him the airdrome had bean blahsted off the arth. 'Do huddy and shoot the gull like a good lad,' I told him. 'Ahfter oll, one just cahn't go on blahsting Allied objectives off the arth by way of expediment.' "

"What I was thinkin'," Lord Broadknoll commented. "Espionage seems definiteleh a costleh business, but then if one's enemeh's chaps can afford it one's own chaps can. What!"

"What modern wars are, though," said Peterson-Jones. "Read an article only this morning in the *Times* by a fellah formerleh employed by the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Understands figgahs, you know. Said Woahs are invaddiableh lost by the aggressor chaps. Don't remembah preciseleh the reasons why, but had to do with inabiliteh of the defender nations to waste their substance quite so rapidleh as the attackers. Awfulleh complicated reasoning, and impossible to remembah, but convincing for oll that."

"This 'ere ole granny I 'ad afore she kicked off use to tell us lads that syvin' is the best form o' thrift. 'A hapny syved is a hapny earned, Cecil,' she use to sy when we'd ahsk 'er fer a hapny. Wot she done wiv oll them pennies and hapnies she didn't guv us I don't know. She were a great ole dame, though, my granny. When electric trams first came out she was afryed to board one fer fear o' bein' electricuted. ' 'Ere, mister,' she says to the gripman one dy, 'will I 'ave a shock if I put me foot on the iron track?' 'Nah, granny,' says the gripman, 'not unless ye take and plyce yer other foot up there on the trolley wire.' "

I couldn't let this go by unchallenged. I observed having heard the same anecdote told in various forms in the United States. I said it was no doubt apocryphal in any case, having probably originated in Joe Miller's *Jest Book.* A long, lively argument ensued between Peterson-Jones and the Earl on the meaning of humor. The major had grown red in the face.

Rodney de Sarro

"Ahfter oll, I was tellin' a story," he murmured, hurt.

"I say, do go on," said the Earl. "Hadn't meant to interrupt. Soddy. Something about D. H. Lawrence and a beautiful Arabian spah, wasn't it?"

"I'd bean tellin' the story of Fraulein Schmidt, the clevah Garman female operatah, and the mannah in which she'd met her death," Sir Robert muttered sulkily.

"This Forsythe fellah was on the point of shooting her, I remembah," said Peterson-Jones. "Howeveh, I seem to recoll something you said about the weathah. In what way did the weathah influence this Forsythe to go through with the unpleasant deed?"

"Pleased to conclude the tale if you'd care to hear it," said the major like an injured schoolboy.

"Do," said Peterson-Jones.

"Yes," coaxed the Earl. "Cahn't wait to hear how the blahsted business ended. Deuced upsetting for this Forsythe chap, having to shoot a pretty young gull, I suppose."

"The veddy point of the story," said Major Mawkley. "Didn't shoot her atoll. Kept puttin' it off. Bean rainin' heavileh that spring, cold and nahsty. 'Cahn't shoot a gull like that in such foul weathah, Mawkley,' Forsythe told me. Latah he admitted the fatal mistake. Promisin' career ruined. Went off to Amedica ahfter that, you know, in disgrace, and became a writah or something."

"But I say," said Peterson-Jones, "what did happen to the gull, then? You said you'd obsarved the lahst solemn rites ovah the lass."

"Comin' to that. The veddy point of the story. Caught pneumonia in a low-necked dress at the Cantina, nevah recovered. Too late for Forsythe to shoot her then. Chance gone. Resigned from the sarvice in disgrace for neglect of deuteh, nevah forgave himself. Felt soddy for the chap, but then there's no time for sentiment in woah. Deuced melancholeh expiddience."

"Agree," said the Earl. "Deuced melancholeh." #

A Little Bedroom Far Away

A young man usually feels the world is his and he knows everything until something happens to make him humble

by MANUEL KOMROFF

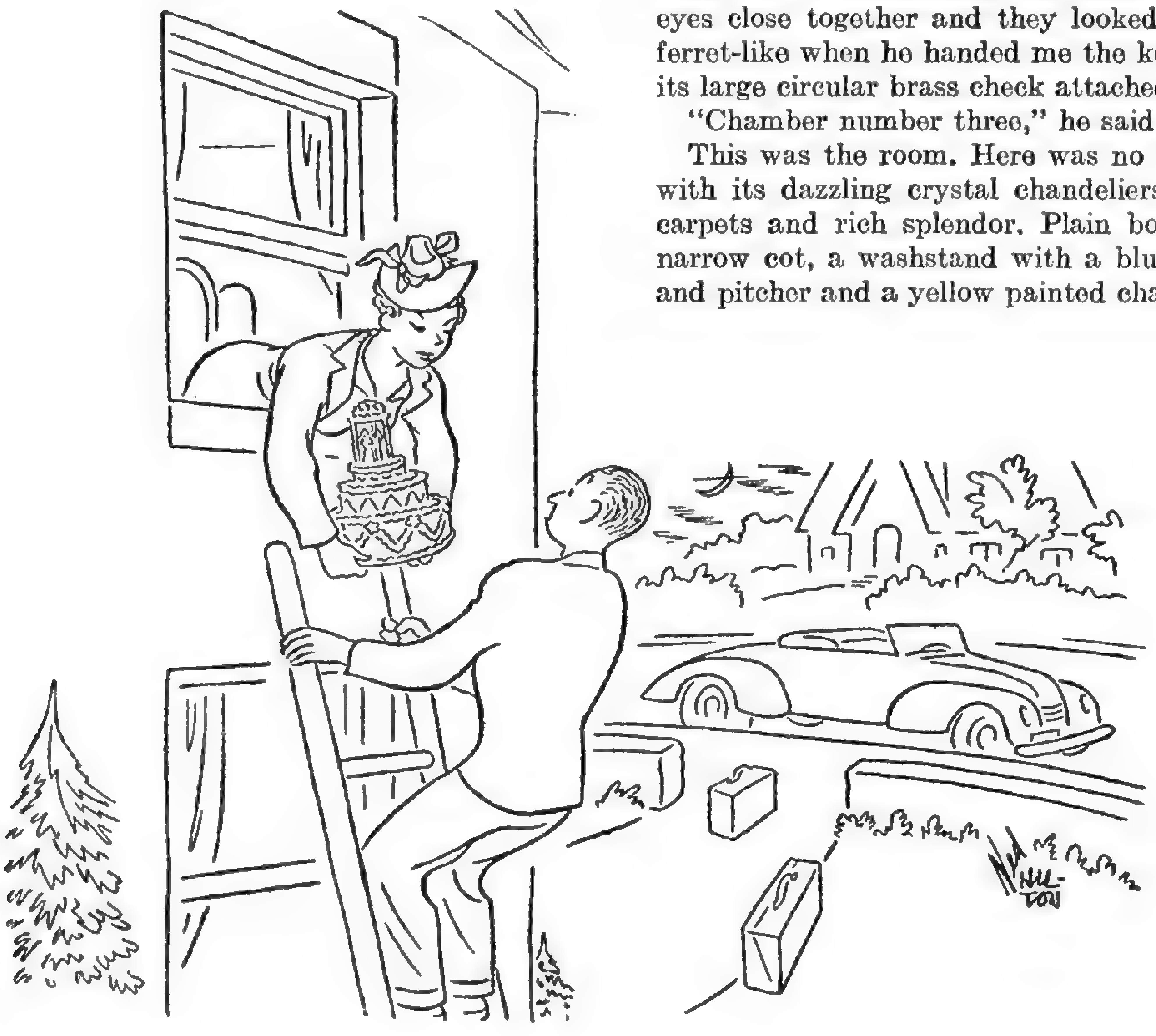
• FICTION •

Here on the wall is a little color print which is dear to my heart. It is all very humble and very simple. As you can see it shows a little bedroom with a low ceiling such as you would find in the home of a simple French peasant. The walls have been white-washed. The wide floor boards are painted dark red and the heavy wood of the bed and chair is sharp chrome yellow. Here on the side is an old washstand with a blue basin and pitcher. The window is pale green and a green light comes over the bed and the sheets and pillow are also pale green. Outside through the window you see flowers and a yellow light of the sun is trying to force its way through the green glass. Everything is square, heavy, simple—more than simple—everything is humble; humble as though the head of man were bowed down. It is even more than humble; it is just plain honest. This was once my room—for a short time only. I am proud and I am also ashamed. And I confess.

I confess that my whole life was changed in that little room in Southern France. I had come to Europe to study. My people were well off and spared no expense. As a young man full of ambition I embraced the whole field of liberal arts which included literature, philosophy, music, painting and architecture. When a man is young he knows everything; he is puffed-up and he is arrogant. Later he may discover that he knows nothing and then he has become humble. At any rate, I fell in with a young French Count and Countess. They were brother and sister, or rather they said they were brother and sister, and we decided to study philosophy in the Casino at Monte Carlo. These things happen to you when you are young. We arrived with a "system" and we were confident that we would break the bank. The Countess played with my chips. She was very impulsive, quite reckless and besides, she was very pretty. She scattered the chips broad and wild. Once or twice we made a killing and then . . . It lasted only three days and we were glad to part company. Somehow or other they had grown cool toward me and were pursuing a rich young Russian Baron. My money was gone. A whole year's allowance dumped away in a stream of chips! I came away as fast as I could and arrived at a little hotel in the most southern part of France. The place had been recommended to me as being clean and cheap; very cheap. The proprietor's name was Pierre Garron. He had sharp little beady eyes close together and they looked at me ferret-like when he handed me the key with its large circular brass check attached.

"Chamber number three," he said.

This was the room. Here was no Casino, with its dazzling crystal chandeliers, thick carpets and rich splendor. Plain boards, a narrow cot, a washstand with a blue basin and pitcher and a yellow painted chair were all the room contained. The ceiling was low, the whole place was crowded: in one word, it was humble. And it was close to the bare truthful facts of life.



That evening downstairs in the little café, which was at one end of the billiard room, I wrote a letter home to my people and in this I explained how my suitcase with all my personal things, including my letter of credit, had been lost. How I had stopped payment at the bank but that I would have to wait some months before the bank could issue a new one. I confess I invented a long story with many details to explain my situation. It was all a lie. I sealed the letter and put it in the mail. And I calculated that it would cross the Atlantic in about a week or perhaps nine days; and then my people would cable me funds and I could proceed to Paris. There was nothing else to do but to make myself as comfortable as I could and wait. I told the proprietor, Monsieur Garron, that I had written home for funds. He winked his eye and clicked his tongue to indicate that he understood. It was a cheap little gesture.

Then I noticed that everything about Monsieur Garron was small and mean. He was painfully economical and had the cunning of a peasant. He counted out change very carefully, each coin by itself, into your hand and each sou he fingered and turned over before he parted with it. And also the chalk for the billiard cues, he kept this little cube in his cash drawer behind the bar and gave it out only upon request.

The first night I was weary and retired early. I put my clothes on the yellow chair, washed myself in the blue basin and went to bed in the yellow bed. The air was fresh, filled with country fragrance to which was added just a sprinkling of salt from the sea a few miles beyond. I slept soundly.

In the morning I had a long walk through little paths skirting the fields. I stopped to look at the twisted trees which are so numerous in these parts, and paused to examine fields of young wheat and patches of flowers. I saw an old white horse stand patiently beside a barn hardly moving, not even his tail. Little birds were busy flying here and there on missions that they alone could know.

Beside the road a farmer was working at the edge of the field. He was clearing away little dead branches and digging up around some shrubs. He tipped his hat and said Good morning to me.

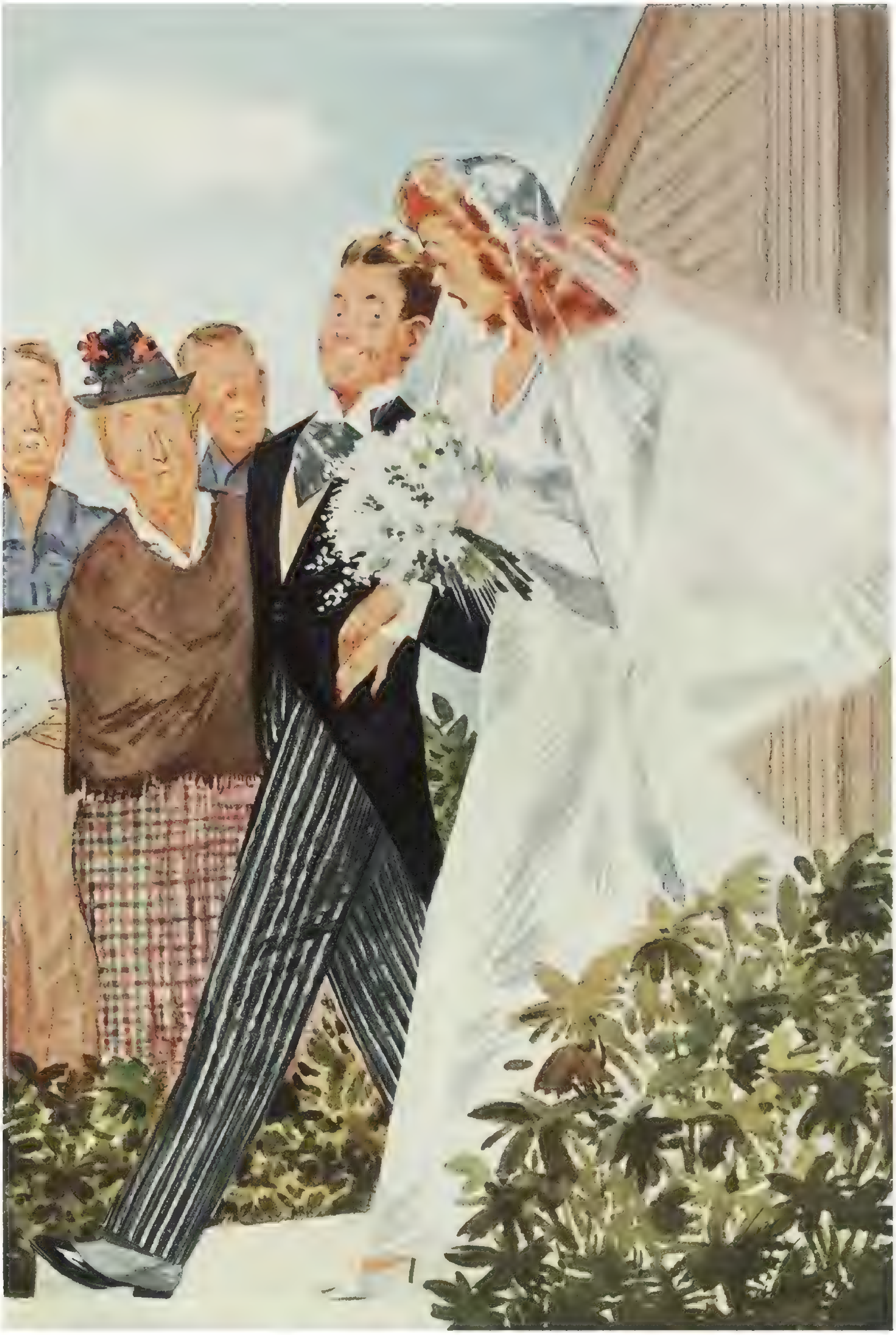
"Your plants look very nice," I said.

He smiled broadly. His mouth was filled to the brim with teeth which glistened in the sunlight.

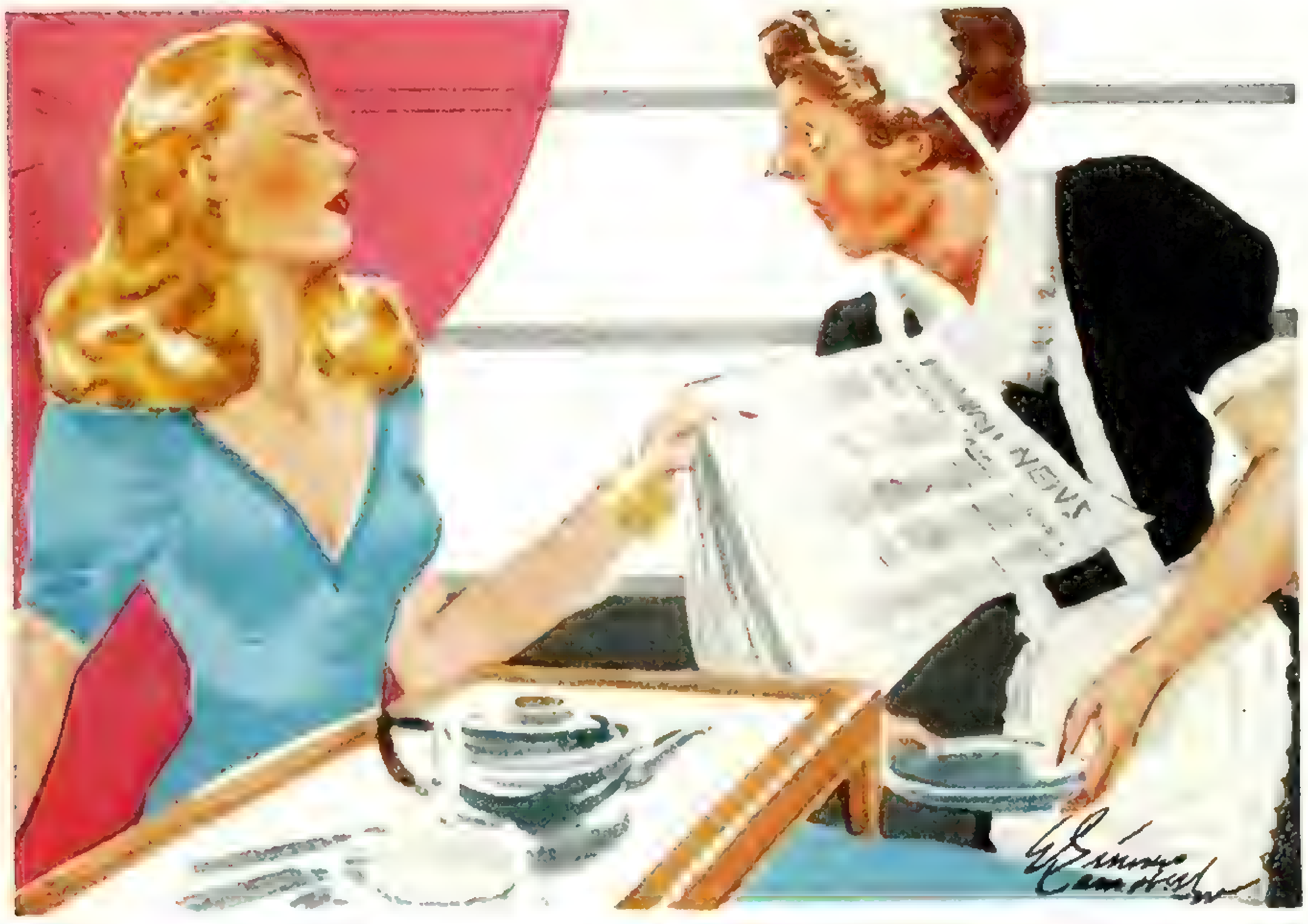
"Very nice," I added. "You will soon have flowers."

"Monsieur," he said, leaning on the handle

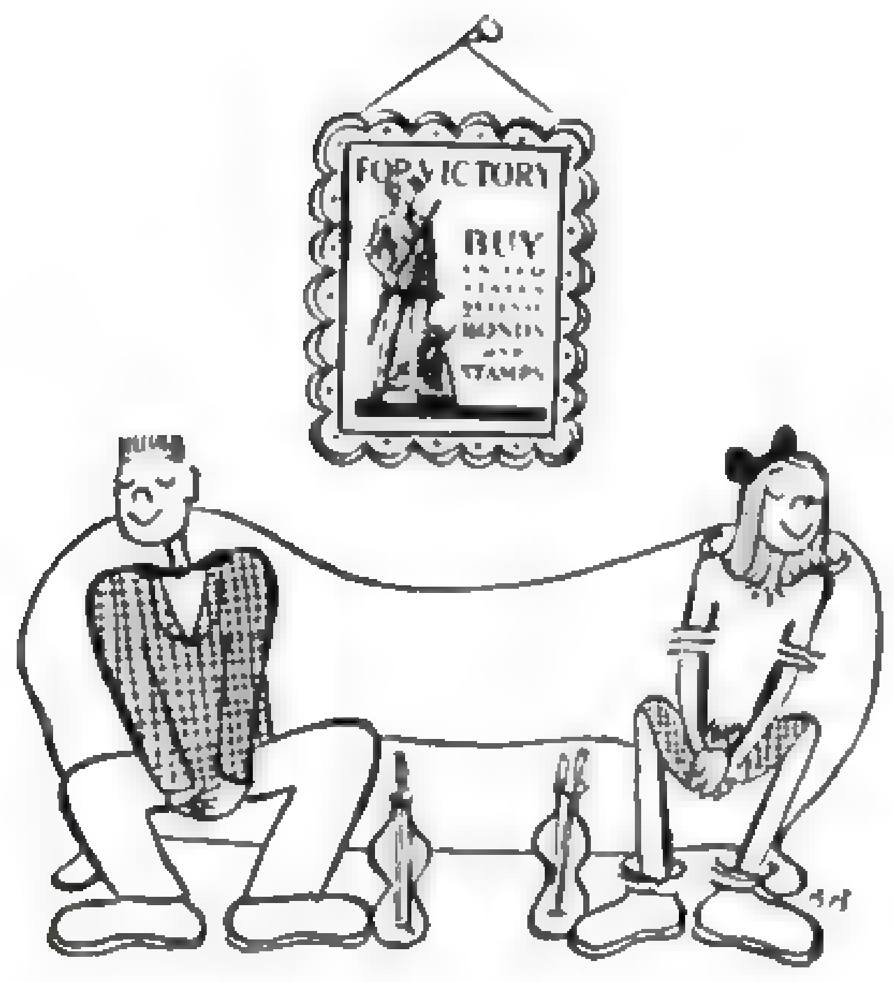
Continued on page 164

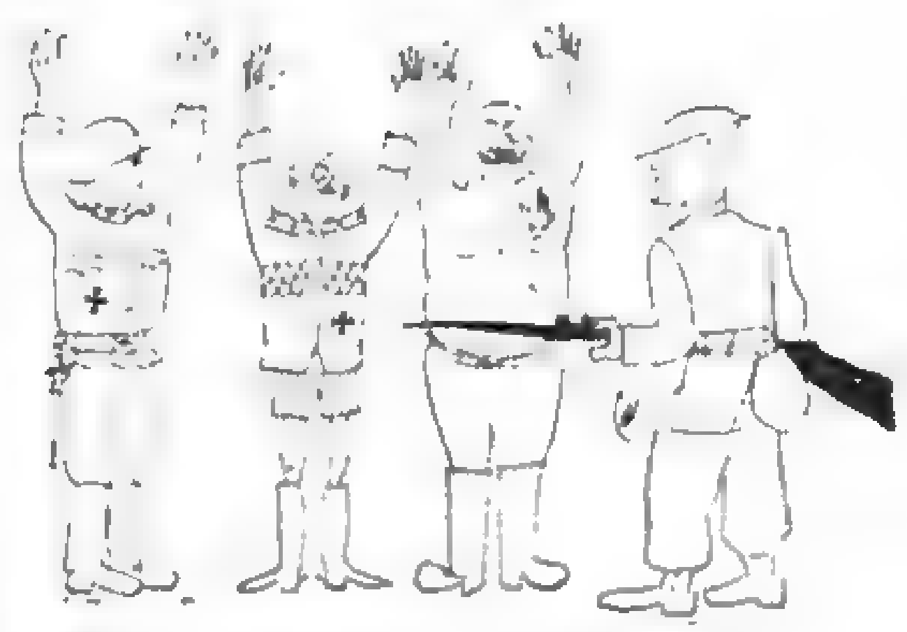


"Where to now, dear?"

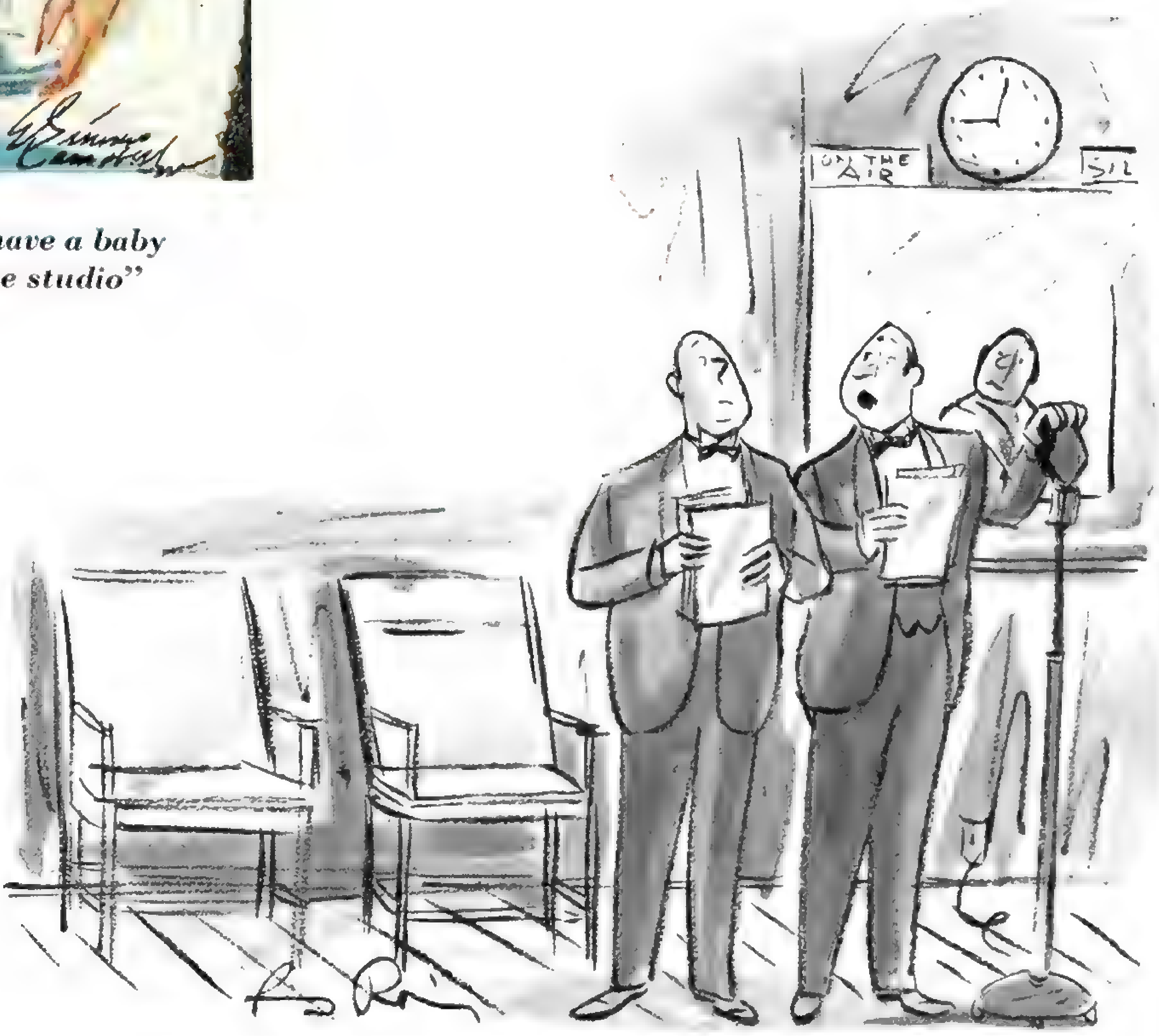


"My press agent has announced that I'm going to have a baby —remind me to check up on that when I get to the studio"

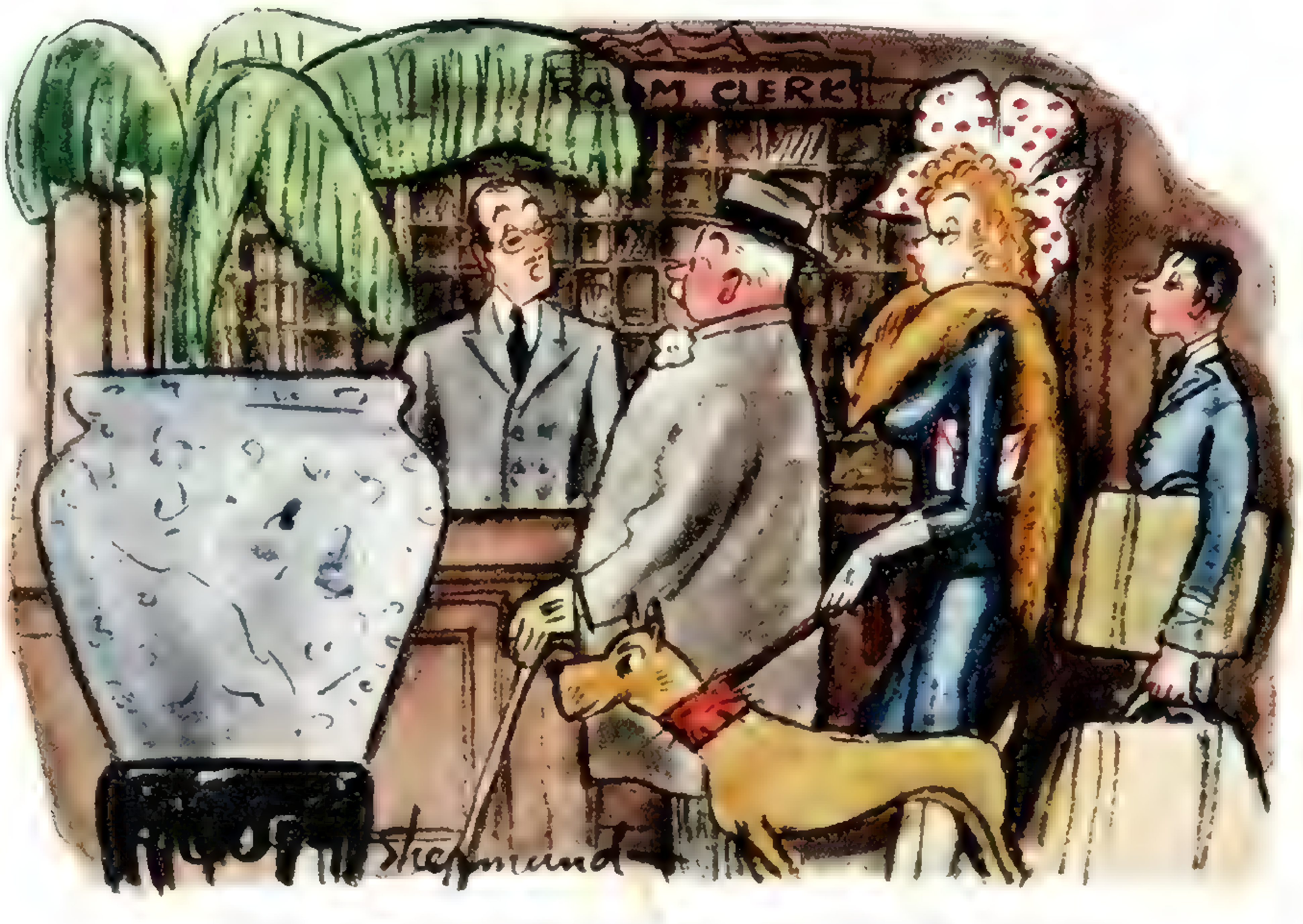

FOR VICTORY
BUY
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



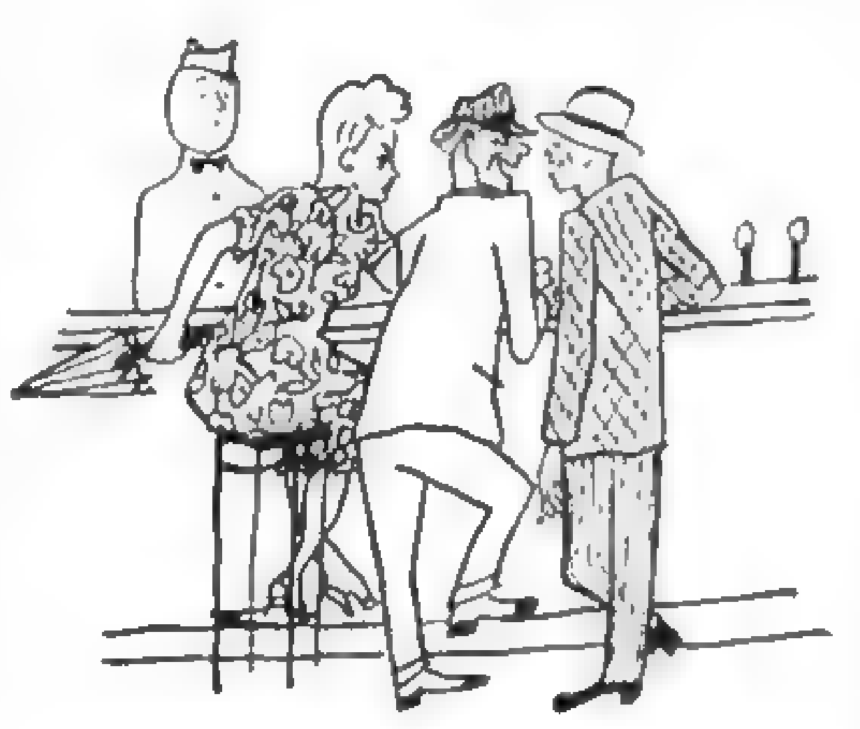
We never thought we'd live to like hit-and-run drivers until we saw how well those British Commandos are doing.



"Do you think anyone will notice it? I gave out yesterday's news flashes by mistake"



"Ah, I see you still have the same dog, Mr. Forski"



Wartime Warning

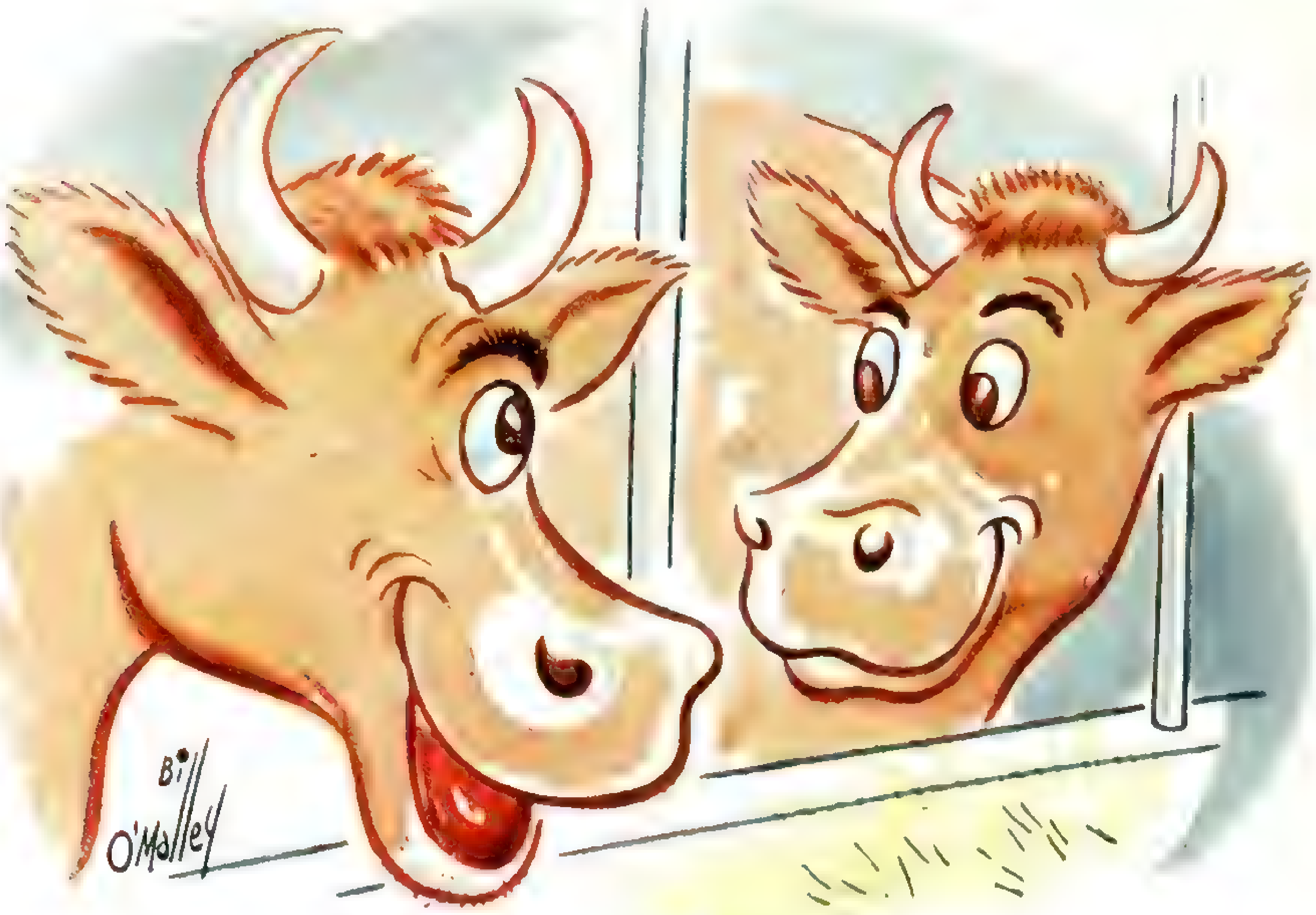
When in a barroom, do not engage in loose talk. It might result in reprisals from the Nazis, the Japs or your wife.

Shady Gag

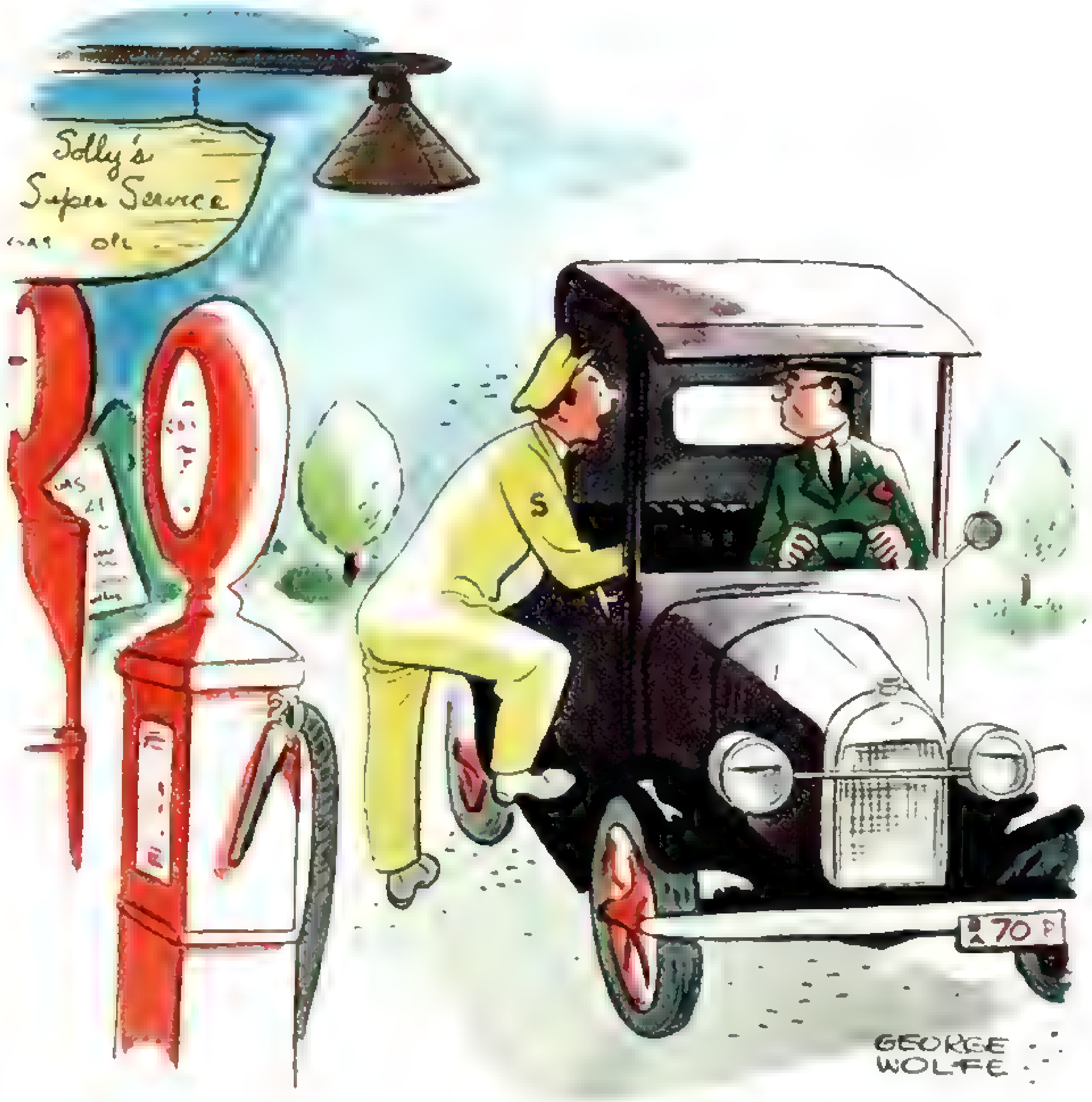
"When we have a black-out I never have to take my girl home."

"How come?"

"Because she's always at home in the dark."



"My, but those civilian corps farmerettes have tender hands"

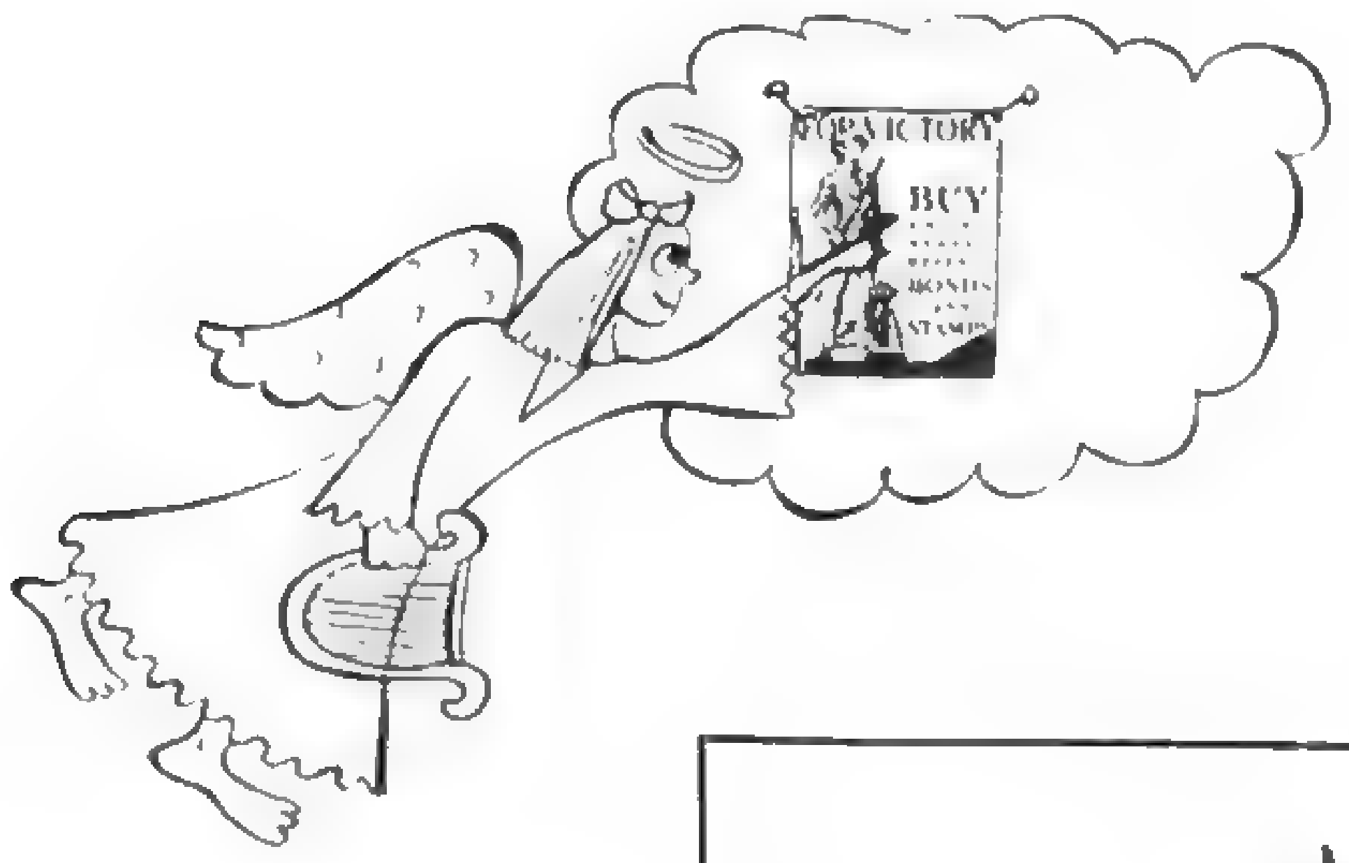

Solly's Super Service
GAS OIL
S
70 F
GEORGE WOLFE

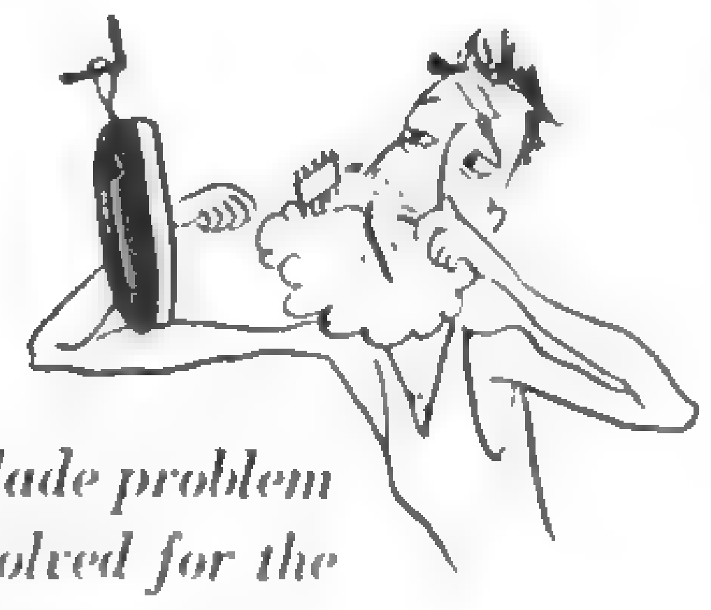
"How long since this car's had a basal metabolism?"

Confession of an Honest Man

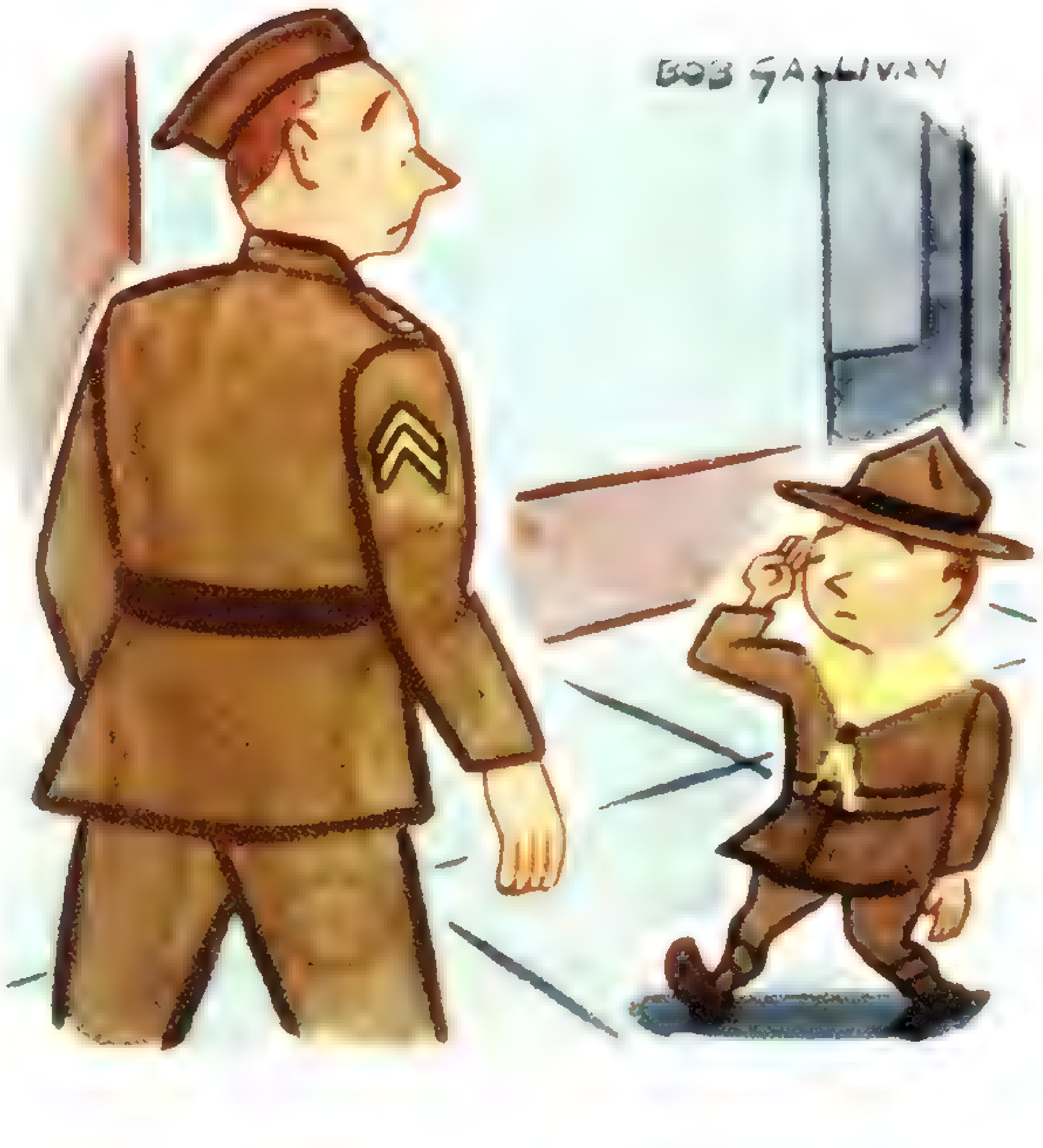
When the Graysons invited me out to the country for the week-end I said: "Don't organize any tennis or golf or dances or dinner parties or bridge or anything else to entertain me. Just leave me strictly to my own resources, and do whatever you were planning to do."

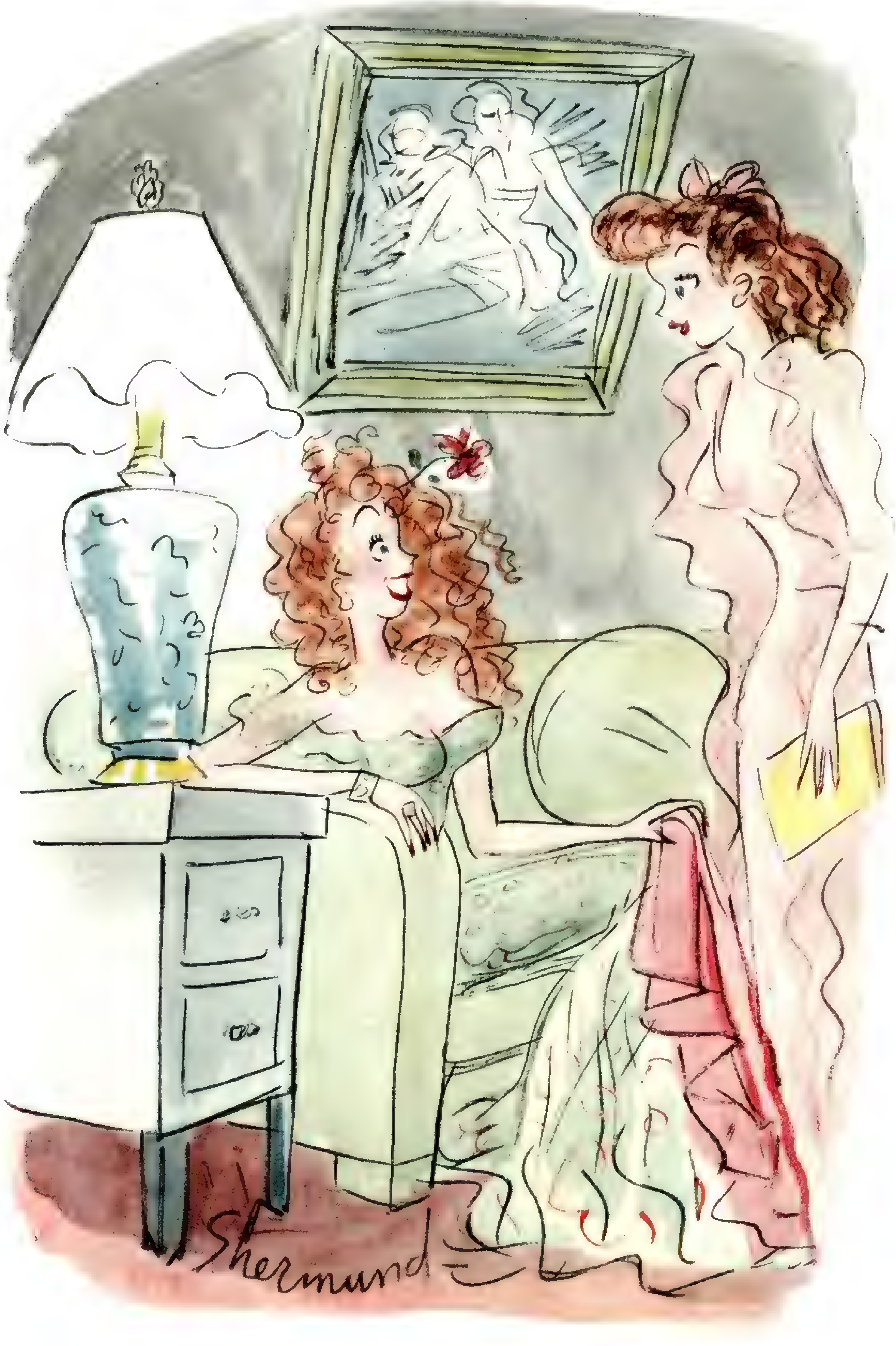
They took me at my word, and didn't do a single thing to amuse me, just as I requested. —I'll never go there again, the heels!


FOR VICTORY
BUY
BONDS
STAMPS



The old razor blade problem appears to be solved for the duration. The thing to do is share with them.


BOB GALLIVAN



"You know that beauty contest they're having in the Ritz ballroom Saturday afternoon? I won it tonight"

How We Got Our Blue Laws

We can't shed the inhibitions bred by Puritan injunctions as long as we're stuck with their psychology

by HAROLD HARKER

• ARTICLE •

NOTHING happens where nothing has happened before. The present is the yield of the past. The new is the product of the old. So perhaps thought Dr. Earl A. Brown, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, about thirteen years ago, as he soared through the air in a modern plane, grateful to Wright and Langley, and blessing even the memory of Daedalus. But if he did, he had reason soon to recall also that the living wear chains forged by the dead. For when he landed he was arrested under an act passed in 1794, and fined four dollars for having flown on Sunday.

The law invoked against the flying doctor forbids "any worldly employment or business whatsoever on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, works of necessity and charity only excepted" and "any unlawful game, hunting, shooting, sport, or diversion"; and so he might have been condemned on two or three counts by the honorable justice of the peace who sat in judgment upon him. It might have been found that he was engaged in sport or that he was finding diversion; but it is more likely that he was found to have been following worldly employment, since mere traveling for any purpose except one of charity or necessity has always been held to be forbidden under this act and others like it. The automobile and the airplane alike are outlawed on Sunday, except to go to church or on a charitable expedition. Travel is legal only to and from the Lord's house or on the Lord's business.

That is the meaning of this ancient law of 1794, though, of course, it is only occasionally enforced. It is the meaning given many others similar to it that have come down to us from colonial times, the so-called Blue Laws. And it might have been some comfort to Dr. Brown to know that even King James I, he who gave us the authorized version of the Bible, and after whom Jamestown, Virginia, was named came in direct conflict with them in his time.

After King James issued the Book of Sports, permitting certain games and diversions on Sunday contrary to the wishes of the Puritan element among his subjects, the Lord Mayor of London stopped the King's carriage on a Sunday and would not permit him to pass through the city on that day, in alleged violation of an ordinance of the city's Puritan Council forbidding traveling on the Lord's Day.

How the word "blue" came to be used in this connection is a matter of some uncertainty. Its use is generally thought to have originated in the fact that the Covenanters adopted blue as their color as opposed to red, the royal color. They are said, by their defenders, to have taken it as a symbol of constancy and fidelity; and "True blue will never stain," is quoted as having been their slogan. But because of the offensive piety of those among the English Protestants to whom the name "Puritan" was rather loosely applied, the term "blue" was converted by their antagonists into one of derision. Of this we have evidence in the following lines from Butler's *Hudibras:*

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue.

That this "true blue" element in the Puritan character did not make for popularity with the profane among their neighbors is indicated by the ridicule heaped upon their pious heads. For example, Richard Braithwaite wrote in 1638:

To Branbury came I, O profane one.
There I saw a Puritan one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

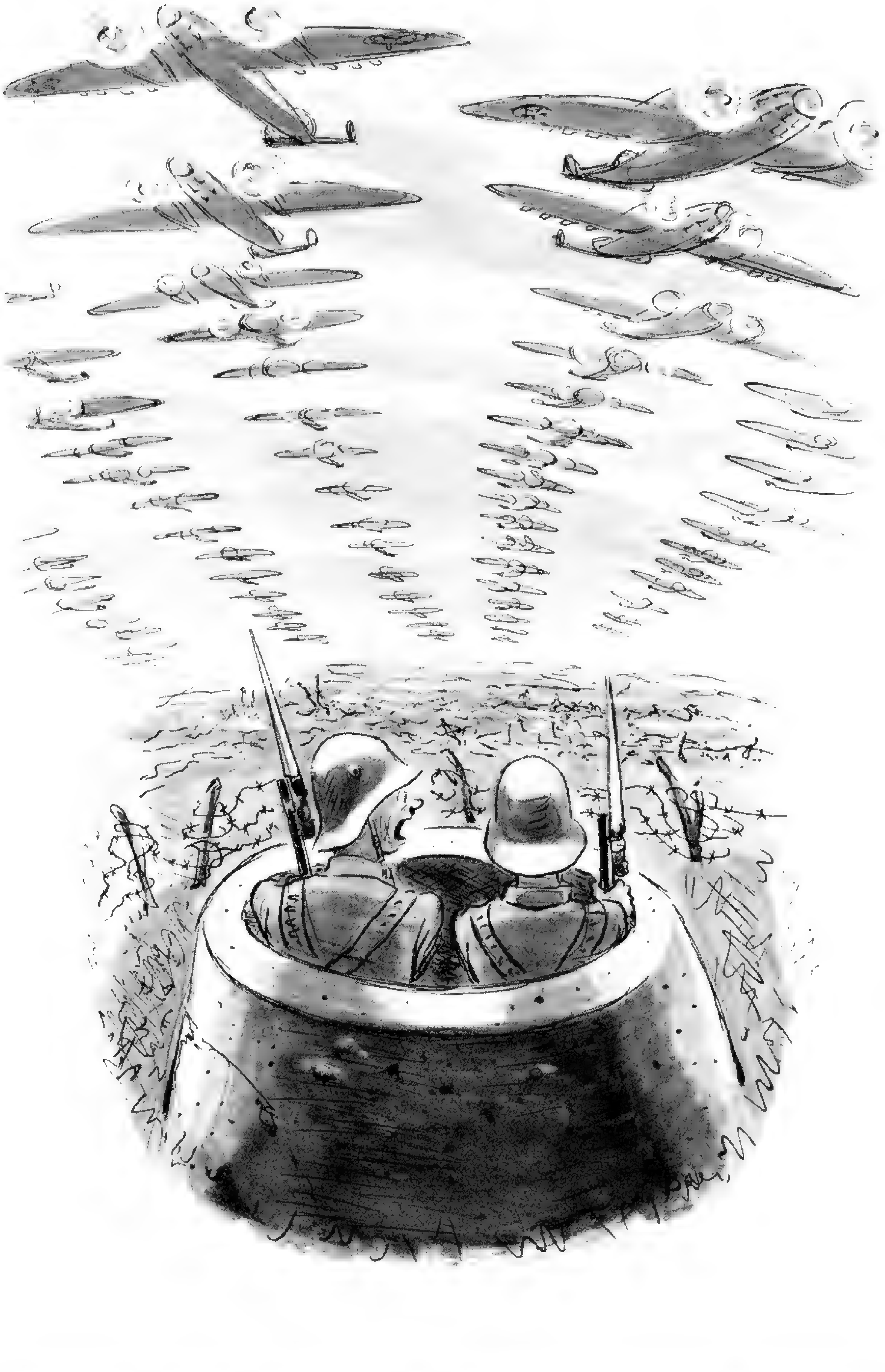
It would be a mistake, however, to ascribe the invention of blue laws to the Puritans. The beginnings of these laws are usually traced back to the time of Constantine, the so-called first Christian Emperor. But their actual origin must be sought many centuries earlier.

The Babylonians, more than a thousand years before the time of Constantine, ordained that on every seventh day of the month, corresponding to the phases of the moon, there should be a holy day; and on that day the King refrained from eating cooked food, wearing white garments, changing his clothes, riding in a chariot, or taking medicine. Assuming that the people emulated their ruler, that was assuredly a blue seventh day, though a moon-day instead of a sun-day.

The Jews were, of course, the first Sabbatarians. Their Sabbath began on the evening of the sixth day of the week and ended on the evening of the seventh, its beginning and its end being announced by trumpet blasts. During the more turbulent times in Jewish history its strict observance came to be a sign of loyalty to their God. A list of things prohibited reads very much like a later one from New Haven or Boston. It was not permissible on the Sabbath to prepare food, to draw water, to kindle a fire, to carry burdens, to buy or sell, to travel, to till land, to load a beast of burden, to engage in family indulgence, to slaughter a bird or beast, to capture any living thing at the chase, to wage war, or to do work of any kind except such as was necessary for the temple sacrificial service. On the long trek from Egypt, according to the Biblical story, no manna could be gathered on the Sabbath, and by a miracle that which was gathered the day before remained fresh and edible, just as if there had been an icebox for each family. "It did not stink, neither was there any worm therein." And in the days of the Maccabean revolt against Antiochus, many of the insurgents were

Continued on page 168

"Say the word, darling, that will make me the happiest bigamist in the world!"



"It must be a mirage—Der Führer says we destroyed their air force long ago"

The Subway Miler

How Leslie MacMitchell stepped out from the city pavement to become the fastest twenty-one-year-old runner of all time

by ROGER BIRTWELL

• SPORTS •
℞

RUNNING is a country boy's game.

Ask any track coach what type of material he prefers. "Give me kids from the country," he'll say. He wants fellows like Glenn Cunningham, who spent his boyhood running on the plains of Kansas. Or Joe McCluskey, the Manchester, Conn., newsboy who slept an hour late each morning, and then covered a seven-mile newspaper route on the run. Or Long John Woodruff, who paved his way to Olympic glory by running several miles to school every day in a hamlet in Pennsylvania.

Yet the best mile runner in America today was born and raised in the heart of New York City. Except for a few weeks each summer, he rarely has been away from the city pavements. Yet competent authorities pronounce him the fastest runner for his years—he's barely twenty-one—that the human race has produced.

His name is Leslie MacMitchell.

Doctors and coaches will tell you city life ruins a runner. Its pavements break down his arches, deaden his muscles and stiffen his tendons. Its smoky air clogs his lungs. Its tension tugs at his nerves. Worst of all are the subways. They tempt him to let his legs go idle. Their bustle and clamor wear him down. Their germ-laden fumes dull his senses, infect him with colds and menace his health.

Leslie MacMitchell spends two hours every day in the subways of New York.

Doctors and coaches also will tell you a miler doesn't reach his peak until he's from twenty-six to twenty-eight years old.

At the age of twenty, MacMitchell—only twelve months after his first start in big-time competition—ran a mile three full seconds faster than Paavo Nurmi did in his prime.

Yet MacMitchell did not set out to be a runner. As a kid delivering flowers and selling magazines on New York's West Side, he had no thoughts of glory on the boards or cinders. Football was his sport. Runners were clucks who ran around in their underwear.

It was an accident to his leg that caused MacMitchell to become a runner. It was a Saturday afternoon in the Bronx in the fall of 1933. The Claremont A.C.'s 135-pound football team was playing the 150-pounders from Riverdale School. And the twinkle-toed, ball-toting halfback for Claremont was thirteen-year-old Leslie MacMitchell.

Late in the game, Leslie got loose on a dash toward the Riverdale goal. He was five yards from a touchdown when he got hemmed in near the sideline. Three tacklers hit him at once. Leslie didn't get up for a while. When he did, his left knee hurt.

An American boy of thirteen doesn't pay much attention to an injury. Four days later, in the Claremonts' next game, Leslie was back in the lineup at the halfback position.

In this game Leslie started on a sweep to his right, then cut back inside tackle. As he reached the hole at the line of scrimmage, an opposing tackler crashed head-on into his ailing knee.

This time they took him to the hospital.

"Your knee's in bad shape," the doctor told him that night. "If you hurt it again, we'll have to operate on it. In that case, you might even be slightly crippled."

That was the end of football for Leslie.

Two years later a friend, knowing Leslie had been fast in football, urged him to go out for his high school track team. Inside of three months Leslie was fifth man, or alternate, on the relay quartet at George Washington High School.

Running, however, didn't interest him then. So he quit track and started playing hockey instead. Apparently he was through as a runner. But here fate stepped in. On the eve of a meet in Brooklyn, a member of the relay team with low school-marks was declared ineligible. As a result, MacMitchell was yanked away from a neighborhood hockey team to run in the boy's place. If it hadn't been for this obscure incident, the sports world might never have heard of Leslie MacMitchell.

The relay team won its race and hung on to Leslie. In another two months, although only a sophomore, he captured the National 1,000-yard schoolboy title. And by spring he was running the mile.

In his first few stabs at the mile he was beaten. But in September, shortly before his sixteenth birthday, in a race in Albany, he finished second in 4 minutes, 23.4 seconds, probably the fastest mile ever run by a boy of fifteen.

Two years of schoolboy victories followed. These were climaxed by a feat as anchor man for his school relay quartet in the Penn Relays at Philadelphia in the spring of his senior year.

When Leslie took the baton for the final mile, he was in seventh place—sixty yards behind the leader, Ed Morgan of Overbrook, Pa., High. With flying strides, Leslie overhauled runner after runner and sailed after the scurrying heels of Morgan. Leslie closed up 58 yards of that 60-yard gap and lost to Morgan by only a stride. He was timed in 4:19, more than two seconds faster than the world's interscholastic record. This time, made with a flying start, couldn't count as a record, but track fans still call it "the greatest schoolboy mile."

Preceded by great fanfare in the New York press, Leslie entered New York University. The N.Y.U. coach, Emil Von Elling, saw that what Leslie needed was experience. So Von Elling gave the boy lots of competition.

There are many today who still claim the greatest miler who ever lived was John Paul

Continued on page 160

"And then we went to Ciro's—you enjoyed Father's Day a lot, Malcolm!"

Bury Your Dead

Like Pa said, the score was even with eight Pratts and eight Wamplers kilt till our Ceif took and married Portia

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"I'D RATHER see Ceif dead and in his coffin as to be married to Portia Pratt," Pa said between puffs on his cigar. "Just to think my own flesh and blood married into that family. Urban, you break the news to your Ma."

Pa held his head down and whittled fast as his strong arm would shove the hawkbill knife blade through the sassafras stick. He made the long, rainbow-curved shavins fly like wind blows leaves from a September sassafras. Anybody followin' in the path could track us by the shavins Pa left. As we walked along, I kept thinkin how hard it would be to tell Ma.

Soon as we reached our log shack, Pa walked toward the barn. He didn't want to be around when I told Ma.

"Got somethin to tell you Ma," I said as I opened the door.

"What news do you bring, Urban?" Ma asked. Ma's worryin about Ceif meetin Portia Pratt someplace every time he could had put new wrinkles in her face.

"I know the news you bring," Ma said before I had time to tell yer. "You are goin to tell me that Ceif has married Portia Pratt."

"Squire Screech Horsley married them," I said. "He told Flem Spry. And we met Flem ridin his mule around the ridge road a few minutes ago. He told Pa and me."

Ma held one hand in the air over her quilt. It just looked like her arm was froze that way. Her eyes were just as much set on me as Eif Porter's eyes were set on me when the last breath left him. Ma didn't move. She didn't speak. Not a tear fell from her eyes. I thought she's takin it better than we had expected.

"What do you think about it, Ma?" I asked her.

Ma didn't answer. She kept her hand raised above the quilt with the needle in it. Her eyes were fastened on me still. Just like Eif Porter's dyin eyes. She didn't make a sound. I thought somethin funny. I ask her again what she thought about Ceif. She didn't answer me. I thought Ma was dead.

I hurried to the kitchen.

"Sister Carrie, the camphor bottle," I screamed. "Ma's dyin!"

Sister Carrie grabbed the bottle from the cupboard shelf. We hurried to the front room, turnin over the chairs as we went. Ma hadn't changed a bit. She was sittin there just like she was when I left her. Sister Carrie rubbed her arms and I held the unstopped camphor bottle to her nose. Ma walled her eyes back. She was coming to. Soon as she got so she could speak she said, "It can't be so. Urban. Ceif's not married to Portia Pratt. It's a dream that we've dreampt."

Soon as Pa had fed the mules, he came to the house.

"Adger, Ceif's gone," Ma screamed, wavin her wrinkled arms high in the air. "Our Ceif is gone. Married to that Portia Pratt. Married to a Pratt. I'd rather see him dead and in his coffin!"

"I've said the same thing already," Pa said, whittlin big shavings on the hearth as he sat down in a chair before the fire. "Raise a boy up near the Pratts as we have. He knows what a set of people they are. He knows the trouble that we have had with 'em. He knows that a Pratt never sticks his foot on Dry Fork where the Wamplers live. And thank God, a Wampler would be too proud to dirty his shoe leather by steppin his foot on Shackle Run where the Pratts live."

Pa's big arm shook as he whittled. He was nervous as a white-oak cluster of dead leaves in the January wind. He had smoked his cigar so short that we couldn't see it for his mustache. The smoke sifted like a light mist through his white mustache. I wondered why the cigar didn't set Pa's mustache on fire.

"We know the Pratts, Adger," Ma said. "They've allus been a thorn in the Wampler flesh! Now they've got our Ceif. He'd be better off in his grave among his people."

"He'll be in his grave within five years," Pa said, puffin faster on his cigar.

When Pa said that Ceif's life was a matter of a few years, he stomped his big boot-heel as hard on our floor as you hit a number twenty nail to drive it in a seasoned beech plank. Pa's blue eyes danced fire. Ma held her wrinkled hands over her eyes and wept.

"Look what's happened to the boys and girls that's married into that tribe," Pa said as he threw the short cigar stub in the fire. "The Pratts made Pratts out'n 'em or they kilt 'em. But here's one set of people they never could bully. That's why they hate us. Now, we stand even—eight Pratts honorably kilt by Wampler guns; eight Wamplers bush wocked in the foulest way by Pratts' clubs, rocks and guns. If we didn't stand even,there wouldn't be any peace."

Pa took another cigar from his vest pocket and lit it.

"But Ceif was never good to work," Ma wept. "Poor little Ceif was too good to help me about the house. He never was stout enough to break a hoe handle hoein in new ground. He wasn't stout enough to sink a double-bitted ax to the eye in locust wood. He wouldn't even lift the end of a small lawlog on the hind couplins of a jolt-wagon. What will he do with a Pratt wife to keep?"

"He'll haf to work," I said.

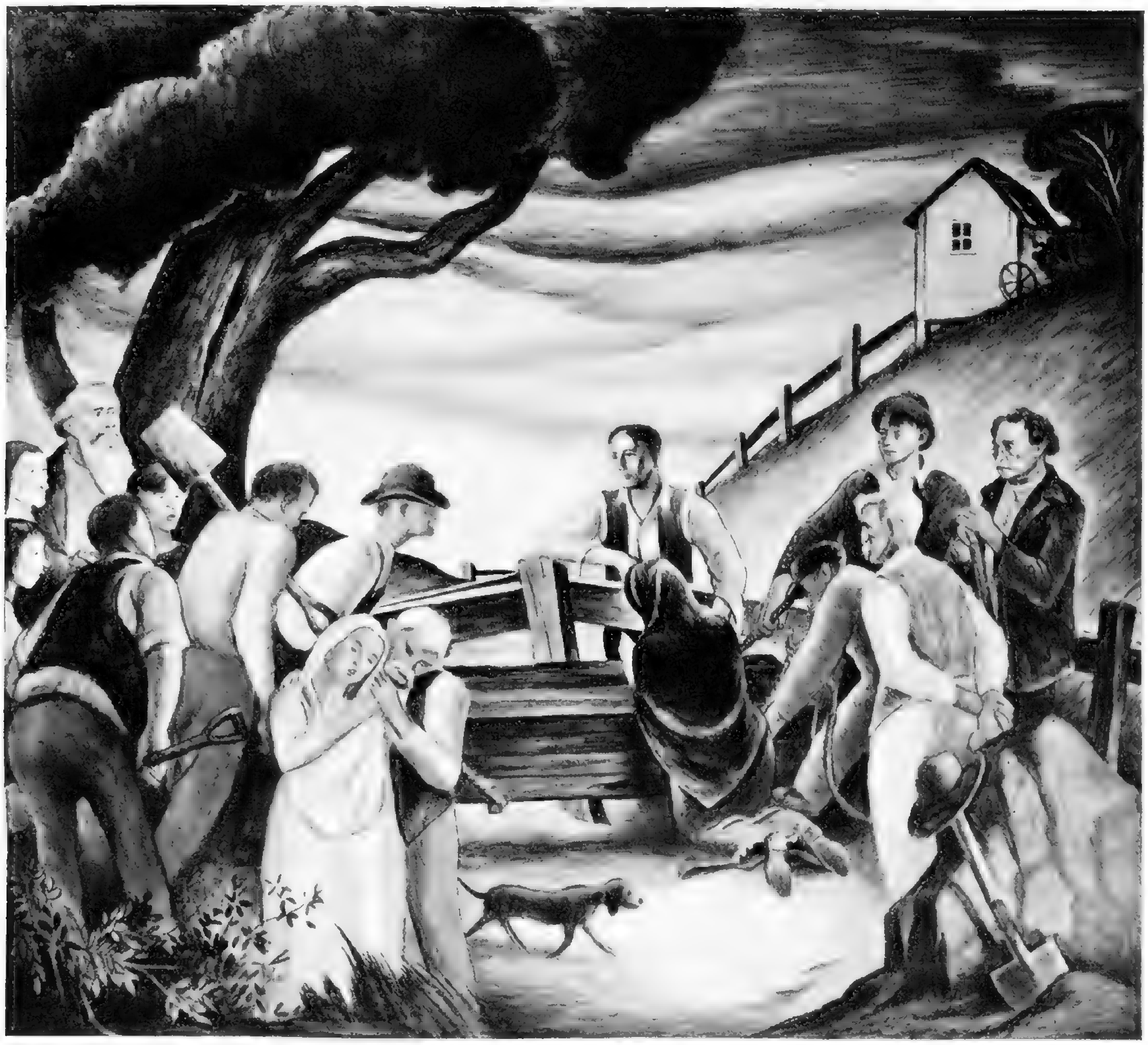
"He's driven his goose to a bad market," Pa said. "Wonder how he'll like diggin his bread from Pratt hillsides. Wonder if he'll get thirsty for the sweet waters he ust to drink from a Dry Fork well?"

"All married now but Carrie and Urban," Ma said. "All married where I darst set my feet on their ground and drink water from their well. Seven married now and six I can visit. Six can come if Adger or me was to die. But Ceif can't come."

We didn't go to bed that night. Not one of us could've slept if we had gone to bed. It hurt me to think about poor Ceif. Snort Pratt would talk about the lazy Wampler that his Portia had married. He'd hold Ceif up as a sample of the Wamplers.

When Ma started to get up from her chair to put a fire in the stove to get breakfast, Pa said, "I've allus said if one of my youngins married and got hisself blistered, he'd haf to sit on the blister."

When Pa and I went to the fields, we missed Ceif. We missed hearin his chair



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

without rockers bumpin on the plank floor when we come home from the fields. There was never one of us missed like Ceif when he left our house. It wasn't the same place. Ma missed Ceif more than any of us.

Spring passed away; summer came and passed. Though Ceif was only seven miles from us, none of us ever saw him. There was a backbone ridge that separated Shackle Run from Dry Fork. And it was good that it did. There was only one place where a path went from their domain to our domain. It was a big gap in the backbone ridge where the waters of Dry Fork started from a spring on the east side and flowed toward the sunrise. On the west side of the gap, Shackle Run started from a spring and flowed toward the sunset. Right here was the only place we had to build a line fence between our domain and the Pratt domain.

Flem Spry told Pa in December that he saw Ceif. Said Ceif was askin all about us. Said Ceif looked bad. Said he had little dark half-moon crescents under his eyes. And he said Portia was with him when he saw Ceif. Said he believed that Ceif would soon haf to be rockin one of his own youngins in a chair without rockers.

It was in January that Portia had her first baby. It was a man-child. Ceif called him Snort, atter his Pappie-in-law, Snort Pratt. It made Pa so mad that he could've bit a tenpenny nail in two, to think that a baby of Wampler flesh and blood would ever be called Snort. He smoked one cigar atter another. And you could track Pa for two weeks along the paths by the shavins he'd whittled with his hawk-bill knife.

Eif Sperry told us that the Pratts had it in for Ceif, until he called his first-born man-child, Snort. Flem said the Pratts didn't think Ceif was loyal to them. Atter he called his boy Snort, they accepted Ceif in good faith. They fox hunted with him and shared their terbacker and drinks with him.

"I don't know how the Pratts treat their inlaws that are no good to work," Pa told Eif Sperry, "but I know when they get a mule that ain't good to work they kill the mule or make it work. And knowing the Pratts as I know 'em, I'd think they'd be as mean to a man as they are to a dumb brute."

Another spring and summer had passed; autumn was nearly gone when Lonnie Tremble walked down the path and told Pa that Portia and Ceif had a pair of twins at their house.

"If one's a man-child," Pa said, "I guess Ceif will call 'im Snort number Two. If both his twins are man-babies I guess he'll call 'em Snort number Two and Snort number Three.

Lonnie told Pa that they were both girls.

"He'll call 'im atter some of the Pratt wimmen," Pa grumbled.

We heard later that he called one Pollie atter Portia's mother and the other Mollie atter Ma. Ma smiled when Pa told her about it. She was pleased. She would have given all the teeth she had left in her mouth just to 've seen the twins one hour. She wanted to see Ceif too since he'd been away from home two years.

Eif Sperry told Pa he had heard when he fox-hunted on the Pratt domain, that the Pratts were hell-fired mad at Ceif because he called one of the twins Mollie atter Ma. When Pa told Ma about it, fire danced in her eyes. "Why didn't he name 'em all atter the lowdown viper Pratts?" Ma said. "Two of Ceif's three youngins are named atter 'em now."

When spring came again, Pa and I plowed and planted our fields. We often talked about Ceif. Gilbert Tremble passed our way and said he'd seen Ceif and talked with him. Said Ceif told him to drink a quart of our sweet well water for him. Said Ceif looked like a pile of skin and bones since Snort Pratt was workin him hard. Gilbert said Snort made each of his six sons-in-law farm as many acres as he told him to farm. Said he told them how much to plant, when to plant and how to plant. Said Ceif was his youngest son-in-law, he had to take the rootiest, poorest, steepest ground and give the older ones their choice.

"That's not the way I see it," Pa said. "Ceif can't sit on his blister much longer. He can't live under that petticoat govern-mint."

Atter we had corn and terbacker laid by that summer, I thought I'd kill a mess of squirrel on the backbone ridge between our domains. While I was waitin for a squirrel in

Continued on page 93

Circus Wind-Jammer

Adventures of Merle Evans, veteran band leader for Ringling Brothers and the world's loudest cornetist

by HOWARD W. TURTLE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Lions and tigers were sneaking out of the center ring. Merle Evans, conductor of the Ringling Brothers Circus Band, was leading his men in a sultry tune called *Jungle Queen*. The wild animal act was nearly over, and Evans watched the entrance to give a cue for the clowns to bound in. Then the crowd heard it—a savage roaring.

"Lion fight!" a man yelled.

"Repeat to the double bar," shouted Evans, "and play to the hog-eye!"

The fighting lions could be seen just inside the runway leading from the ring. Fritz Olson, animal trainer, turned his back on three lions and a bear, and started to unfasten the runway door. Reaching inside, he tried to seize the smaller lion by the tail and drag him back into the ring. Then the crowd screamed. Olson whirled, but it was too late.

Bottong, biggest beast in the ring, had slunk across the enclosure while his trainer had his back turned. The lion crouched. As Olson whirled, Bottong roared and sprang. The crowd screamed again.

"*Stars and Stripes Forever!*" shouted Evans, and he lifted his own cornet to his lips. A brilliant, stabbing tone cut through the air. Evans was racing into a great old Sousa march, and his band was following. The sound was irresistible. The great crowd kept to the seats.

Olson dealt with Bottong. Blood from a bite on his wrist was soaking Olson's shirt. Trainers prodded with sticks between the bars of the runway, and got the fighting lions separated. The band played on. With a whip and a stick, Olson drove Bottong to his pedestal. The runway was cleared. One by one the remaining beasts sneaked through the gate.

"Ta D-A-A-A" played the band, and the crowd applauded. Without even a breath, Evans and his boys raced from *Stars and Stripes* into *It's a Hap, Hap, Happy Day*, and then the clowns sailed out, buckety, buckety, onto the hippodrome track. The crowd laughed, and the show moved on.

Once again Merle Evans, dean of circus bandsmen, had kept up with disaster in the ring and had gone ahead, blowing up another act on the heels of the old.

For twenty-four years he has kept the show moving for the greatest show on earth. He's the circus coxswain. The acts move on at a cue from his band, and they go off at his closing Ta D-A-A-A. He gives the circus its blare. He sets the pace for the actors, and he plays on the emotions of the crowd like an organist on the console.

A good many years ago, before the construction of circus tents was as safe as it is today, the show was playing in Washington, D. C. A big wind came up. The tent began to stir into waves of rolling canvas. Several mothers seized their children and ran. It looked as if the whole crowd was about to make a break for it. Hundreds already were standing.

"Blow 'em back into the seats," yelled Evans, and he put up his horn. "*Thunder and Blazes!*" he yelled.

A blast came out of Merle's silver cornet. It seemed to blow the cyclone right back out of the tent. *Thunder and Blazes* rolled out in an irresistible tide. The crowd either was blown back into the seats, or else forgot about the danger in the wild whoop-te-doo of the music. The boss canvasman outside blew his whistle and his men got the tent under control. The leather lip of Merle Evans probably had averted a panic.

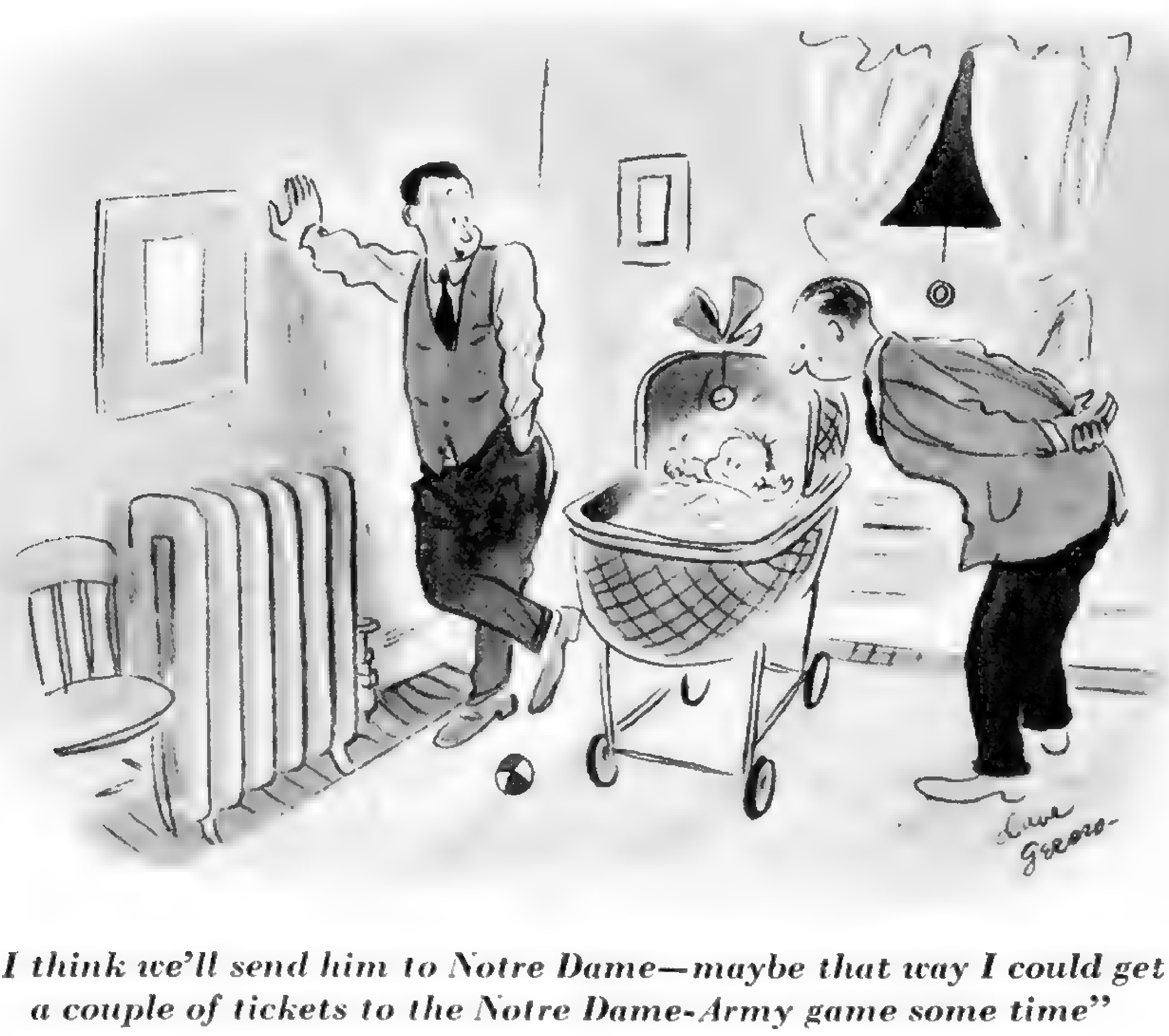
The maestro was put on his mettle last November when ten of the circus elephants were killed by arsenic poisoning. The act was affected because Ringling Liz and Peggy, leaders in the routine, were among the elephants which died. The substitute elephants caught a lot of their cues, but not all. Once when the pachyderms were supposed to be putting their fore feet on each other's backs, Evans looked out and saw them climbing onto their tubs. "Quick," he yelled, "skip to *Twelfth Street Rag!*" The band skipped, and all was okay. A little later, however, the elephants were supposed to be crawling underneath each other, and Merle saw that they were getting lined up to do their waltz routine. "Hey," he shouted, "play *Charmaine.*" The boys played *Charmaine*, and the elephants waltzed. No matter what happens, Merle makes the music and the spectacle come out even.

He stands up in front of his band in the world's most gorgeous uniforms. He has many different outfits in his tent, including one with gilt shoes, green-gold trousers with a wide gold braid, a resplendent green Prince Albert coat with gold satin lining, and gold epaulettes and ropes of gold slung all over his shoulders. You see him standing up there tall and straight, conspicuous among the bandsmen and the crowd stretching on both sides, playing his sawed-off silver cornet with his right hand and leading the band with his left. He keeps his back to his musicians, directing them while watching constantly for cues from the ring.

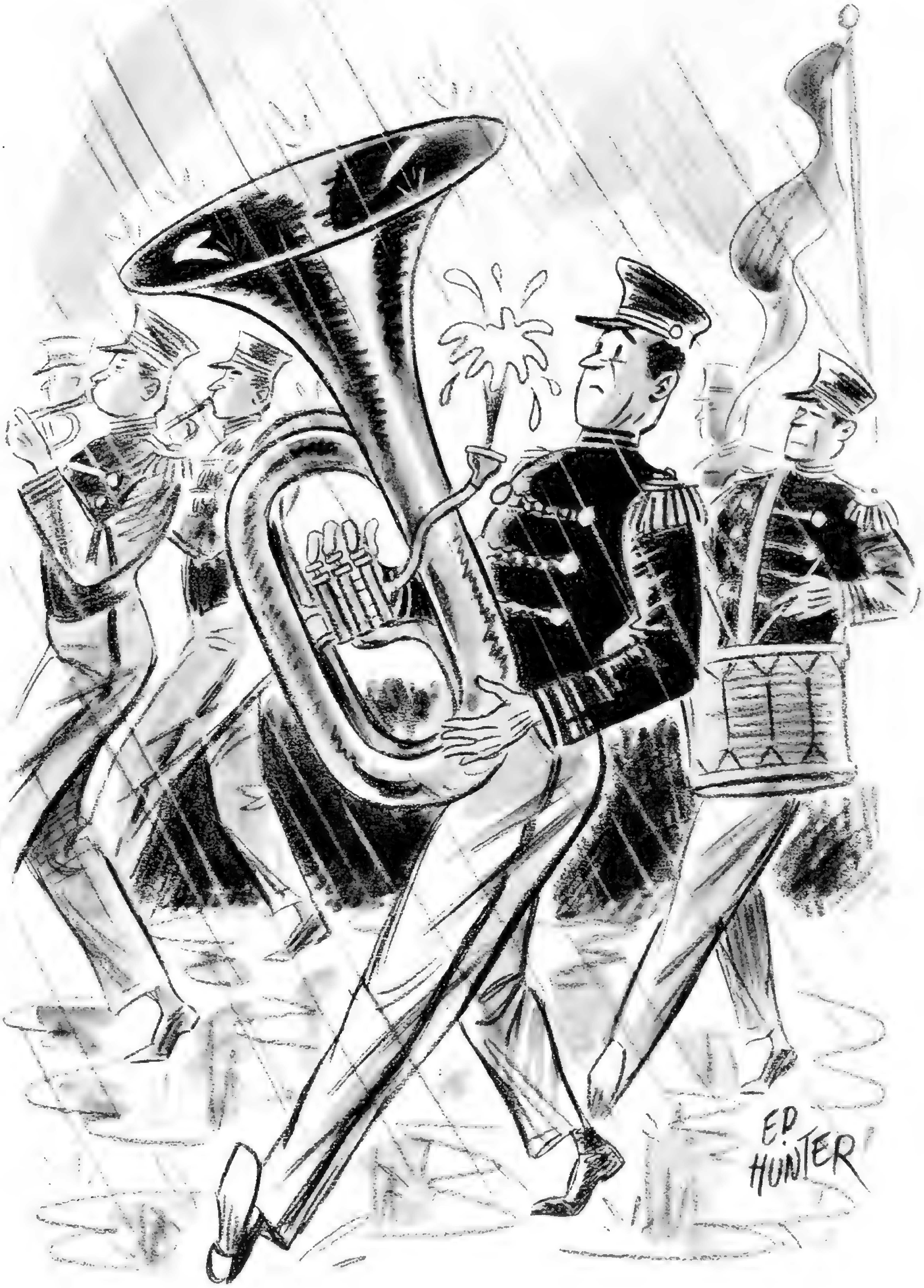
Would you like to follow Merle through a performance? Come on, let's go to the show:

The clowns are running on, and the boys play *The Broadway One-Step*. A bald-headed buffoon gets his pants shot off by a shotgun, and he has on long underwear . . . Now the sky is afloat with girls, and it's *My Hero*, from *The Chocolate Soldier*. Merle Evans is playing a solo, pointing his silver horn out toward the center ring. He has on his scarlet coat today, and purple trousers, with gold furbelows hanging everywhere . . . Now the band stops:

Continued on page 172



"I think we'll send him to Notre Dame—maybe that way I could get a couple of tickets to the Notre Dame-Army game some time"


ED HUNTER

The Little Acorn

Prep school kid ages several years during an evening in the stag line and emerges as casual as all Hell

by ODEN HUGHART MEEKER

• FICTION •

℞

Dex looked at the sleek towers of the apartment buildings spinning behind him: the Waldorf, 375, the Ambassador, 504, 55th street. The cab stopped for crosstown traffic, and he looked up at the soft rectangles of amber shining high above the pavement. He thought of what lay behind those windows—girls, flowers, the melting luxury of a hot bath before an exciting evening.

It was about five-thirty and over all was that luminous dusk peculiar to a large city in the wintertime. Headlights from passing cars made a futuristic dreamland out of the well-tailored avenue. Dex settled back comfortably. It was his world.

He thought of the conversation he had had with his roommate on the School Special coming down that afternoon. They had been enjoying a surreptitious cigarette in the vestibule of a car located at a safe distance from the master in charge. They were going over plans for the coming vacation.

"You know, Stub," said Dex, "I've got a feeling that this Christmas we ought to take our responsibilities a little more seriously. It's all right for most of these guys in our form just to kid around, but we ought to get in something a little more serious. A real play, for instance, instead of just hacking around with these pedestrian musicals. Afterwards we could drop in at the Stork with a pretty good chance of running into some babes that have been around the block a couple of times instead of these sub-deb sad-apples we've been glooming around with. I don't want to sound conceited, Stub, but I think you and I are a bit more . . . well . . . mature." Dex had an older brother at Yale who was becoming a man of culture, so the younger felt that it was time to put away his childish things.

"Yeah," agreed Stubby, "take most of these guys in our form—just horsing around all the time."

Another boy of about their own age walked out of the car behind them and greeted the two enthusiastically. "Hiya, roomies! How's the old Stubby? How's the old Dex-Flex? All set for a razzle-dazzle?"

"Hi," said Dex. He offered him a cigarette. "Butt?"

"You can say that again," said the newcomer. "Three months in the old school reformatory without poking a fag has got me nervous as a witch." He inhaled deeply. "Plenty good to get the poison back in the old lungs!"

"Boy, you know it!" said Stubby. "How about it, Al? Going back to Chagrin Falls this vacation?"

"Yeah," said Al. "But not that I want to. Wish to hell I could be with you peppers this parole." There was an uneasy silence. Al made an effort. "Well, see you, men," he said. He stood there a moment, and then left.

"That's the trouble with that guy," said Dex after a bit. "Chagrin Falls! He's about as metropolitan as Mortimer Snerd. He couldn't tell a Daiquiri from a Mickey Finn. And, geezs, did you get that language! Sounds like a third former."

"Yeah," said Stubby, "Chagrin Falls all right." He leaned against the sign forbidding passengers on the platform and assumed what he hoped was the correct metropolitan air. The cigarettes worked furiously.

The cab was nearing its destination. Dex took a red railroad flare from his inside breast pocket, concealing it carefully between two loud but dirty shirts in one of his suitcases. He and Stub had swiped a couple of lights before leaving the Special—they planned to set them off in front of the Chapel first night back at St. Barrabas. Nice thing about his parents, thought Dex, not going through all that business about meeting him at the station. Family greetings and farewells embarrassed him.

"How's the hacking these days?" Dex asked the driver, tapping him in a breezy fashion on the shoulder. The man turned around and surveyed his fare carefully. "Can't complain, son," he said non-committally, and turned back to his work.

The cab stopped in front of 1220. Dex climbed out, casually overtipped the driver for the effect, and handed his bags to the doorman. At the first ring of the apartment bell, the door flew open and his parents rushed out at him in affectionate ambush. Dex kissed his mother on the cheek and shook hands with his father, man to man.

"Well, Dexter," said his father, "from the way you're growing, it looks as though we should soon have a new head of the family."

He had expected a quiet evening at home, perhaps the movies with his parents or calling up a few friends from other schools. But he was mistaken. His mother had the roguish, suppressed look of a lady with a secret, and even his father was beaming paternally. They led him upstairs to his bedroom. There on his bed, all laid out for him, was a new tuxedo—his.

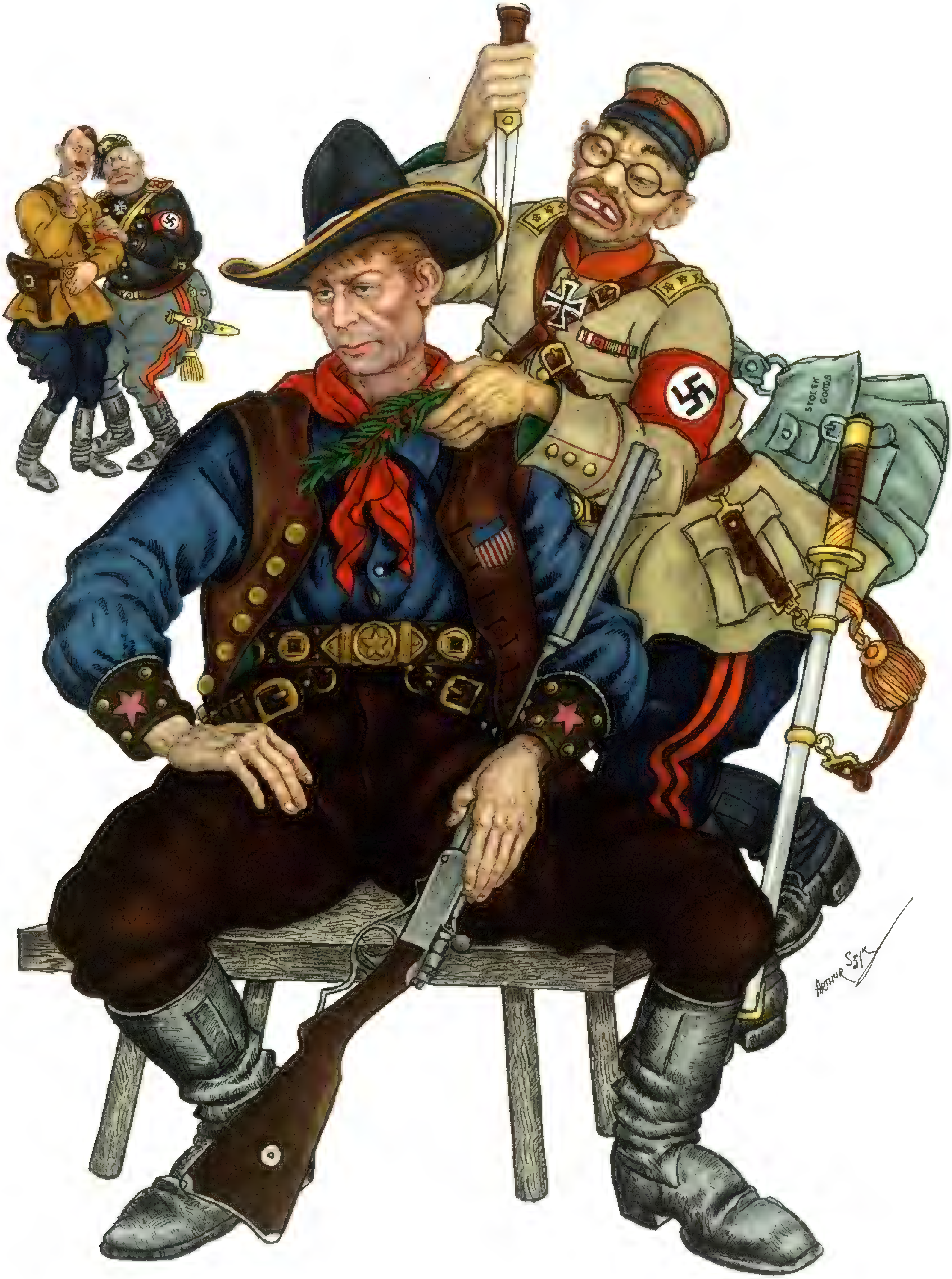
"About time we poured you into a dinner jacket, son," said his father, admiring his own slim figure in the full length mirror of the closet door. He lit a cigarette and, humming, began to insert studs and cuff-links in the boy's dress shirt.

"Tonight?" asked Dex. This was almost too good to be true. Yet he experienced a sinking feeling rather like being in an express elevator that comes to a sudden, air-pressured stop.

His mother couldn't hold herself in any longer; she gushed. Dex was to hurry into his clothes, not forgetting to clean his ears thoroughly, and rush on to a dinner party at Denise Hubbard's. Dex wouldn't know

Continued on page 181

"Now don't spank him, dear—reason with him!"


STOLEN GOODS
Arthur Szyk

"DECEMBER 7, 1941"
by ARTHUR SZYK

THE HOLBEIN GIRL

Kodachromed by

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

Be Superstitious and Win

Expert players agree the distribution of cards follows strange, mysterious laws that can't be explained by logic

by HENRY C. NICHOLAS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Do you believe the winning cards at contract bridge have the habit of running one way of the table? Do you believe that some seats at the card table and some decks of cards are lucky and some are unlucky? Do you believe the winning cards at times show favoritism for some particular player and follow that player around the table? Do you believe there are players, a comparatively small number to be sure, some of whom are always good card holders and others who are always poor card holders?

A few years ago if you had held such fantastic opinions you would have been classed among the ignorant and superstitious. But today you will find that you have excellent company, for these same opinions are now held by practically every expert card player in the country. There is not a single outstanding player today who would consider playing in an important rubber match, where high stakes were involved, without being allowed to cut for the lucky seats and lucky cards after one or more rubbers. This provision is now the established convention of every card club of importance in the country.

Here is the greatest mystery which has arisen in the two hundred year history of the game, and it is a mystery which is as baffling to the greatest expert as it is to the average player. All we know is that the bizarre and fantastic action of the cards in the game of bridge has upset the theories which had been accepted without question for nearly two centuries, and has exploded the mathematical foundation on which all the systems of bidding and playing had been based. Now card authorities are able to understand what had puzzled them for years, and that is why no great mathematician had ever been an expert player of bridge.

About ten years ago a set match of two hundred rubbers was played in a New York club between two women and two men who were nationally known experts. It was not considered an important match, except by the group of women who had secretly planned it for the purpose of testing one of their "superstitious" beliefs, a belief held by many woman players which had aroused much amusement among all the card authorities.

While the men were recognized experts the women were players of only fair ability. In the negotiations it was agreed that the men, because of their much greater ability and experience as players, would allow the women a handicap of 100 points a rubber, or a total of 20,000 points for the two hundred rubbers. The women, however, refused any handicap. Instead they wanted the sole right to choose the seats and cards after each rubber, to decide when new decks were put into play, and that they should have the further right to move the game to another table or another room in the club whenever they wished. The two experts promptly agreed to these conditions, fearing the women might want to change their minds.

Then followed what was probably the strangest game of bridge ever played. The members of the club followed its progress with growing amazement. The women quickly ran into the lead and held the lead for the remainder of the match. The cards held by the two experts were either so miserable, or else so freakishly distributed, that in spite of the most skillful bidding and play they continued to remain behind. Whenever the cards began to favor them and they won a rubber the women promptly took their seats and the cards they had been dealing. The result was that during the entire match the two experts were never allowed to win two rubbers in succession sitting in the same seats and dealing with the same cards.

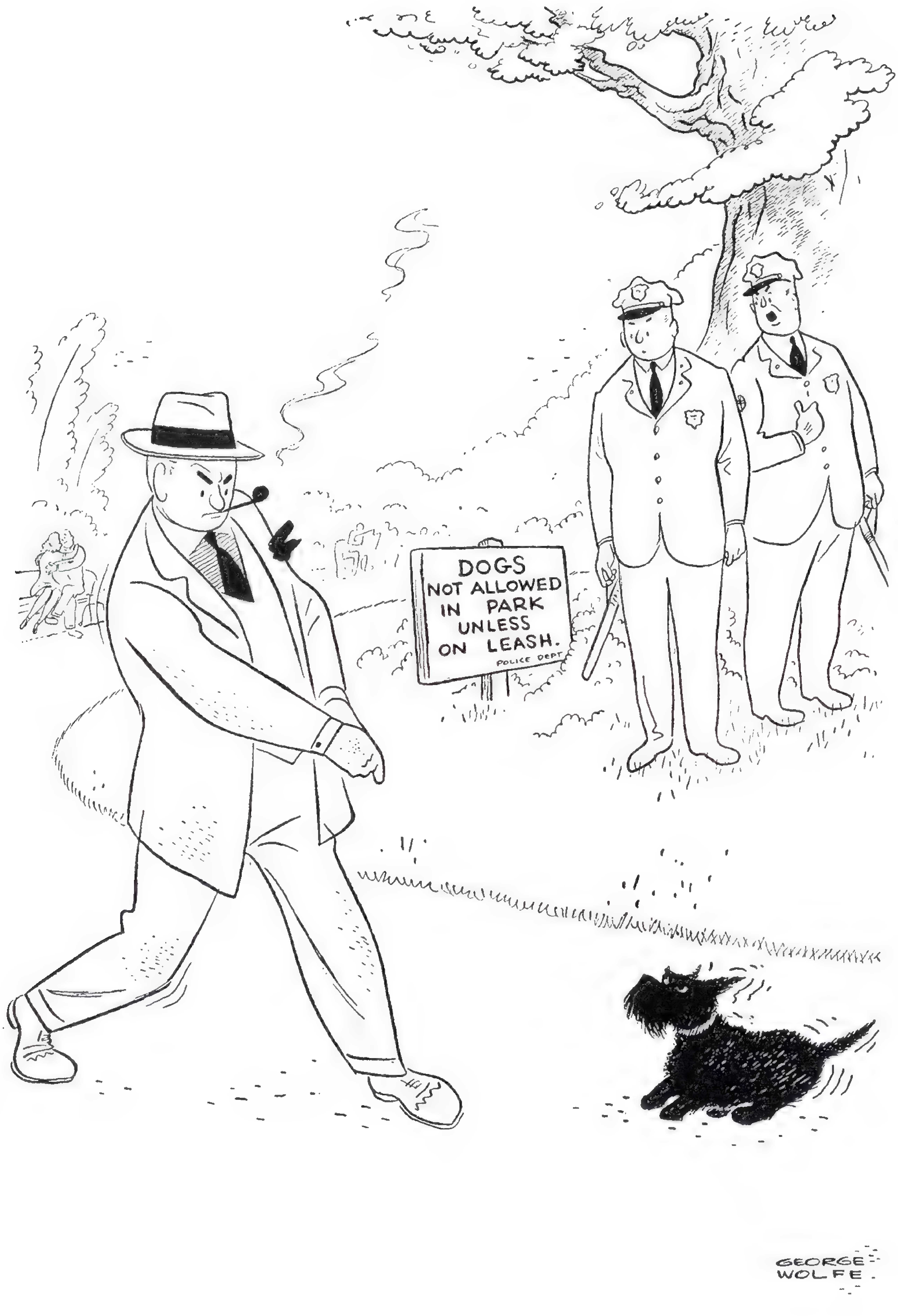
When the women, however, were winning they would continue to sit in the same seats and deal with the same cards. On a few occasions they did not change their seats during the entire session, the two experts remaining anchored in the seats where they continued to hold nothing but losing cards. On those nights when fortune refused to favor the women the spectators witnessed such a burst of activity as had never before been seen in the game of bridge. After every rubber the women not only changed the seats and cards but transferred the game to another table or another room. And the amazing fact was that they were always able to eventually find the "lucky" combination for which they had been looking. What that combination was neither they nor anyone else understood, but the women then would begin holding the winning cards again. The match ended with the women players ahead by a substantial margin. The two experts were still a little dizzy when they settled their bets.

Following this match several card clubs began to keep records of card distribution and some astonishing discoveries were made. It was found that different decks at times possessed markedly different characteristics. There were certain decks which would sometimes continue to show a freakish distribution irrespective of how many times they were shuffled and dealt, and the abnormal behavior of these particular decks would sometimes continue for weeks. Equally as puzzling was the discovery that there were other decks which had to be finally thrown away because it was found impossible to deal anything but the most balanced and uninteresting hands from them.

Mathematics is the one exact and perfect science and the law of mathematical probabilities has proved its accuracy over a period of centuries. Take such a game of pure chance as tossing a penny in the air. There would

Continued on page 175

"Who's that new guy?"


DOGS
NOT ALLOWED
IN PARK
UNLESS
ON LEASH.
POLICE DEPT
GEORGE WOLFE

"Do you see a leash, Hank?"

The Sacrifice Hit

You couldn't have found a bigger contrast on any ball team than that kid with all his gusto, and the old guy in right field

by HENRY VANCE and ZIPP NEWMAN

• FICTION •

When a big league ball player's legs go back on him, his only choice is to limp out base hits in the bushes hoping he can drive in more runs than he gives the opposition by his faulty work afield, or else sign to sleuth the whistle stops as a talent scout for some major league outfit. My better judgment told me the latter was the line of least resistance. That's how I happened to be sitting one out at the Pilgrims' ball park in the deep South that particular July afternoon.

I had been trying to kill two roosters with one rock by camping in Atlanta for three days, endeavoring to get my money back from a slot machine and a refund out of Jack Richards on a pitcher with a bum arm that he had sold me the season before. Both Roscoe, the guardian of the jackpot, and Richards were adamant, however, and I was on the verge of shipping to Charlotte in the Piedmont to look over a shortstop who was supposed to have it on Jurges when I got the following note from Ducky Wendell, for whom I had played until the time came for my Pasture Treatment for my dogs:

"Dear Mule," the note said, "I have received tips from so many nuts that they'll have me roped into their own society if I don't have somebody look over a youngster named Rudy Warwick who plays outfield for the Pilgrims. He must be above the average, as friends who have never yet given me a bum steer, have urged me to check up on him. According to the dope I got, he's a right-hand hitter who stands up there like Hornsby, as fast as a Geisha gal, and could qualify for his medals in the Epworth circuit so far as habits are concerned.

"Drop down to the Pilgrims' lot some day, Mule, and inventory this baby. If he looks good, dicker with old Hank Peters. He'll probably want enough dough to make even Roosevelt raise his eyebrows, but hammer him down. Hammer him down. The feedbox chatter I get is that Hank's franchise is in a bad way, which means that if you talk to Hank with a certain well-established monetary accent, he'll more than likely become capitulation conscious.

"Wooden Shoes Garner is rapidly nearing the day when he can begin living off his Social Security rebate, and I've got to find somebody to take his place in left. This Warwick may be two, or two hundred years away, but if you like him, better try to get him.

"Yours for shorter sleeper jumps,

Ducky."

Well, when I hit the Pilgrims' camp I didn't so much as drop around Hank Peters' headquarters to howdy with him. Hank is a great old fella and was my roomy for a couple of campaigns up there. He was also as good a catcher as ever busted a thumb, but he's as Scotch as Soda's well-known battery mate; and when a scout is window shopping for one of his ball players he kicks all sentiment under the table until the business at hand is disposed of.

The game between the Pilgrims and the Bronchos that sultry white-hot afternoon wasn't an inning old before I knew that the boys who had been telling my boss about this Warwick were thumbs up. This baseball is a funny business. Either you got it, or you ain't. It's natural, or not. You don't learn it, much. Just like Ott used to say: "If you can play ball, you can play it just as well in the big league as in the Evangeline league." I've never seen 'em change much, myself, in my day; *develop*, that is. They don't learn much, or change much, from their early days. That's why I could tell right off about this Warwick. He was fast; he was loose, nonchalant; he had all the easy, graceful movements and motions of a natural-born ball player.

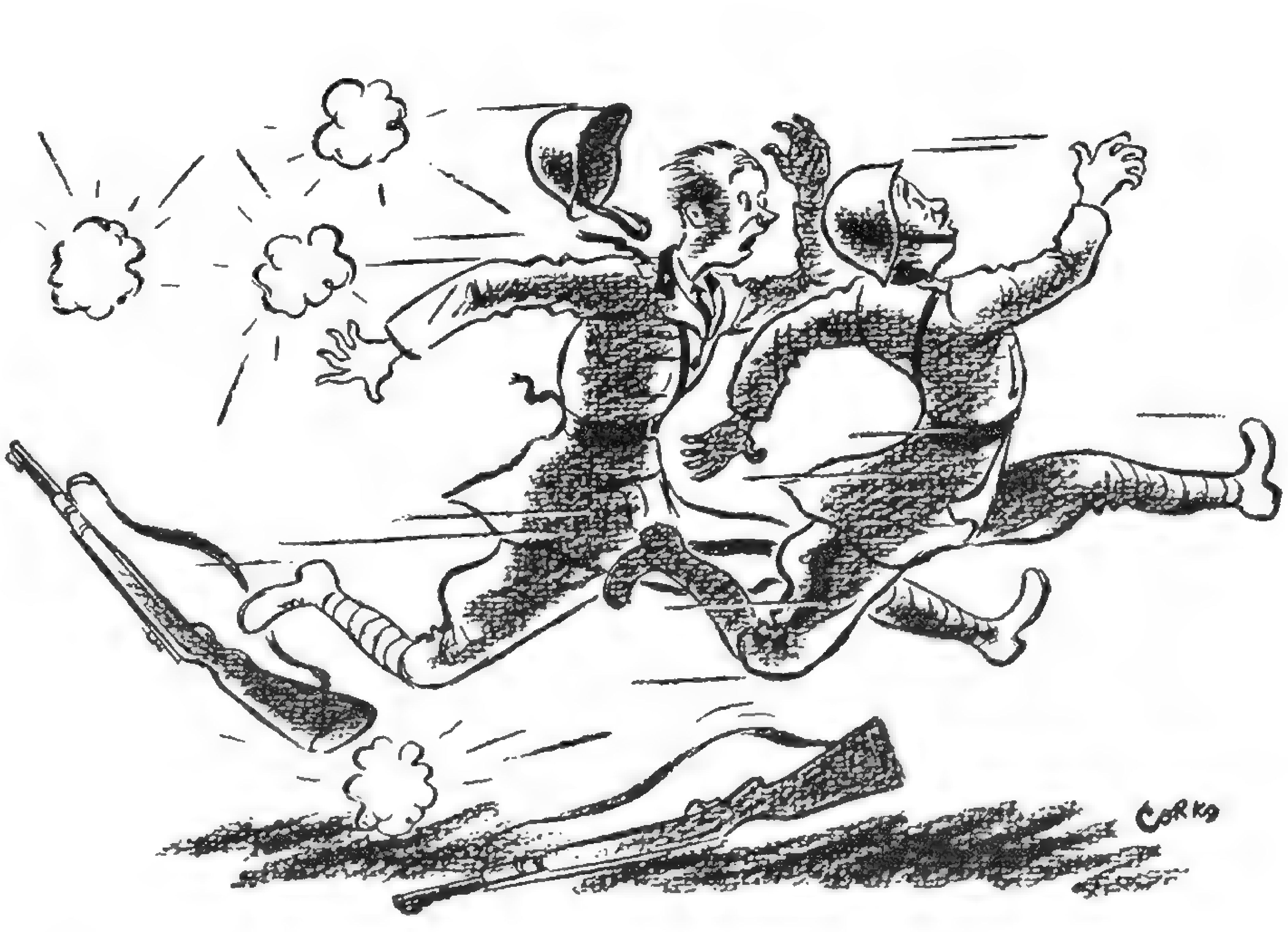
As I sat there in those blazing stands analyzing him, I couldn't help noticing, however, a complete antonym for his class and youth holding down the opposite field for the Pilgrims. That right fielder was actually emaciated, if not anaemic; and when he came in for a drink at the cooler and flipped off his cap to wipe off the sweat I could see that he was actually *bald*. I figured he must have been easily fifty, and Father Time had chiselled enough gullies in that bird's countenance to make him eligible for a call from Uncle Sam's corrosion experts. Never before in my entire baseball career had I run across a man in active duty on the payroll of a professional ball club so close to the pension bracket.

Slocumb—that was his name. I grabbed it from the scorecard—Cy Slocumb. I had never seen him before, but I could see that on the baseball diamond he was getting inefficienter by leaps and bounds.

This youngster, Warwick, though, was hitting fourth, and for good reason, too, as he demonstrated in the first frame. With one aboard, he whipped a clothes-liner *triple* into left that rattled off the fence and drove in the first Pilgrim run of the day. Then almost before I could look up from my score card, he took advantage of a slow wind-up to blitz his way across the platter. He had that swerve, that determined and irresistible gusto of old Cobb himself. Seeing that boy run was actually a *lift* to an old man who could get around on those paths himself a bit in his day.

In the second, somebody hit a line drive out into left center labelled for three, but suddenly out of nowhere here comes the kid running in full stride, with those long rhythmic strides of a deer, his glove-hand dangles down, and the ball sticks in his hand, shoe-

Continued on page 151



"Dio! These British are cowards, signor—they shoot a man in the back!"

Go When the Going Is Good

And eliminate fisherman's luck by such considerations as wind direction, high and low glass and the dark of the moon

by JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

• SPORTS •

With the present shortage of rubber, tires are going to be a problem this summer. Most of us will, no doubt, give the matter second thought before subjecting our tires to the punishment of extra mileage and rough roads, incidental to a fishing trip. Then, too, there is a big job ahead for all of us, building the machines of war and paying for them. Vacations may be short or non-existent this year and time off to go fishing probably will be as scarce as new tires for the car.

In the summertime, most outings, from a picnic supper to an extended vacation in the North Woods, are planned about the nucleus of angling. Approximately one out of every four people in the United States is a fisherman of one sort or another. That being the case, and with fishing trips at a premium, intelligent planning is more important now than it was prior to the Hitler era. "Fisherman's luck" has always been notoriously bad. Why depend on luck to bring you good fishing if you don't have to?

For a pleasant and successful junket into the outdoors, favorable weather is important. There are so many reliable sources of information that you don't have to guess about the weather these days. The various almanacs come pretty close to being right about long-range forecasts. Monthly weather charts, issued by private organizations for a modest subscription fee, are remarkably accurate. Governmental reports and weather maps are available in every community. There is one California company that does an outstanding job of forecasting the weather. This company is subsidized largely by the many power companies and large corporations throughout the country. If you are lucky enough to have access to the data they furnish their customers, uncertainty about the weather from one month to the next is a thing of the past.

But long-range forecasting is satisfactory only up to a point, at least so far as the fishing is concerned. Extended dry spells with low water and protracted wet spells with high water each make for bad fishing. Your weather forecasts will spot these for you far enough in advance to give plenty of time for making plans. But fish are temperamental creatures, swayed by the merest whims of weather, so that day-to-day and hour-to-hour information is often helpful.

The effect upon the fishing of fluctuations in atmospheric pressure is now a scientifically established fact. Generally, a "high glass" will bring good fishing with it, while a "low glass" means poor fishing. But that is not an infallible rule by any means. Far more important is the *trend* of the glass. If atmospheric pressure is increasing so that the "glass is rising," then you are pretty sure to have good fishing weather. If the "glass is falling," it's a good idea to forget about fishing and do something else. An alteration of as little as one or two hundredths of an inch in the level of the barometer often will have a decided effect upon the feeding habits of fish. Decrease in atmospheric pressure is nature's warning to wild life that storms are in the offing and they stop feeding to find safe cover.

Lacking a barometer, there are many "signs" that people who are closely associated with the outdoors depend upon for their daily and hourly weather indicators. A red sunset means clear, hot weather, while a red dawn points to rain. Mare's-tails—long, wispy clouds across the sky—indicate high winds. A mackerel sky is a sign of rain to come soon and we are all familiar with the "thunderheads" that give us advance warning of thunder storms on summer days.

Wind direction is a good weather indicator. In various parts of the country, wind directions have different meaning. For instance, an east wind along the Atlantic seaboard is a forecast of rain, while on the west coast it means just the reverse. It is a good idea to consult local residents about this before banking too much on wind directions. Usually, a change in wind direction, indicating a change in the weather, will ruin the fishing for a while at least.

Dew and fog are used as "signs" by many. A heavy dew on the grass in the evening means a clear day tomorrow. A foggy evening is regarded by some as a good sign for the next day. I once knew a farmer who used as a barometer a little pocket in the hills across the valley from his home. In fact, he called it his barometer. Each morning he went to the door and looked across the valley. If the pocket was filled with fog, he knew that the day would be fair. If there was no fog or haze in the pocket, then he expected rain and usually got it. He said that his barometer was absolutely reliable.

Perhaps the most deceptive form of weather is what the farmers and sailors call a "weather breeder." By that is meant a bright, sunny day with a cloudless sky and just enough breeze to be pleasant. The wind direction may be favorable and all outward indications point to perfect weather for fishing yet the fishing will be abominable. It is easy to spot a weather breeder if you have a barometer, as the glass will drop gradually all day, long before the wind or the cloud formations will give you any warning. Lacking a barometer, there are several ways to identify the falling glass, typical of such a day.

The *character* of the wind is as good an indicator as any to show what the barometer is doing. If the wind is high in the trees so that it does not disturb the dust in the road, and the leaves on the trees stay right side up when they flutter in the breeze, then you can be quite sure that the barometer is steady or rising. On the other hand, if the wind sweeps along the ground, picking up the dust and dry leaves and turning the leaves on the trees upside down, then you may as well put away your tackle and go home.

If there is no wind and the day is calm, listen to the song of the birds. Bluejays will be abnormally active and noisy when the glass is falling. The "rain song" of a robin will tell you the story. If there is *no* bird song and the woods are quiet, then you are fairly safe in assuming that the barometer is dropping. Sea gulls are good weather prophets and when you see them flying inland you know storms are due, even though the sun shines brightly and the sky is cloudless. Even the

Continued on page 106

But Fish Waive the Rules

Joyful debunker of superstitions about angling says to fish through thunder or East wind with any color flies any time

by HARRY BOTSFORD

• SPORTS •

Rodney de Sarro

Soon after I got out of what we optimistically once called the World War it was decided in certain quarters that I must spend more time out-of-doors. Fishing seemed to be in order. I didn't know the first thing about the art and science of angling but thoughtful, considerate friends placed my case in the hands of an old, successful bait-caster.

He did a very thorough job of it. He taught me to cast a plug with fair accuracy. He filled me with the accumulated lore of three decades of fishing. He also, I later discovered, sold me some old tackle at about double its value. I was trusting and gullible in those days. Two minutes after the bass season opened I tied into a four-pound big mouth who unreasonably objected to being reeled in. I got that fish at the price of a broken rod tip and a memorable scolding from my tutor who held that it was against the rules to yank a bass in, hand-over-hand. The main thing, however, was from that moment on I've been a fisherman: fresh and salt water, bait, plug, spinner, wet and dry fly fisherman, day or night, summer or winter. In other words . . . I just like to fish!

The old fisherman filled me with superstitions to which he subscribed with singular tenacity and undoubted sincerity. I had discovered that when I tested the net results of his years of angling experience, that his advice and counsel had been sound. Darn it, they worked. It was by sheer accident that I realized that one of his superstitions was entirely in error and that, of course, set up a suspicion that perhaps many of his other precepts, too, were off-center.

He had told me, more than once, never to fish when it was thundering. "The bass go to the bottom and hide when they hear it thunder," he warned me. "Well, sir, they are plumb scared to death and the last thing they would think of is grabbing a plug even if one was dragged right acrost their noses. You ain't specially hungry when you are scart, are you?"

I couldn't fight with that argument. Hadn't he always told me the truth before?

Then, one blistering hot day in August, I was feverishly casting an assortment of plugs in the North end of a small lake and having just fair luck. A sudden thunder storm swooped over the brow of the surrounding hills before I even realized that a storm was brewing. The first thing I knew the rain was a veritable deluge, the lightning was flashing merrily and the thunder sounded like the barrage at Vimy Ridge. I was soaked to the skin before I could say I. Walton. The upper end of the lake is a long, long way from the boat house and is surrounded by marshy ground. To make the situation more acute, the howling wind came out of the South and I would have to row against it to reach shelter, a task beyond my strength. I anchored the boat and huddled miserably in wet, chilly, mounting discomfort. It continued to thunder with as rare and as booming performance as I have ever witnessed.

Soon I was shivering and I didn't like that. To keep warm and to keep my mind from my discomfort I decided to do a little casting —just a matter of seeing how accurate I could be in a high wind. Greatly to my astonishment I promptly tied into a very satisfactory bass. Mistake—this fellow must be stone deaf, I reasoned. I continued to cast; within five minutes I had snagged another bass, this time one approximately three pounds in weight. The second bass brought me face-to-face with two possible conclusions: either I had discovered a whole school of deaf and silly bass—or Bill Robinson had been wronger than wrong.

The storm with its obbligato of savage thunder lasted well over an hour. At the end of that time the wind died down and I rowed back to the boathouse in cadence with the distant roll and clash of thunder—with my limit of bass. I was wet but happy. And a little wiser, I suspect. A bone-dry angler, putting away his tackle, greeted me. "Too bad you got so wet, son," he commiserated. "I got here just ahead of the storm. Going home now. Bass'll be so scared they won't hit for hours yet. Lucky thing you got your limit before she started to thunder!"

I was probably more reticent then than I am now. I only grinned cheerfully and said not a word. . .

That was more than two decades ago. Since then I've never let a little matter like a thunder storm chase me away from a lake or stream. And, according to the records, I've caught some noteworthy bass and a few memorable trout while the thunder roared. The elder statesmen witness me ardently shooting a fly through a flailing rain and to the tune of blasts of thunder and sadly shake their wise old heads, bless them. One even spoke to my wife about this stubborn and downright silly habit, contrary to all established fishing lore.

All I know is—I catch fish. And they don't! You can't catch fish reposing in some snug shelter waiting for the storm to pass so you can go home. It seems like rather primitive logic to me. The supporting data appears to be on my side.

Another favorite foible is the one about fish not biting or striking when the wind is in the east. A few years ago, when I reached a certain Pennsylvania lake, the wind was an Arctic blast, sharp and penetrating. It was late in September and the first day I had been able to get away from my office. I refused to waste the day. The man who rented me a boat said he almost hated to take my money. He even solemnly quoted the ancient proverb. But, within twenty minutes I was tangled up with the finest hunk of muskie I've ever had on the right end of a four and a half ounce fly rod. His picture, appropriately framed and triumphantly displayed, graces the wall of my study, showing every ounce of his official twenty-four pounds of weight. Evidently, here was one fish who was hungry regardless of the direction of the wind. Since that time I've taken almost every type of fresh water game fish when the wind was from the east—and very often I appear to be the only angler who braves the chill.

"Never let a trout see you!"—thus, my old mentor and most of the fishermen I've ever known—"Never let a trout hear you if you expect to catch him"—thus, any given

Continued on page 107

No More Parades?

Nothing gives us a feeling of unity like standing shoulder to shoulder in a crowd while the soldiers and the flag pass by

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Every three or four days I collect the copies of the *Emporia Gazette* and read the editorials; often they are by William Allen White; by him or by his staff, they tell you the truth about the feeling of one part of the country, at least. A few days ago there was one called *O Say Can You See* and it said about Emporia what a hardboiled newspaperman had said a day earlier about New York City. Here is a bit of the editorial:

"So far the soul-stirring of this war, the colorful part—all oompah bands playing, all the gay uniformed men crowding theatres and stations, and the full response of civilians to anything . . . hinting of patriotism—has passed Emporia by. Emporia has sent its young men, flocks of them, away to all the armed services; Emporia follows the news stories of far-flung battles with interest, if not with understanding and in every gathering a good percentage cheer the names of MacArthur and Churchill. Emporians tingle at the sight of the old flag whipping in the wind. We feel a throb of pride at the sight of men in uniform.

"But Emporia has no nearby army post or naval station . . . it has no big defense industrial plants . . . What this town needs is something to make it feel that it is a part of a vast machine . . .

"Maybe a martial parade or two, with flags flying . . . That, or a bomb planted squarely on top of the post office cupola . . . Commercial Street needs more flags."

Internal evidence points to W.A.W. as the writer. Internal evidence also is that Mr. White hasn't been in New York lately. Because almost everything he says of Emporia was true of New York up to late spring at least; and people who had traveled through the country came back and said that New York needed a few parades—or a bomb squarely on top of the (deleted by writer) Building, to make New Yorkers feel that they were part of the great war machine. I do not mean that New Yorkers (any more than Emporians) were indifferent; I mean they felt un-incorporated, and wondered whether a few parades mightn't help. As far back as mid-March some people were thanking Heaven for St. Patrick's day because at least it brought out a few men in uniform and a band or two. Even if it wasn't official.

A parade is in its way a work of art; it has its opening, climax, and let-down (which aren't exactly the terms of Aristotle, but they'll do). It can be as well-organized as a good revue, or it can be a jumble, like most circuses. The parades put on by fraternal orders, usually in sweltering heat, are sometimes on the edge of morbidity for their drabness and spurious appearance of humor. A true military parade has precision, orderliness, purpose; it lacks comedy, to be sure, but it satisfies some basic instincts. An American Legion parade can be all things to all men. The Philadelphia and New Orleans traditional parades vary too much from year to year to have much specific character—vary in inventiveness and charm, although their general design is the same. (Of New Orleans I speak by ear only; visitors and newsreels report to me; the Philadelphia Mummers I used to see in a good period; I don't understand why these parades take place, but assume that they are part of a civic religion, as parades are part of religious observances in Italy.) Parades celebrating an orange or a green Christmas in Hollywood are entirely beyond the pale of human comprehension.

By these cool appreciations and slight sneers, I confess myself an enthusiast only for the terrific parades of the services. And I wonder whether William Allen White and my hardboiled reporter really want that kind of parade. Do they think it will be enough to see men and machines, with bands and with planes flying overhead? or do they want drum majorettes (there's an art for you) and floats? So far as I am concerned, I favor either or a combination of both; I favor whatever will make people excited and interested in the war, for the war will save their souls or—if we don't get excited enough—take away our bread and our cattle and our warm clothes and our houses, not to mention our newspapers and radio comedians and motorcars. But I wish we knew more about the mechanisms of parades—and other demonstrations. I wish we knew where people will go to see a parade.

They go to newsreel theatres now; or maybe they listen to the radio for the equivalent of the parade—they get parades of stars, doing terrific jobs—but maybe something else is needed; maybe right now people ought to be brought together, physically in one place, to get the companionship and the unity of a crowd feeling one sweeping emotion. Maybe radio could do a tremendous job of calling them together and telling them wonderful things while the parade went by.

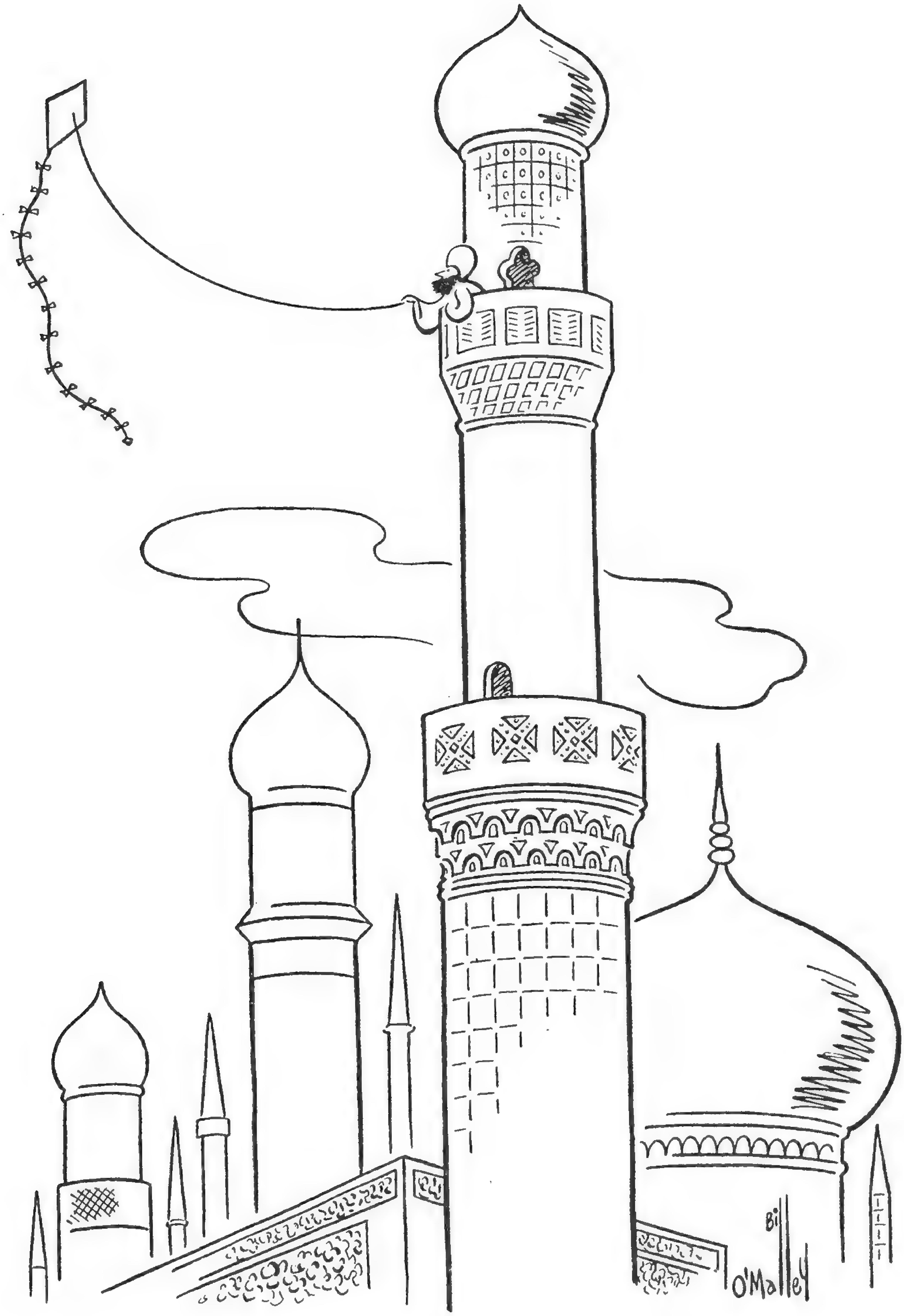
It isn't likely that I would underestimate the work done by radio and movies and picture magazines and all the other ways in which we can communicate with one another. They have been used for pleasure and now they are turning part of their energies to new uses; maybe fumbling around is part of the price we pay for the enjoyment we had until now.

The uncertainties are pretty serious. Radio can change over in a few days; within one radio series you can make variations, so that if one approach seems weak, you can try another. Your audience may feel a wavering of purpose, but it will not feel that you are off the rails. The movies take longer to make and longer to change; their job of forecasting

Continued on page 179

GEORGE WOLFE

"I've got eleven draft boards fighting over me now!"


Bill O'Malley

Darrel Austin: The Young Master

Whether or not this artist is a genius he outranks all of his contemporaries in his self-concentration and conceit

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Out of the Far West came a young man with a bundle of paintings and knocked at the doors of galleries, asking, but without humility, for an exhibition. His eyes blazed with the conviction that he was the greatest painter that ever lived, but dealers said "No, thank you," and backed away, probably disturbed and upset by the pictures, if not by the artist, and relieved when the door had closed upon the young man with the burning coals in his eyes.

The young man lived with his wife in a sparely-furnished apartment not much more spacious than a hall bedroom. She wrote and illustrated children's stories and he painted pictures. They lived alone and liked it. Each was all the social life the other required. She admired his paintings; he admired her stories. They did not cultivate people; people did not seem to cultivate them. They were admirably self-sufficient. They were—well, another creative couple from the hinterland engaged in that heart-breaking business, the siege of New York from within.

The young man continued knocking at various doors, with no sense of panic, or desperation, or urgency. He hardly heard what was said when anyone presumed to suggest a change in manner or matter. Yes, he might attend with half an ear to a suggestion concerning tools. He was going to stand or fall by the results of his natural, instinctive expression. He was seeking, not advice, but a dealer. Came the dealer and came the show, in the Fall of 1940, more than two years after he had arrived from Portland, Oregon. It was at the Perls Galleries which, previously, had specialized in the work of the modern French painters. It was Darrel Austin's first one-man show in New York and, as a result, the following things happened:

KINDERGARDEN
MISS Mc
dave Gerard

"Hey, Miss McClaren! What did I learn in school today? My old man always asks me!"

The Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, New York, bought a painting, the Detroit Institute of Art bought a painting, the Museum of Modern Art bought a painting, the Smith College Museum of Art bought a painting, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston bought a painting, the Metropolitan Museum of Art bought a painting. The numerous private collectors who acquired Austins included two museum directors and six trustees of museums. Not only was the exhibition sold out, but there was a market for Austin canvases upon which the paint was still wet. Success was so immediate and so overwhelming that the gallery could proclaim in its catalogue of the painter's second show, February-March, 1942: "Darrel Austin's record since his first one-man show . . . stands unrivaled in the annals of painting." Or, in other words, Darrel Austin was making Horatio Alger come true on 57th Street, which, heretofore, he had sedulously avoided.

Overnight, as time goes in the world of art, Darrel Austin became an established figure. Museum purchases represented the cash and carry aspect of this artist's arrival. Followed one-man shows at the Alger House Museum, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan, and at the Dayton Art Institute. Followed representation in group shows at the Whitney Museum in New York, and at museums in St. Louis, Boston, Chicago, Palm Beach, Pittsburgh, and Springfield, Massachusetts. He was represented also in the special exhibition, Contemporary Painting in the United States, which was first shown at the Metropolitan Museum and then circulated throughout Latin America. He was one of the eighteen painters represented in the "Americans, 1942" show of the Modern Museum. In the roomful of Austin paintings, there were only three which had not yet found buyers; before the exhibition closed, only one remained unsold. Out of his second one-man show at the Perls, eight paintings had been sold before the exhibition had closed, one of them to the Phillips Memorial Gallery at Washington, D.C.

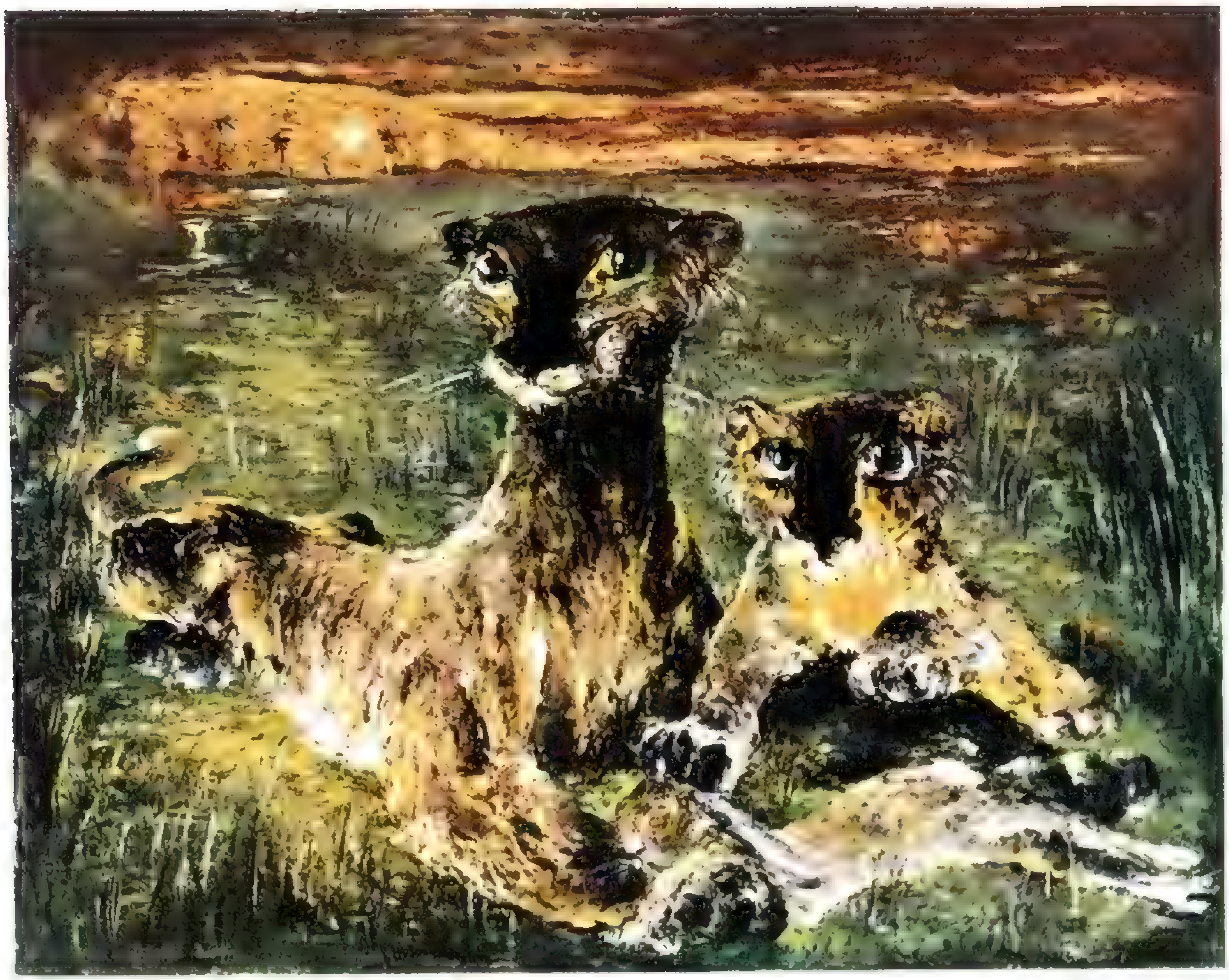
Who is this Austin, what kind of a person is he and what has he got?

If he isn't a genius, he is the most conceited, the most egocentric, the most introverted and the most intensely self-concentrated artist working in America today. And even if he is a genius, he is all of these things—and then some. The world which he inhabits—as it is to be pieced together out of his paintings—is an eerie, imaginative place, a world remote from sunlight reality, a world this side of surrealism, but a private preserve whose flora, fauna, topography and climate are determined by subjective considerations which take us plump into the middle of psychoanalysis.

In the simplicity, honesty and directness of his responses he is admirable because he says, for himself, the things which other painters, more self-conscious and possibly more concerned with such problems as "But how will it sound?" and "What will people say?" dare only think, on their behalf. Indeed, Darrel Austin might profitably be studied as a sort of test tube of the so-called "artist psychology" in full bloom. For example, in the brief foreword he wrote for his section of the "Americans, 1942" catalogue of the Modern Museum show, he airily dismissed the magnificent panoply of the art of all times with the following: "I have never been much interested in what other painters have done before me or are doing now." When, at a New York museum reception, a sincerely admiring fellow-artist expressed his delight at meeting Austin with "Your pictures are good; in fact, they're very good; some of your things are really wonderful, but, of course, you're still not so good as Picasso," both Mr. and Mrs. Austin were ready to sink into the floor

Continued on page 103

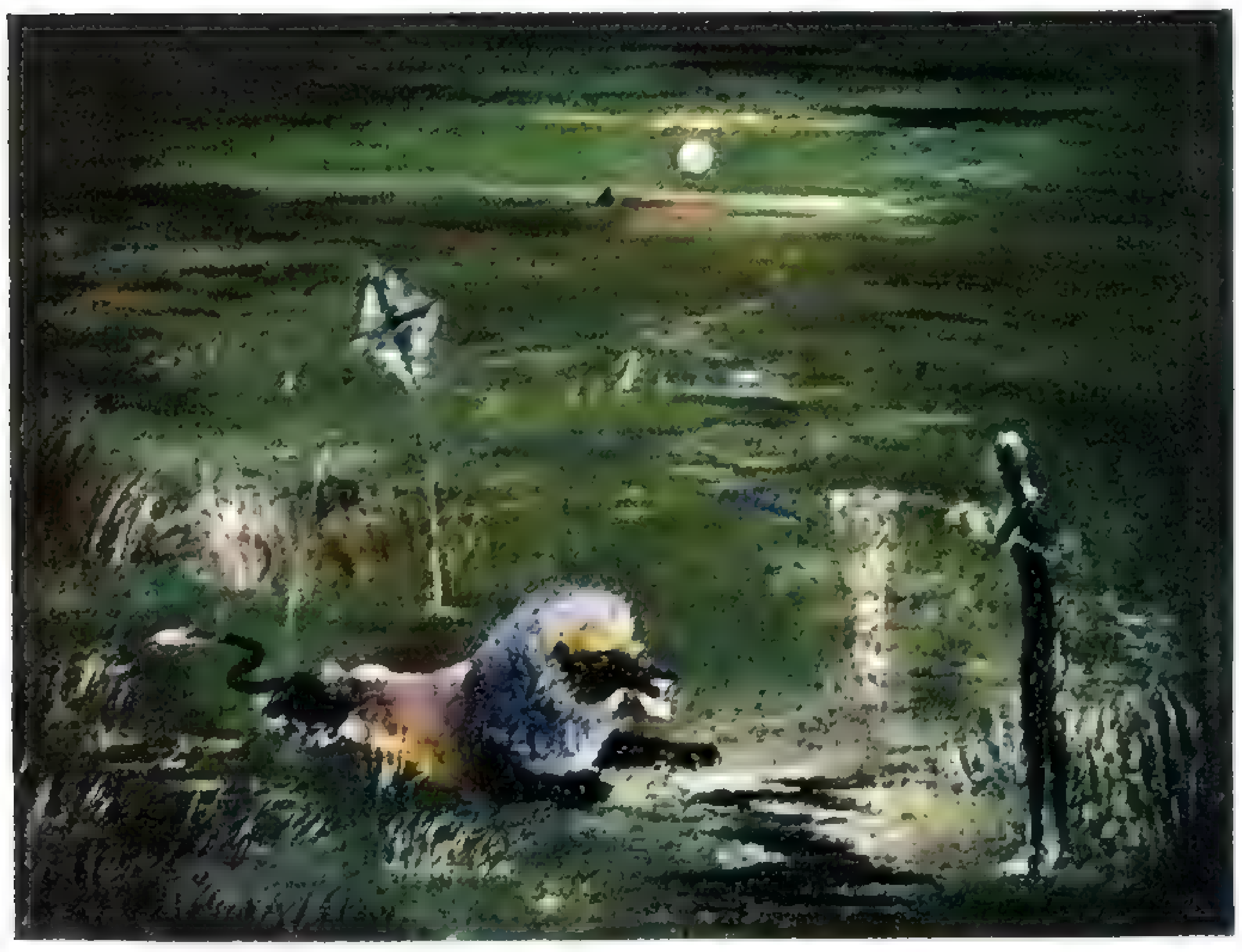
Four Paintings *by* DARREL AUSTIN



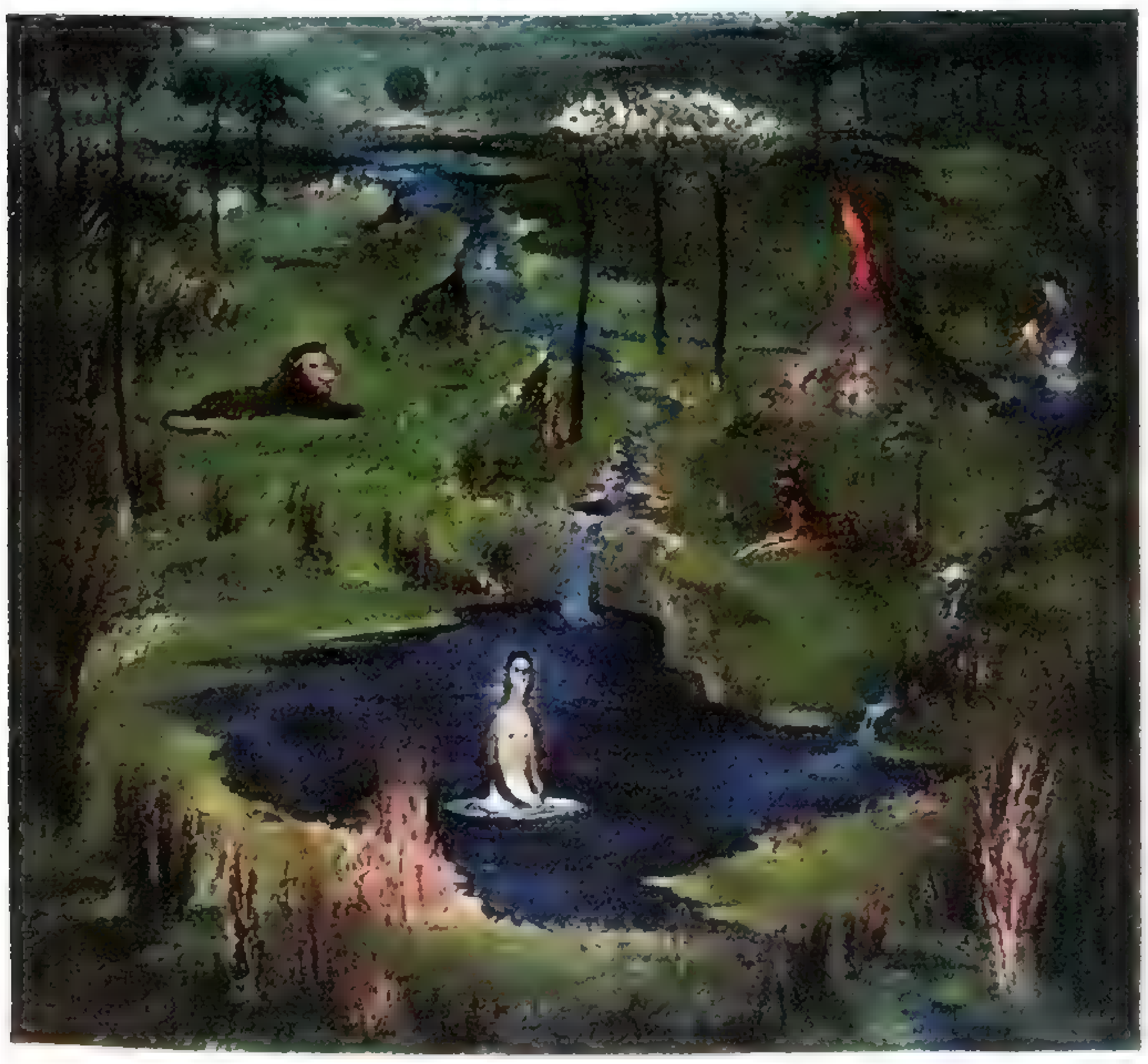
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. & MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY

LISTENING BEASTS

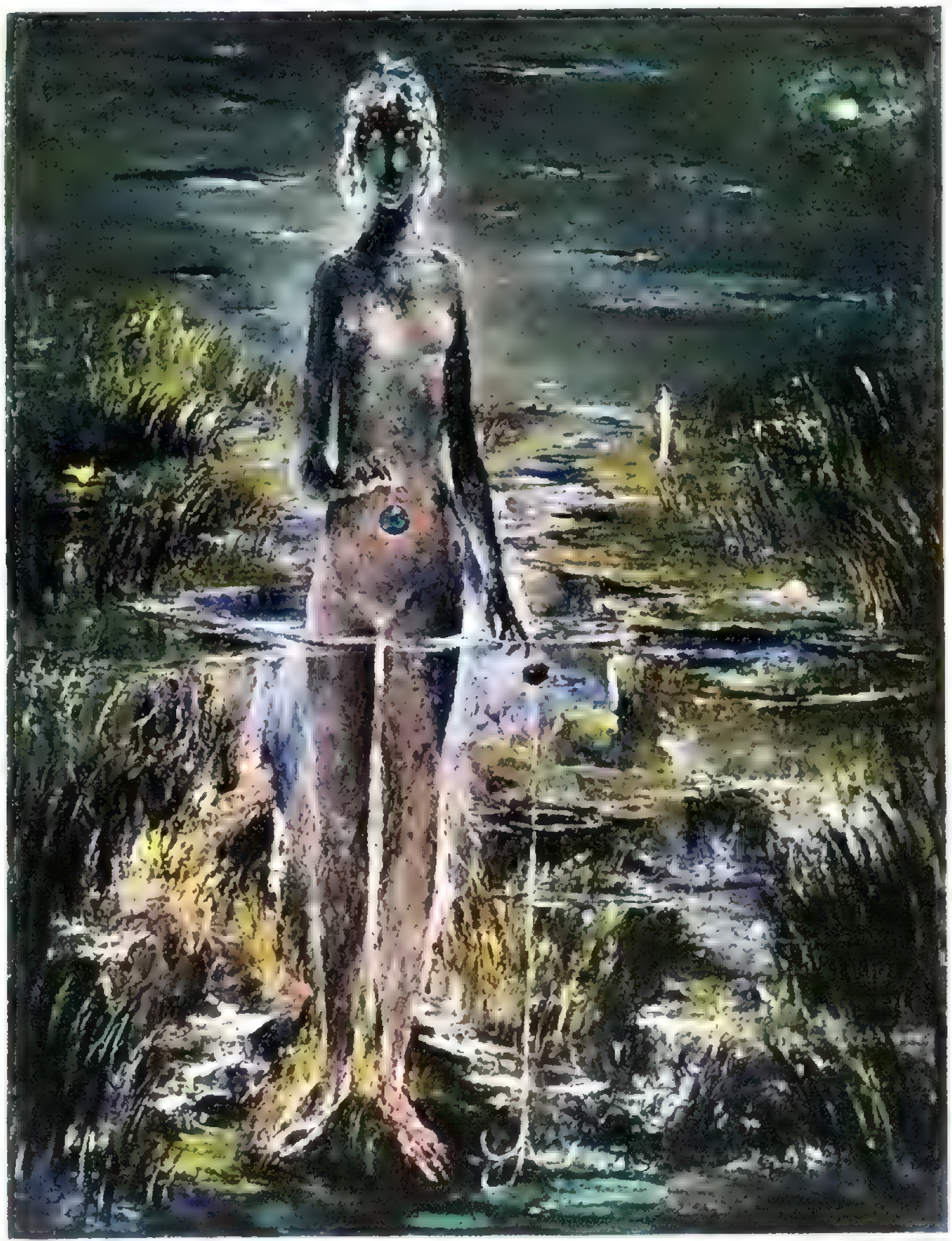
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58th, New York City



THE FISHERMAN

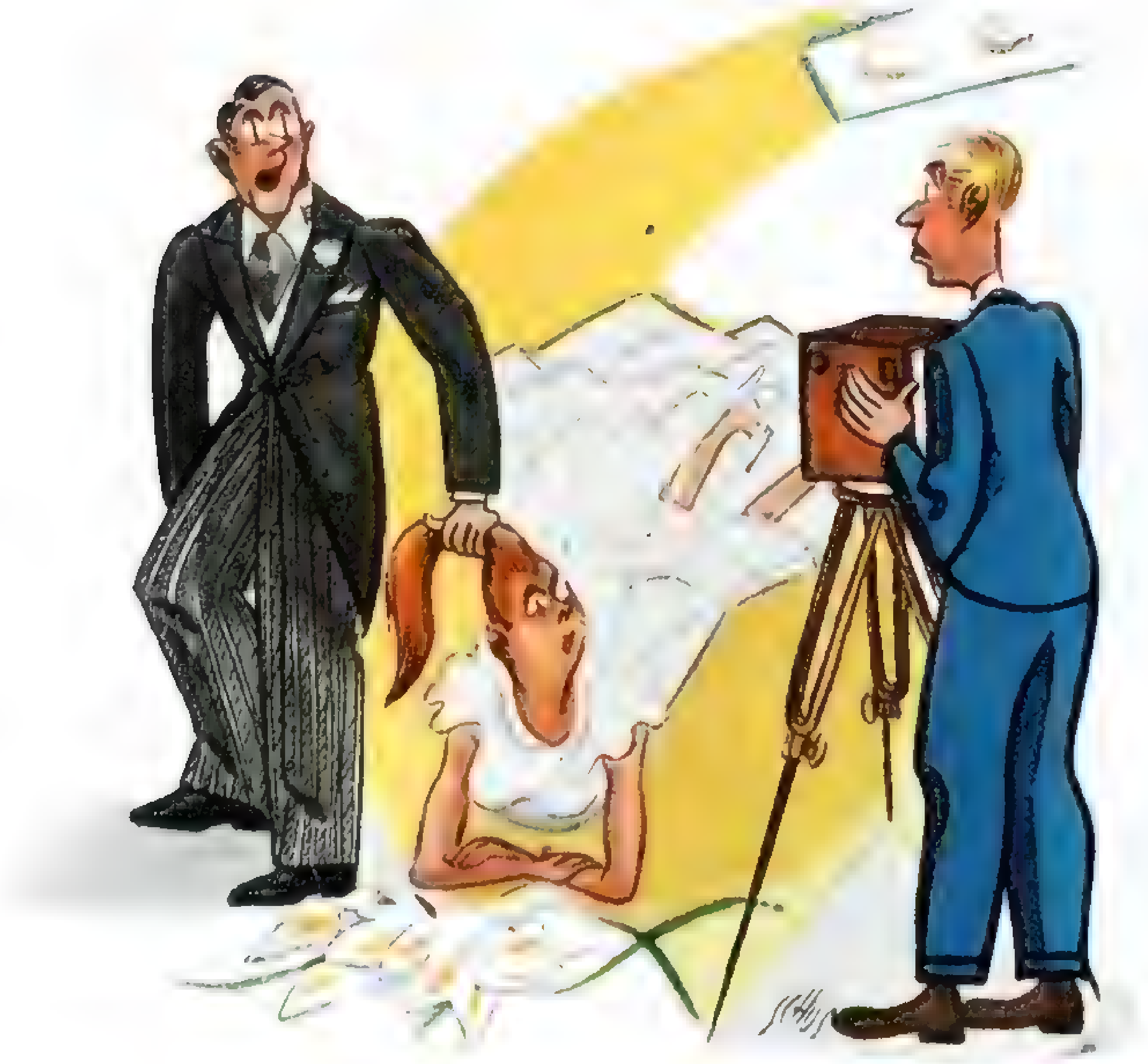


ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

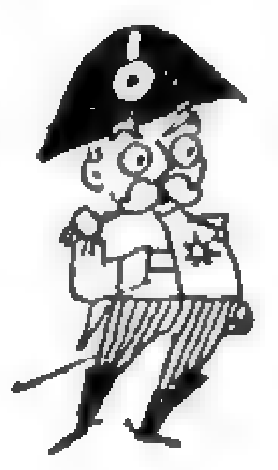


FROM THE COLLECTION [illegible], JR.

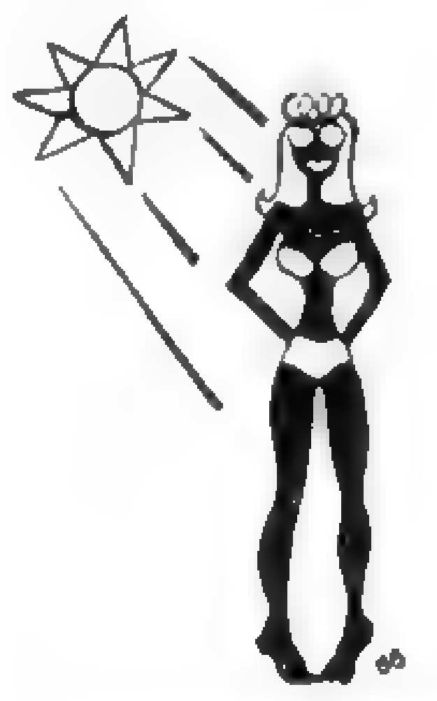
THE SPRING



"Now take one like this—for my den!"

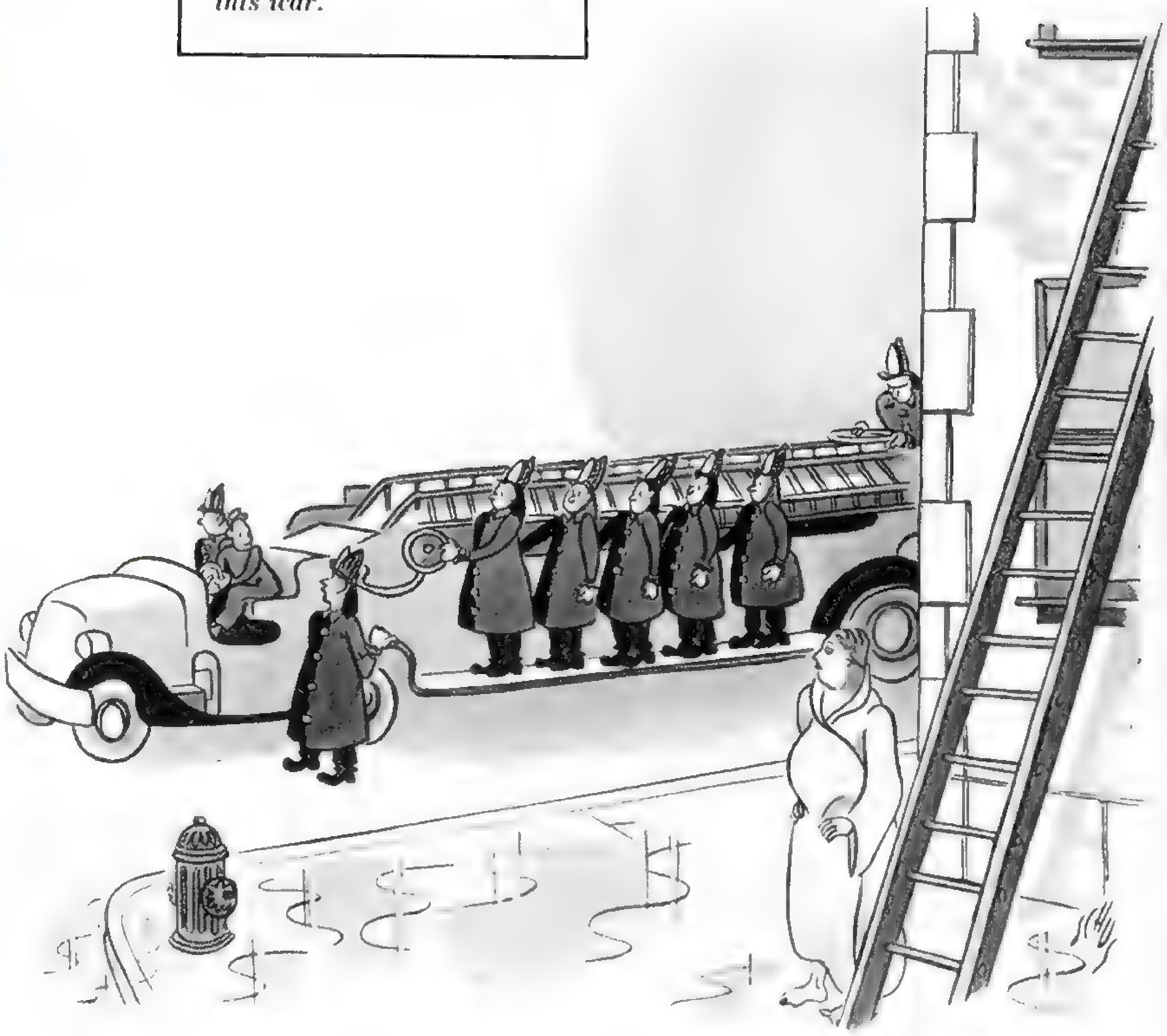


Razor blades, like Hitler alibis, are going to be worn extremely thin during this war.

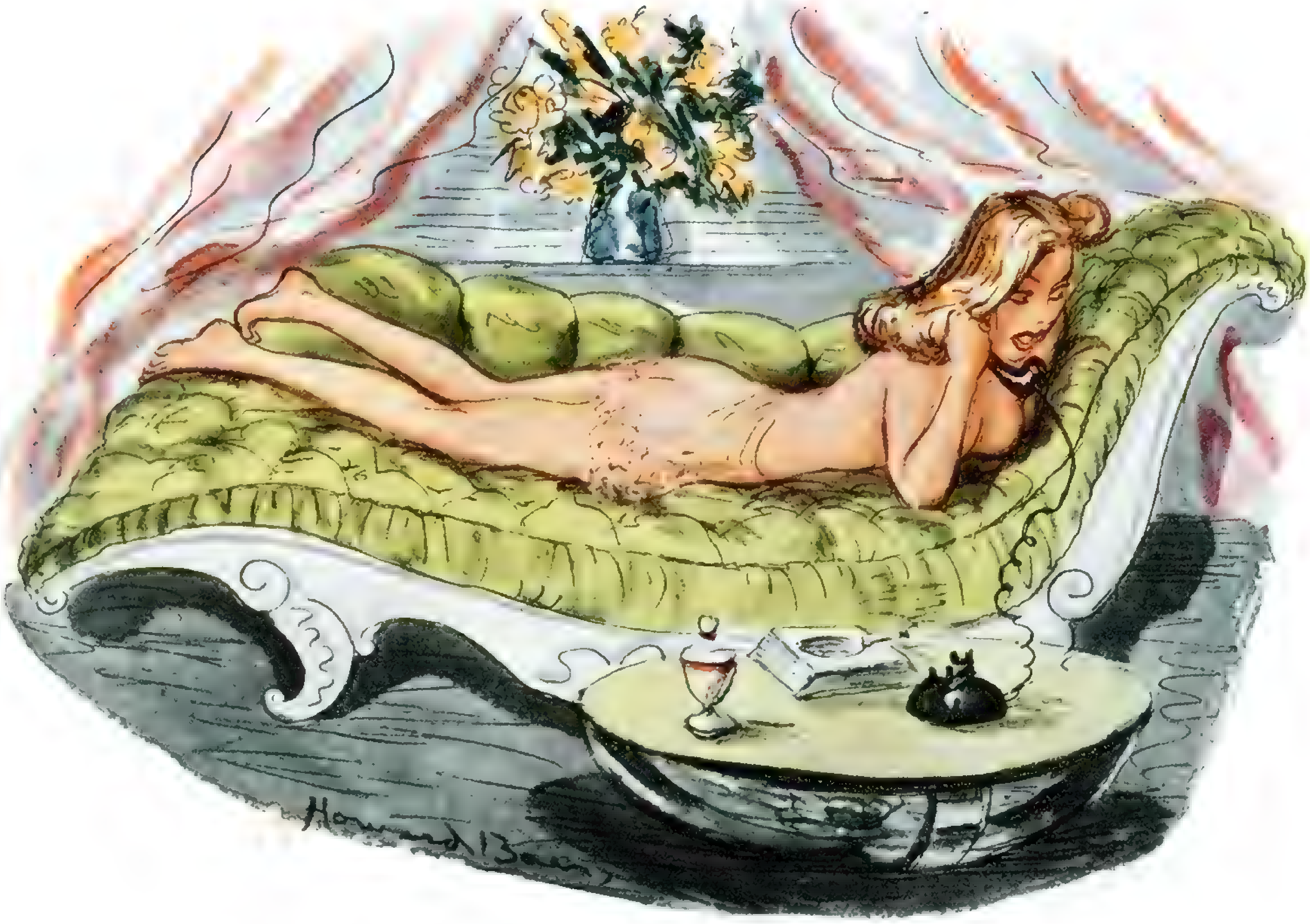


Beach Note

By this time of the year, the American girl looks to be well tanned—as far as we can see.

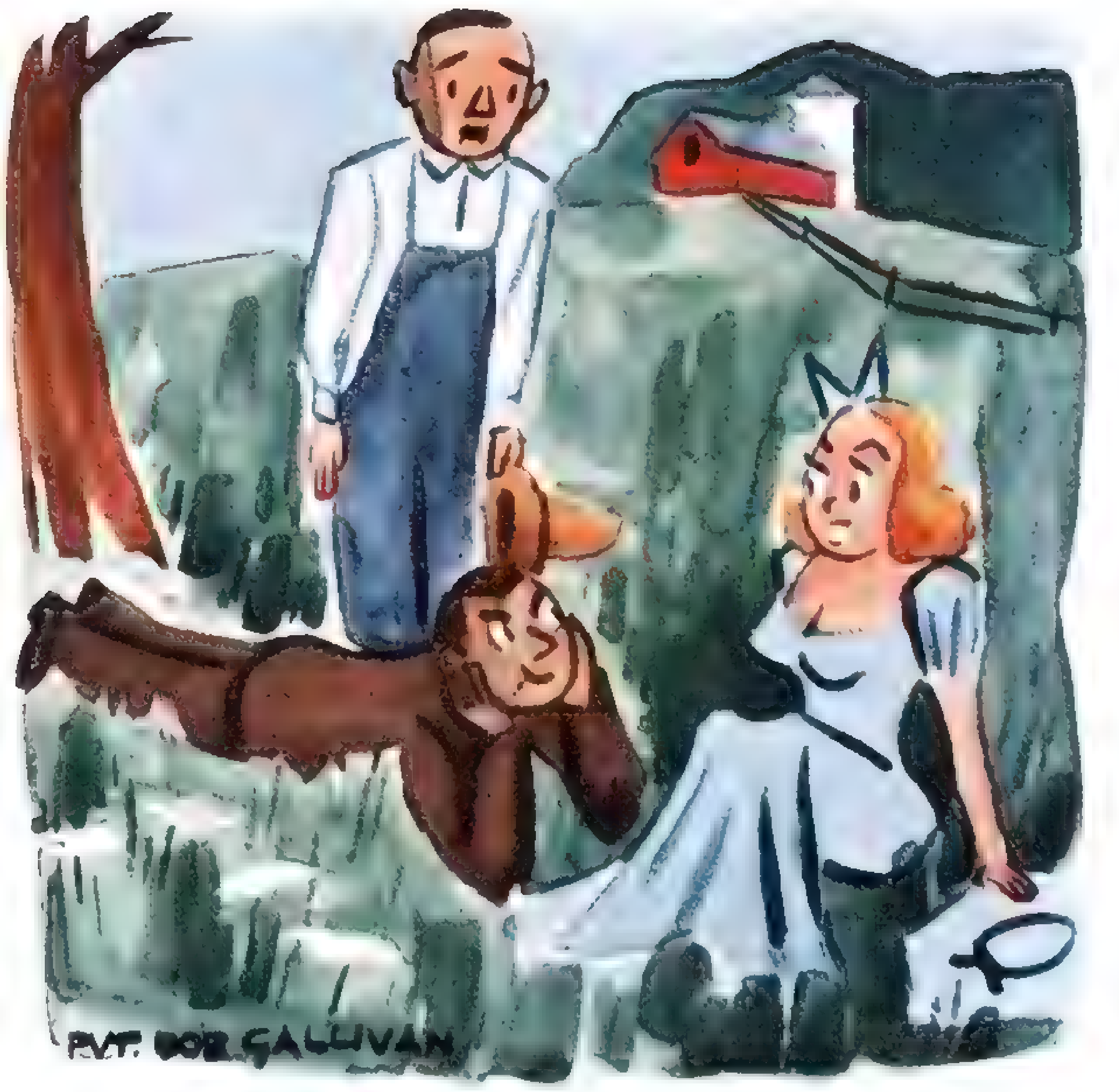


"She says I have to carry her back up!"

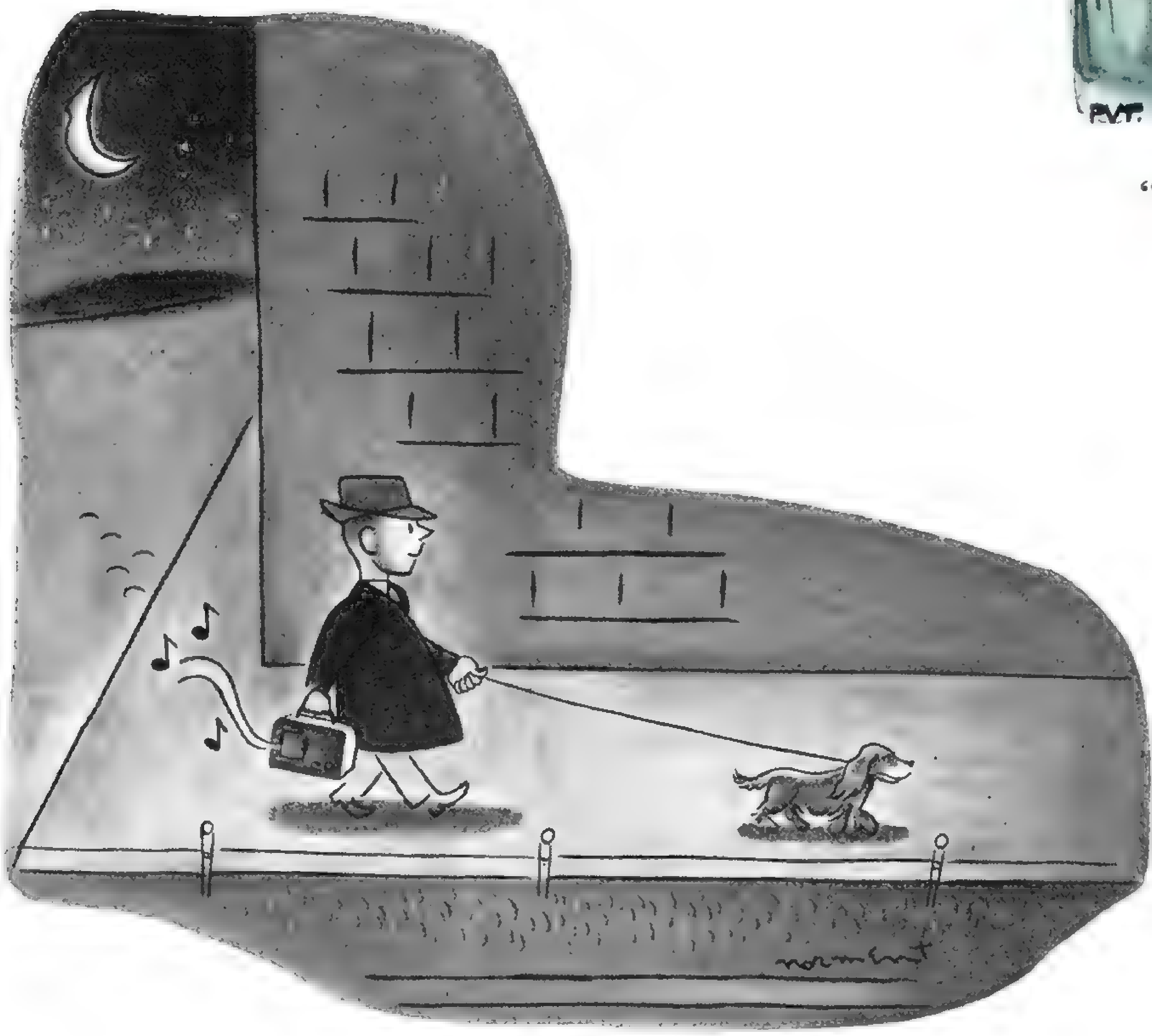


"But, darling, I'm afraid of him—he keeps talking about my mind"

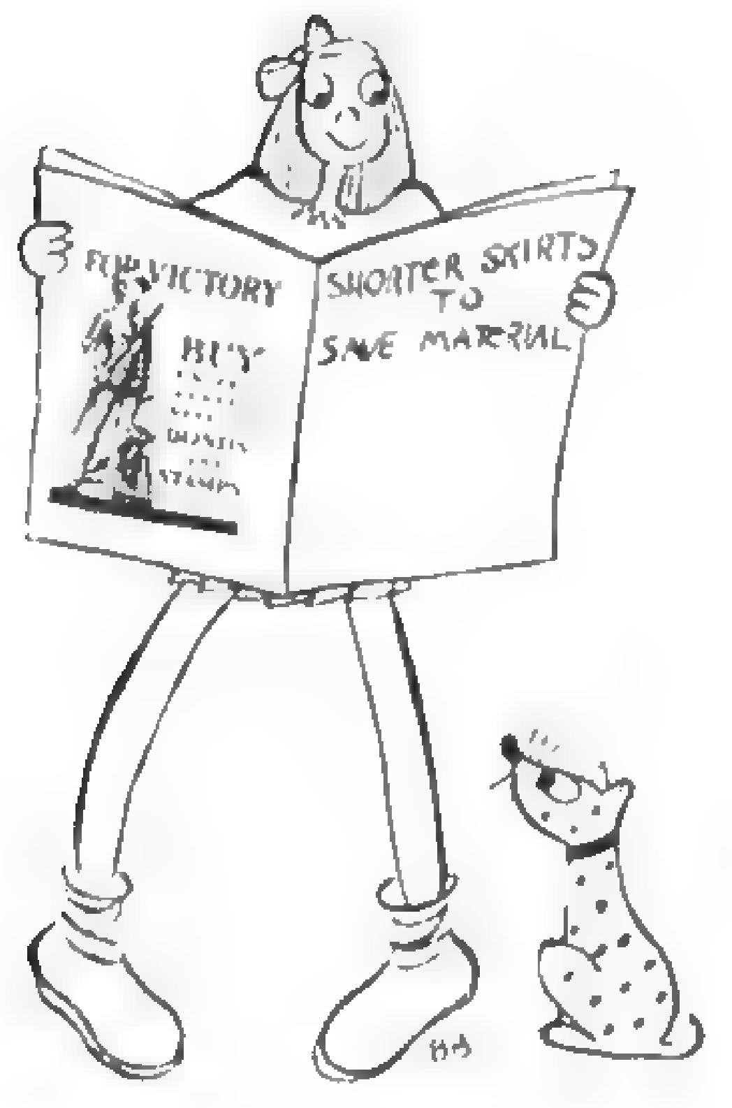
We don't know what's the sweetest story ever told, but it isn't the sugar shortage.

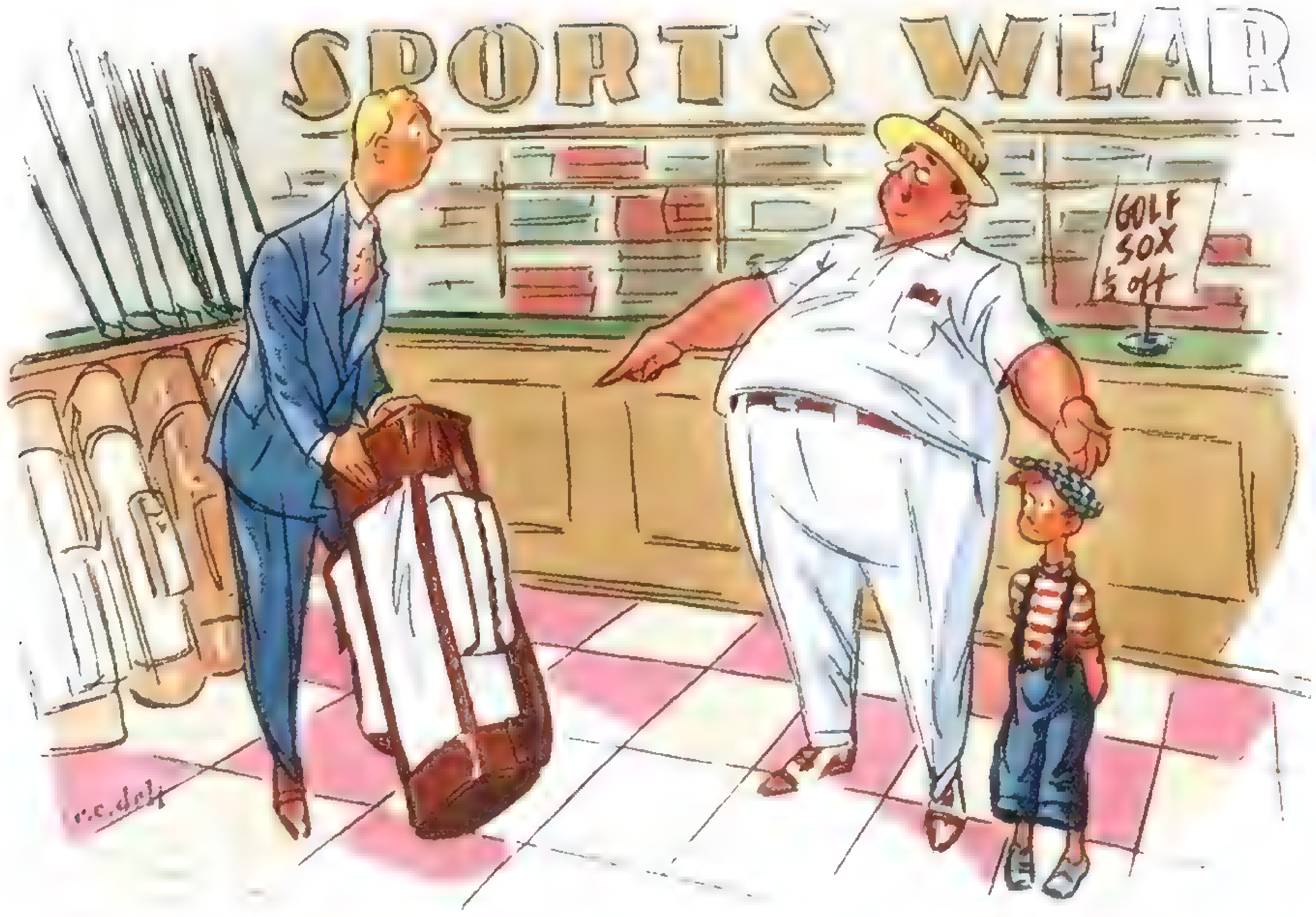

PVT. BOB GALLIVAN

"Your New York office is on the phone, Mr. Andrews"

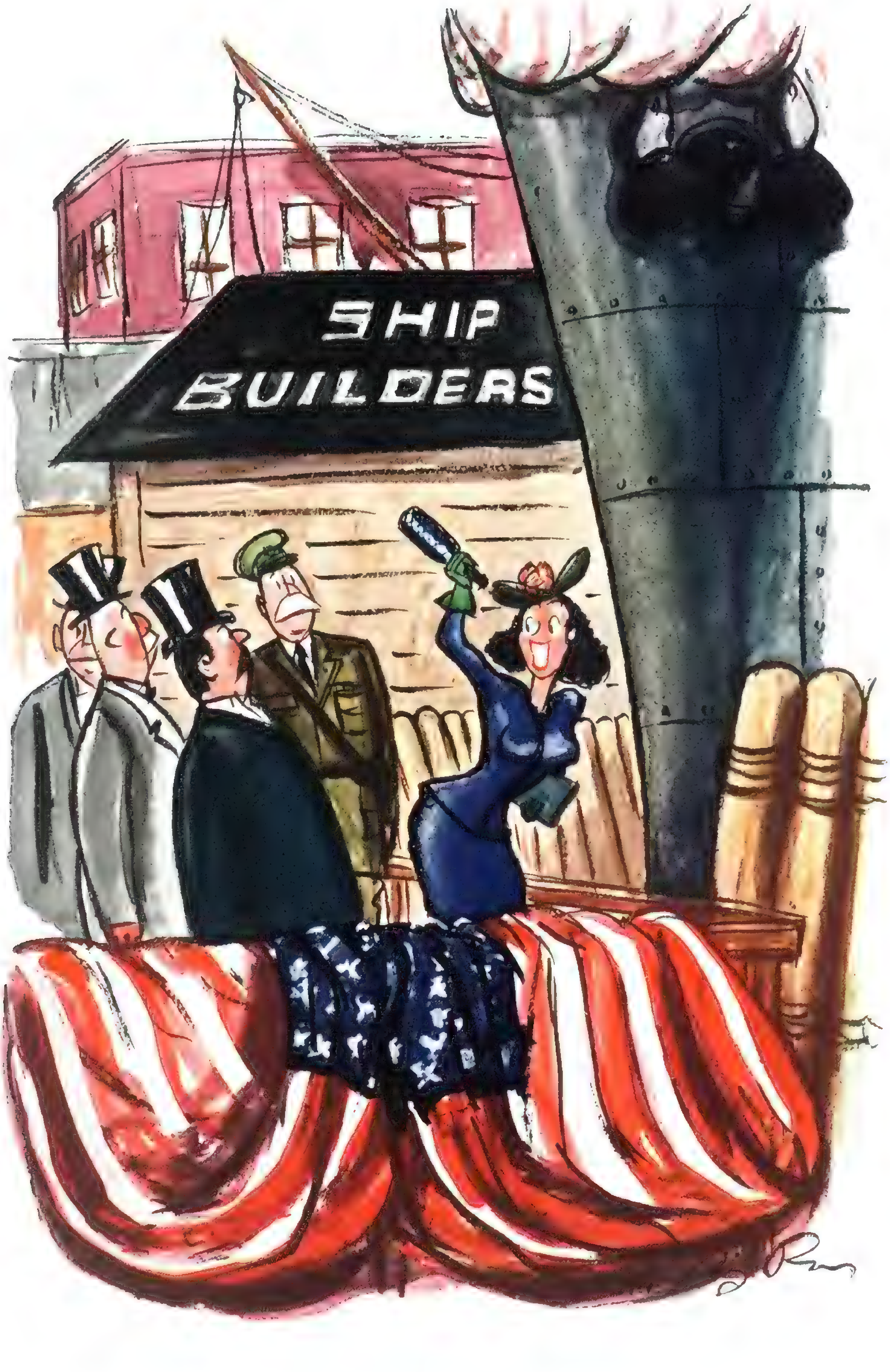


Always look on the bright side of things. Axis spies can't possibly be as diabolical as they're depicted in the movies.


FOR VICTORY
BUY
BONDS
STAMPS
SHORTER SKIRTS TO SAVE MATERIAL


SPORTS WEAR
GOLF SOX ½ off

"Slip that one on him for size"


SHIP
BUILDERS

"Are you sure it's all right? I've been barred from the Stork Club for this sort of thing"

Suds Smite the Spot

Most brewers are zealous gourmets, which may explain why beer blends so happily with seafood and salad

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

As Abe Lincoln so aptly said (or didn't, he?), "The Lord must love the pores. He made so many of them." And now these multitudinous portholes in the human hide, after being closed for the winter, are ajar again, if not wide open. So don't be surprised if the combustion engine in each of us signals that the moisture supply is running low. "Give me fluid," it gasps, "or I'll burn out a cylinder."

I knew a fellow once who was in that acute state of dehydration and wandered the streets wondering what to do about it. As a small boy he had experimentally turned on a faucet to see if tap water would answer his yen, but the darn stuff was pipey tasting and devoid of romance or subtlety. So *that* was out, and likewise, unhappily, his tongue.

But one day as he roamed, ever seeking, he heard a wondrous, hope-inspiring sound —thump, rumble, rumble. A husky and by no means desiccated beer truck athlete was rolling kegs reverberantly across the sidewalk into the portal of a tavern in the town, and no music by Hollywood out of the Old Masters ever listened cooler. Hot on the trail, the desperate one burst indoors and met a bar presided over by a gentleman in a white vest and rose-colored sleeve garters.

"What's yours?" inquired this worthy.

"I'd like some of that program I've been hearing."

Half an hour later, striding by a market, he noticed in the window a three-rib roast of beef. Previously he would have shied away with a grimace of no appetite, but now he barged in, announcing, "I'll take that chop. And wrap up a couple of bottles of beer with it."

A week later, one of his wife's old schoolmates asked her excitedly, "Is that a *new* husband you've got?"

"Not exactly. Rebuilt."

Commonplace as it is, I cite this case history to show you that galloping mummification *can* be cured by a regime of gullet irrigation at which the palate won't protest, "Over my dead body!" That is to say, the human constitution is preserved moistly, like a good cigar in a humidor, but without recourse to water in the bleak. Experienced patients not only co-operate in maintaining their health, but actually take the offensive, stating, "I could use a glass of beer right now, without waiting to consult the dry-ometer."

The principle of the thing was discovered back in the days when a gentleman's club had a rock on one end for tapping purposes. You had to be healthy then, or else. Household furniture was simple but included unassuming vats for fermenting brews of mashed grain into something which the homecoming provider could slake within the coziness of his cave. Present-day diggers into prehistory keep coming upon traces of barley that tell the story. In Egyptian tombs they find these grains carefully cached so that the dear departed wouldn't suffer from thirst in his new adventure.

The living kept on living by eating their yeast in bread and drinking it in beer. Parsnips, beet greens, and broccoli weren't on the menu. One loaf, one hunk meat or fish, and one scuttle suds was a balanced diet, foresting the chest. If this sounds monotonous, you're reckoning without the beer, which causes appetite. A guy with suds in his soul can go at lentils with as much gusto as if they were caviar.

But it was a brew we wouldn't have been satisfied with, for it contained no hops—keynote of modern flavor. Hops were introduced by a sixteenth century abbess as a binder and bouquet-upper after all sorts of herbs and barks had been tried out. The moment this benevolent lady tasted her innovation, she knew she had hit it on the nose, and nobody since has been disposed to gainsay her. Indeed, any time a whiff of hops gets around, there's a natural impulse to hop to it.

The hop plant is a hardy but tricky perennial plant—a climber trained on poles and sometimes draped in festoons as though all set for a block party. The male plant is used for stud purposes only. The female bears flowers containing an aromatic resin called *lupulin* which is what the brewer is after—the dried blossom itself suffers the fate of the cinema scene that gets left on the cutting-room floor.

America was less famous than Europe as a hop raiser, but by the time that Prohibition blighted us we were raising very excellent hops indeed in Washington and Oregon and in the heart of New York state, the growers never suspecting that they were sinning. Bluenoses blasted all that. Since Repeal our Northwest coastal region is doing itself proud again in the hops line and New York has gradually replanted, so the war hasn't caught us with our vines down.

But these and other farm products, totaling thirty-three billion pounds, wouldn't have been bought at a total price of approximately 815,000,000 dollars since beer's relegalization, April 7, 1933, if the American brewing industry were sitting dreaming of oldtime glories. Instead it's been simmering with colossal activity—employing directly or indirectly more than a million people, quenching the thirsts of 40 to 50 million, and shoveling into the U. S. Treasury beer taxes to the merry total of nearly two-and-one-half billion dollars, with about a billion more to state and local treasuries. The United Brewers Industrial Foundation, up to the gills in statistics, informs me that business benefits to thousands of local communities now stand at *fifteen and a quarter billion dollars*, which

Continued on page 115

"Needn't take a running jump, Wilkinson—just step out!"

Excursion Down Ruby Street

Mrs. Finn could only attribute this far venture from familiar Harlem to the fine cameraderie she shared with the milkman

by EDWARD HARRIS HETH

• FICTION •

Mrs. Geranium Finn gloomily watched the rain. She had that morning on waking to a sullen sky, duly recorded the weather in her notebook—*Shaedi. Sun coem out presenkli. Thiss be soem Loevli Dae!*—on the heels of which observation a staggering clap of thunder resounded, and there began a downpour that in the past three hours had not yet hinted its abatement. Water roared down Ruby Street, driving indoors the insinuating young men who loitered round the entrance to the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan Café. Small lagoons, in which floated orange rinds, gin corks and delighted children, welled before the doorways of Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone, the Buisy B Chicken Hut, Radiant Wilson's Barber Shop. All Ruby Street was a tumult of tarnished, zooming water.

Mrs. Finn sighed. She had already whiled part of the morning away by jotting down in her notebook catalogues of her likes and dislikes. These she had engrossed on the pages painstakingly, unhampered by her lyrical spelling, beginning the list in a flurry of enthusiasm with *Fleuris i Loev; vimelets, tulpis, ROANGE BLOSSMERS Ishkabobble*, and progressing down through *Momie Stars i Loev; non.* Now tedium, like a reluctant lover, moped beside her.

Momentarily her weariness lifted when an undressed billboard photograph of Joe Louis whooshed past in the gutter below. Her eyes, which seldom pursued similar courses, careened after it like gulls in the wake of a ship. A sewer soon swallowed the beguiling photograph, however; and Mrs. Finn was left again to her own devices.

When it occurred to her that adventure, on that day at least, was not going to come to her while she waited in her room, Mrs. Finn dressed herself carefully and, still persuaded that the rain was a fleeting shadow, started down the stairs in a summery mood, plump, fortyish, and slightly pigeon-breasted. Mrs. Finn gained the street; spun confusedly into the vicinity of a rain spout; and reappeared sometime later wearing a raincoat, rainhat and rubbers.

Her spirit, however, still was a dry quivering flame, and humming uncelestial harmonies she set off down Ruby Street. She hesitated between investigating moral conditions at the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan—for Mrs. Finn aspired to be a Social Worker—or improving her mind at the Rue Morgue Reading Club, an organization whose library consisted largely of unbound volumes of comic strips. But her hesitancy was short-lived, and with a titillating sensation akin to riding in on a beam, she found herself crossing the street toward the Old Heidelberg Café, whence came beguiling sounds of phonograph music.

Such were the ways of Mrs. Finn's encounters with life, that hardly had she lifted her skirts to straddle the gutter when a milkwagon, returning from its morning route, halted before her. The young, sloe-eyed milkman poked his head through the window at Mrs. Finn.

"Going my way? Pretty wet."

Mrs. Finn, when wearing a hat, often passed for white. To the lay eye a cloudburst ravished Ruby Street but to her, as she climbed with dignity into the cart, the sun shone raucously.

"What you doing down in this quarter?" the driver asked. "Tourist?"

Happily Mrs. Finn dug into her purse to draw out the large calling card, on which she herself had illuminated her name and profession—*Yrs. trilli, Mrs. Granimum Fin SOCCIULE WROKKER.*

"You don't say," the driver said, looking at her askance. "Social Worker. I like the folks down on this Street. Nice, friendly people."

Mrs. Finn glowed. They rode for half a block through the swishing rain in contented silence, after which her companion began to hum softly. Mrs. Finn, calmly gracious, brought out her inch-long pencil and notebook, wet the pencil point on her tongue, and after a period of confused joggling and scribbling handed to her new friend a scrap of paper on which she had written:

Haerk! Haerk! th Laerk!

Her friend grinned cherubically at Mrs. Finn, but kept a puzzled silence. This only prompted Mrs. Finn to further audacities, and she handed him another sheet of paper:

A Stietch in Tiem Saev 9.

The milkman ceased humming and lapsed into glum silence. Mrs. Finn settled back, resting one small hand lightly on her bosom, in mild regret that the unseasonable weather prevented her acquaintances from noting her excursion. She knew not whither she traveled, and cared even less. When the milkman began making low, uncomfortable sounds, she responded with alacrity:

I haev a liev ratt. Aets plenni raw egs. Aslo aets rad rasmerris. Aets aslo Miec.

"Funny weather," the milkman said, poking his head out of the cart. "Going far?"

Taek mi out to th Bal Gaem, Mrs. Finn answered.

"Pretty wet for a ball game, ma'am," her friend said, puckering up his lips as though in fright.

Ill see you im mi Drems! Sanks you mudge. Kep yr nos clen. AL IS NOT GOLD THA GLIST.

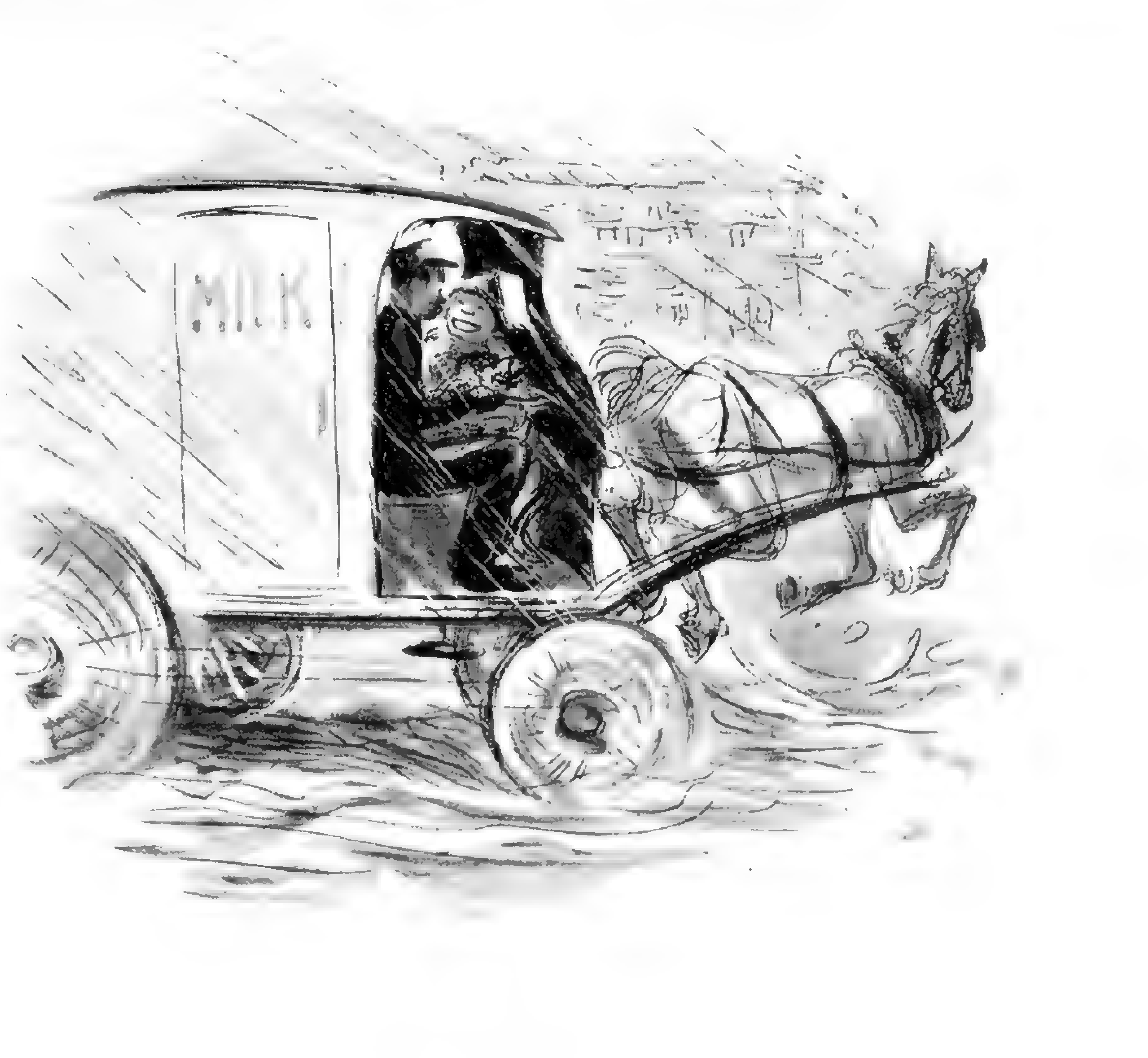
Mrs. Finn's new-found friend halted the cart so suddenly that she fell forward to her knees. "End of the line," he said brusquely, but in a tearful tone.

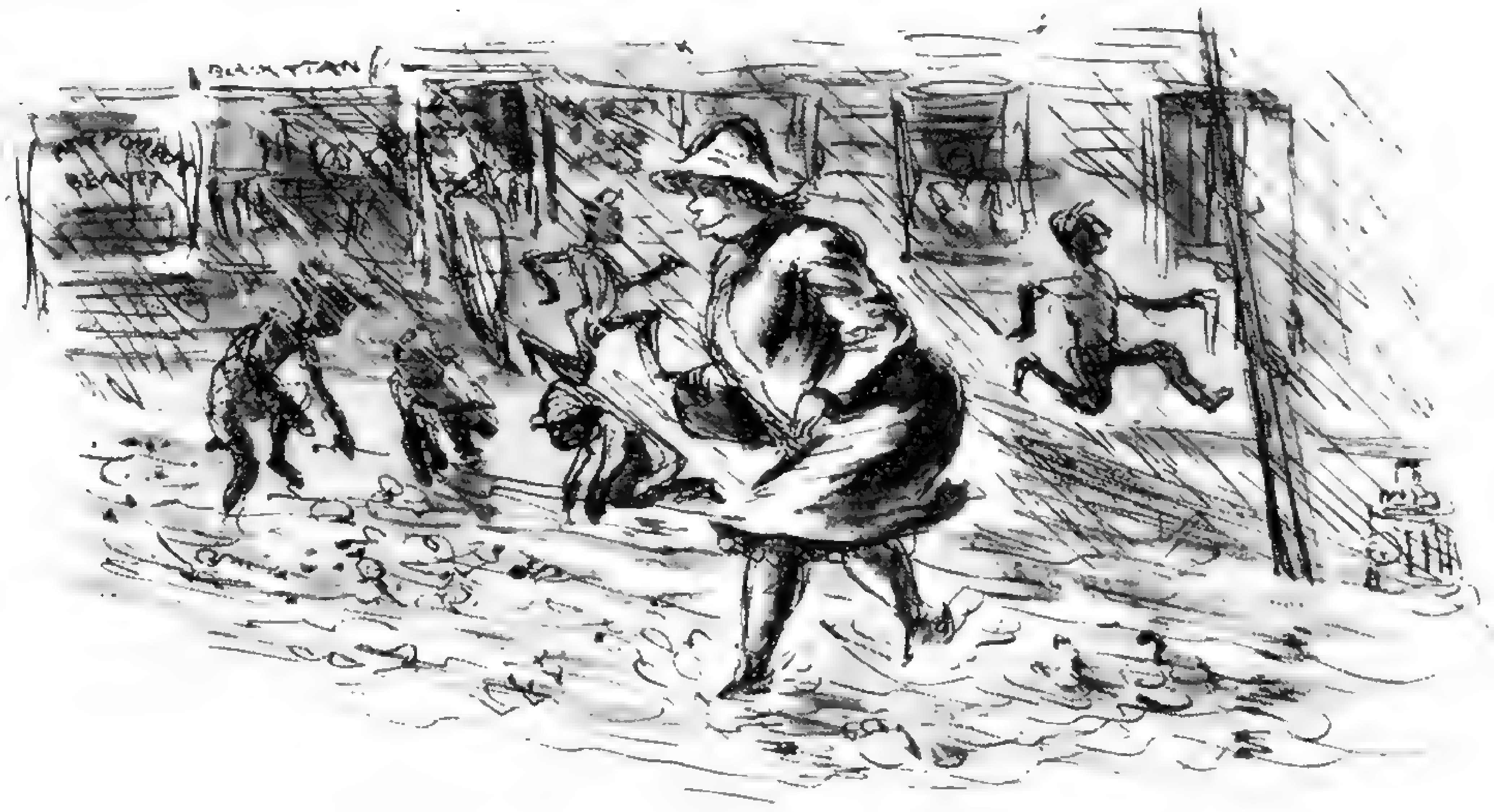
Mrs. Finn clambered to an upright position and nodded graciously.

"Mighty nice trip," the milkman whimpered. "Enjoyed the company."

Mrs. Finn nodded again, and alighted from the cart with waggish grace. Hardly had she descended when she saw the driver rather wildly prod his horse, and a moment later disappear from her sight.

She was surprised to find herself, magnifi-





cently blessed by the rain, surrounded by the tall square buildings of the white man's world. On one side of her was the Public Library, while on the other rose the pure white pillars of the Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. Finn felt their chill. A restive discontent always seized her when in these quarters, persistent from the day she entered the Public Library to ask for a copy of *Th gner Hot.* Though certainly not wanting to seem crotchety, she felt a keen dissatisfaction when the Librarian handed her a book upon whose cover was printed *The Green Hat.*

Th gner Hot pleas. Sanks you mudge. KEP SMILLIG, she placed again sedately before the Librarian.

The ensuing squabble ended only after Mrs. Finn, feeling that if indeed this were the book she had requested, then the author's spelling must be borne with tolerant contempt, dropped on the Librarian's desk a hastily-scrawled note which read *THE MEK SHAL INHETRIT TH ERTH* and departed, generous in her victory.

She turned her back upon the Library. Hunger began to tease her and, after searching in her purse where she found nearly thirty cents in small change, she set off across the street toward a Hamburger Stand. Though the restaurant was small and shoddy, after the ecstatic voyage away from Ruby Street, Mrs. Finn had the definite sensation of entering a French café. She was already seated at the counter, her sopping gloves, with one thumb missing, spread before her like a pair of emergency hands, and was studying the menu in dignified delight, feeling that were one to judge by the spelling then indeed this was French, when the waiter approached her.

"Sorry," he said quietly. "Can't serve coloreds here."

Smiling gaily, rather as though her head were just severed from her body, and by habit feeling for her pencil and notebook but suddenly without strength to comment, Mrs. Finn nodded, wheeled on her stool, confusedly retrieved her gloves and marched unaccustomedly mute from the restaurant. She was abruptly anxious to return to Ruby Street, which accepted as one proud thing her self, her spelling, and her aspirations.

A faint smile clung to her lips. So enjoyable had her trip been in the milk cart that she did not realize how many blocks her new friend had taken her, a fact which she put down to their mutual enjoyment of each other. Spring smells poked through the rain. Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone at last hove into sight; the Buisy B Chicken Hut, which she passed by with curt lack of appetite; at last the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan. Ordinarily she would have swerved to avoid the puddle that billowed before the entrance. Today she sailed through it, unknowing.

She nodded coolly to the patrons lined against the bar and, as befitted one of her position, grimaced at the music bawling from the nickel phonograph. She went directly to a solitary table at the rear of the cafe, and ordered a double gin.

Gin had made her once more invincible by the time Mrs. Wakefield, a large, cheery woman, joined her. Mrs. Finn eyed her icily.

"You fixin' good?" Mrs. Wakefield began the conversation.

Mrs. Finn blinked slowly. Out came her pencil and pad, and presently an ultimatum was placed before Mrs. Wakefield:

Addiosi. Vamish!

Mrs. Wakefield roared pleasurably.

Thiss be Rushmia? Mrs. Finn wrote stonily. *Ervibodi setied at ervibodis Tabule?*

"Yowee," Mrs. Wakefield guffawed. "How you like some gin?" And she winked lusciously at Mrs. Finn.

Mrs. Finn steadied herself. She set her lips in determination.

Thiss is privaet parti. Bete it. Ol Skini Baen!

Mrs. Wakefield on receiving the message burst into further laughter, causing Mrs. Finn to drum impatiently with her fingers on the table. But the gins had already been placed before them. Mrs. Finn, though remaining aloof, gulped hers swiftly.

"Who's your boy friend, Geranium?" Mrs. Wakefield chuckled, wiping the laughter from her eyes. "Some Rolls-Royce. It that swank!"

It was like placing a small jewel casket before Mrs. Finn. Her eyes fluttered and her cheeks spun red, yet when she delved in she brought out:

Thiss is proabli free Conkri? Curiosme Kild a Caet. Sanks you mudge.

"Wahoo!" Mrs. Wakefield commented in garish fashion.

Mrs. Finn lost a small amount of her reserve, abetted by the fresh round of gins which Mrs. Wakefield ordered. A new excitement began to shake her as Mrs. Wakefield continued with her hilarious, somewhat bawdy, suspicions. It did not, however, betray Mrs. Finn and she kept a fixed chill smile on her lips.

"The open season on white gentlemen," Mrs. Wakefield asked with a mirthful wink, "now has officially commenced?"

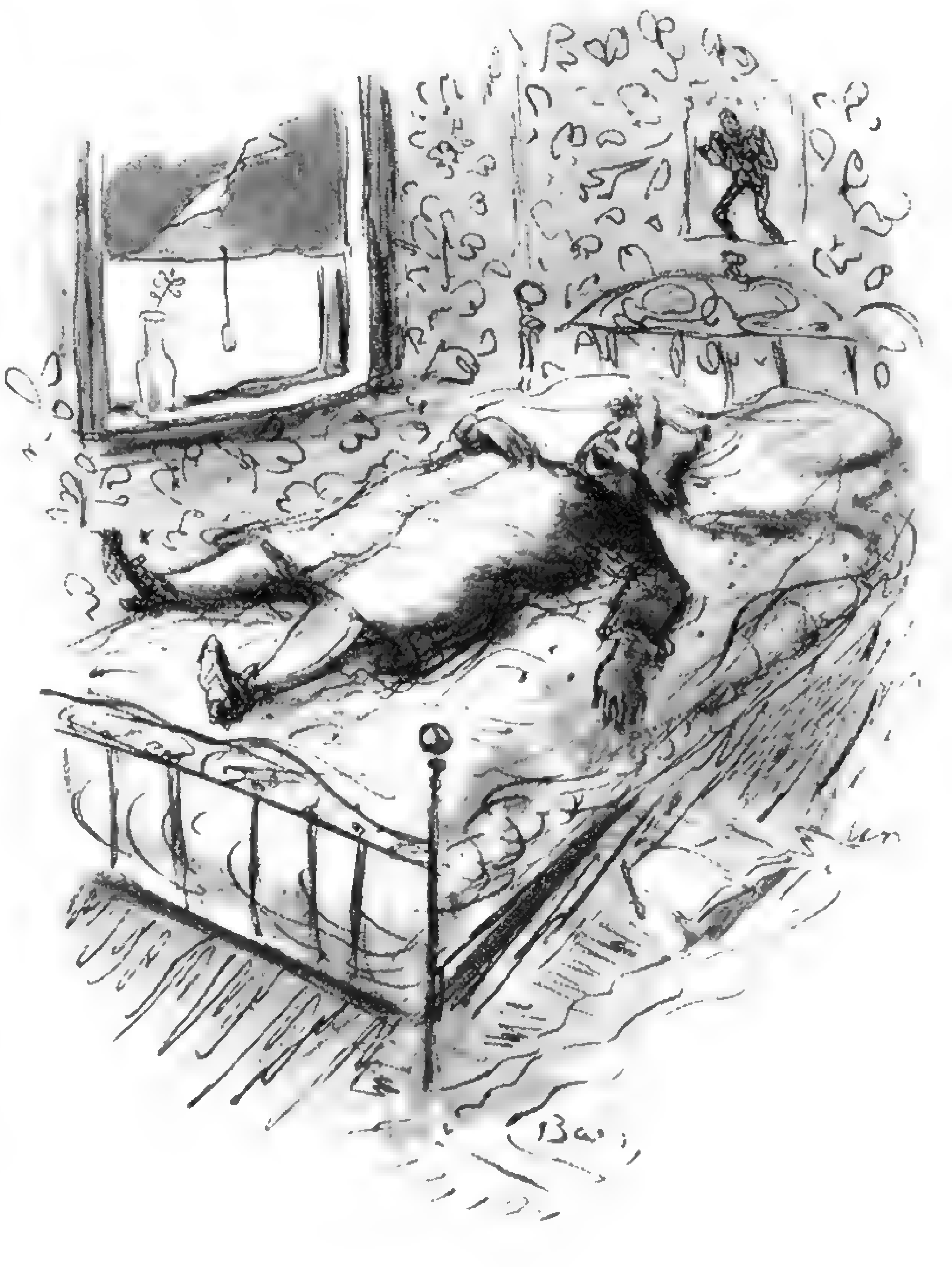
Mrs. Finn's fingers twitched. A ginny numbness pervaded them, and before she could control them found herself pushing before Mrs. Wakefield:

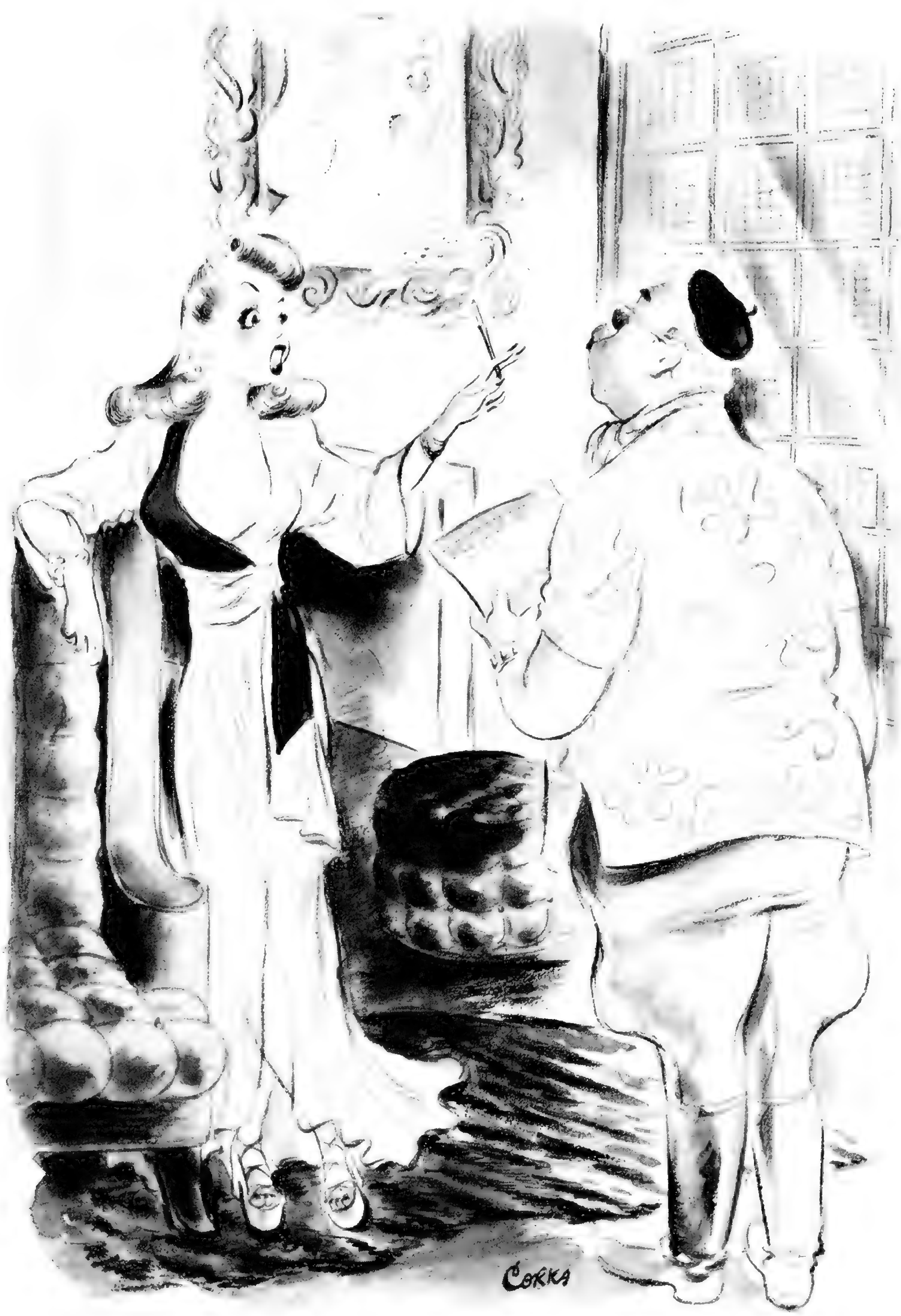
Wite gimmelplim friend escork me to esselenk diner at Hoetl. Tertl supe. Aslo big bottule Shmapane. He soem nummer. Absolumey!

It was late afternoon when Mrs. Finn took her unsteady departure from the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan, noting with some dismay that the day now bloomed full and sunny. She felt a curious sleepiness, and made her way down Ruby Street even more aloofly than usual. All the way she felt the specter of her new friend at her elbow, guiding her occasionally faltering step. She felt sated by her lavish dinner at the downtown hotel. The afternoon sun was unaccustomedly hot, and as she let herself into her room a great weariness overcame her.

Mrs. Finn that day retired early, sprawling on her bed in dignified sleep despite the raincoat, rainhat and rubbers she still wore, long before the sun had waned. One hand rested lightly on her bosom and she slept with quiet, warm dreams. She had tried, before sleep overpowered her, to remember at exactly what hour her new friend had called for her, appearing out of the rainy sky. And she had not offered herself to sleep, without first bringing out her fat, dog-eared dossier, and dutifully enscribing on its pages the day's final entry.

Wethr Timomriw, she had concluded with certain high hopes, *proabli Shaedi. IM GODD W TRUSK. You bett!* #





"Well, you can just tell Princeton to vote for somebody else to live on a desert island with"

Ted Williams: Evangelical Swatter

Fanatical baseball zeal plus swing "he walked into the park with" make all pitchers "lambs" to this phenom

by AL WESSON

• SPORTS •

REMEMBER how tall, rawboned Ted Williams became the hero of the Major League All-Star game in Detroit last summer when he blasted a homer with two on, two out and two strikes on him in the last of the ninth to give the American League a 7 to 5 victory? Do you sometimes wonder what the young hero's mother was doing about that time? Ted's mother was praying. She is deeply religious, and in her conversation she refers frequently to the thirty-five years of service she has given to the Salvation Army.

During the ball game May Williams was at home in San Diego listening to the radio. Ted's team was trailing 5 to 4 with two out in the last of the ninth when he came to bat. As he took one strike and then another, his mother at home in San Diego was overcome with trembling and suddenly began to pray. "Oh Lord, help my Ted," she cried, falling on her knees before the radio. "He needs you now. Give him strength!"

About that time, Red Barber, who broadcasts the Brooklyn games during the season, let out: "Ted Williams has connected! There it goes . . . headed for deep right. It looks like it's going over. Yes . . . there it is . . . a home run." Barber was so astounded by the sudden turn of events that he was rendered actually speechless for several moments on the air, which was broken only by the loud guffawing of some American League fan in the background.

As lanky Ted Williams loped around the paths, leaping boyishly to shake hands with himself in glee as he turned first base, his mother, back home in San Diego, knew that another of her prayers had been answered.

If you knew Ted Williams' zealous mother, you would have a better idea of this wonder kid of baseball. She is enthusiastic, fervent and emotional. Her mission is religion. The son has all of the parent's high spirit and evangelical qualities. And every bit of his own fanaticism ever since he was old enough to hold up one end of a bat has been directed at baseball.

Ted has never wanted to be anything but a baseball player. He has never wanted to be anything but the best baseball player in history. But what he really means by the best player in history is really the best hitter in history. In Ted's book the ability to lay the wood on the apple is the only measure of a ball player.

"Gimme a bat! Lemme at that ball! Oh, that poor pitcher! He's my lamb!" That's always been Ted's single-track idea of baseball. Ted's penchant for calling all opposing pitchers "lambs" brought on himself the nickname "The Lamb."

Nobody seems to know just where Ted Williams got his burning desire to play baseball. His mother recalls that at the age of three he would pull a baseball cap many sizes too big over on the side of his head, drag along a bat that seemed twice his length and stop strangers passing by his house with, "I'm gonna be a Babe Wooth."

His folks weren't particularly interested in baseball, and there wasn't much talk about it in his home town. His father, Samuel Stuart Williams, who is now divorced from Mrs. Williams, runs a photo shop in San Francisco. San Diego had comparatively few baseball fans, and didn't even get a Coast League club until 1936—that team, incidentally, being Ted's first pro nine.

When Ted, as an eleven-year-old youngster, started spending most of his time at the University Heights playground near his home, daily he used to pester Rod Luscomb, the playground director, to play "big league" with him. This was a game played by a twosome on a handball court, the object being for the batter to hit an indoor baseball past the pitcher against areas on the handball wall marked off for singles, two-baggers, etc. Even then Luscomb marveled at the skinny youngster's marvelous swing. "He had it from the very start," according to Luscomb. "It's exactly the same swing he has now. He just walked into the playground with it."

When he was back in San Diego last fall for an exhibition game, Ted went around to see Rod, his old playground playmate, and, just as he had always done as a boy, he got Rod to bat a few with him. "Ted," said Luscomb, after watching a few wallops, "your swing hasn't changed a bit."

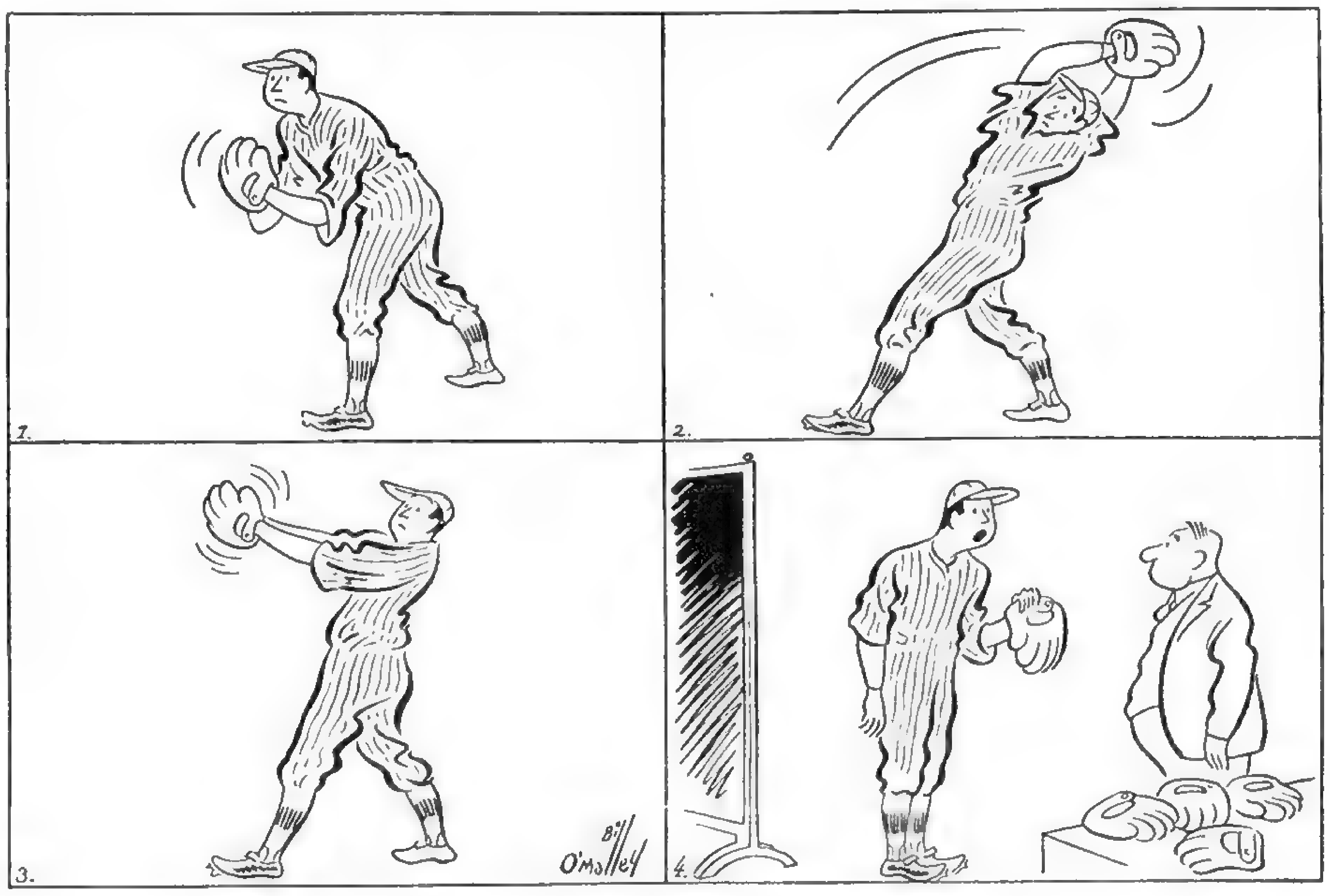
"Nope," Ted replied. "Nobody ever taught me anything. I just swing."

On his way up, he had followed the advice given him on his first baseball trip with the San Diego club by Lefty O'Doul, San Francisco manager: "Don't let 'em change you, kid. Stay as sweet as you are."

Almost any entranced fan or player who has seen Williams at the plate will be glad to demonstrate for you his version of the Williams swing, but for a correct technical analysis of that swing the best source is Frank Shellenback. Besides managing Ted for two years in the Coast League and coaching him since the 1940 season at Boston, Shelly has made a special study of the form that made Williams the .406 hitting champion of the American League last year. About twenty-five or thirty times a year, Williams feels the need of some special batting practice, and Shellenback then gets a catcher and a couple of "shaggers" and they have a private morning session at the ball park. During the winter, Shellenback goes on lecture tours with the American League moving pictures which contain a slow-motion study of Williams at the plate.

"Ted starts with a medium stance at the plate," explains Shellenback, "with a space of

Continued on page 98



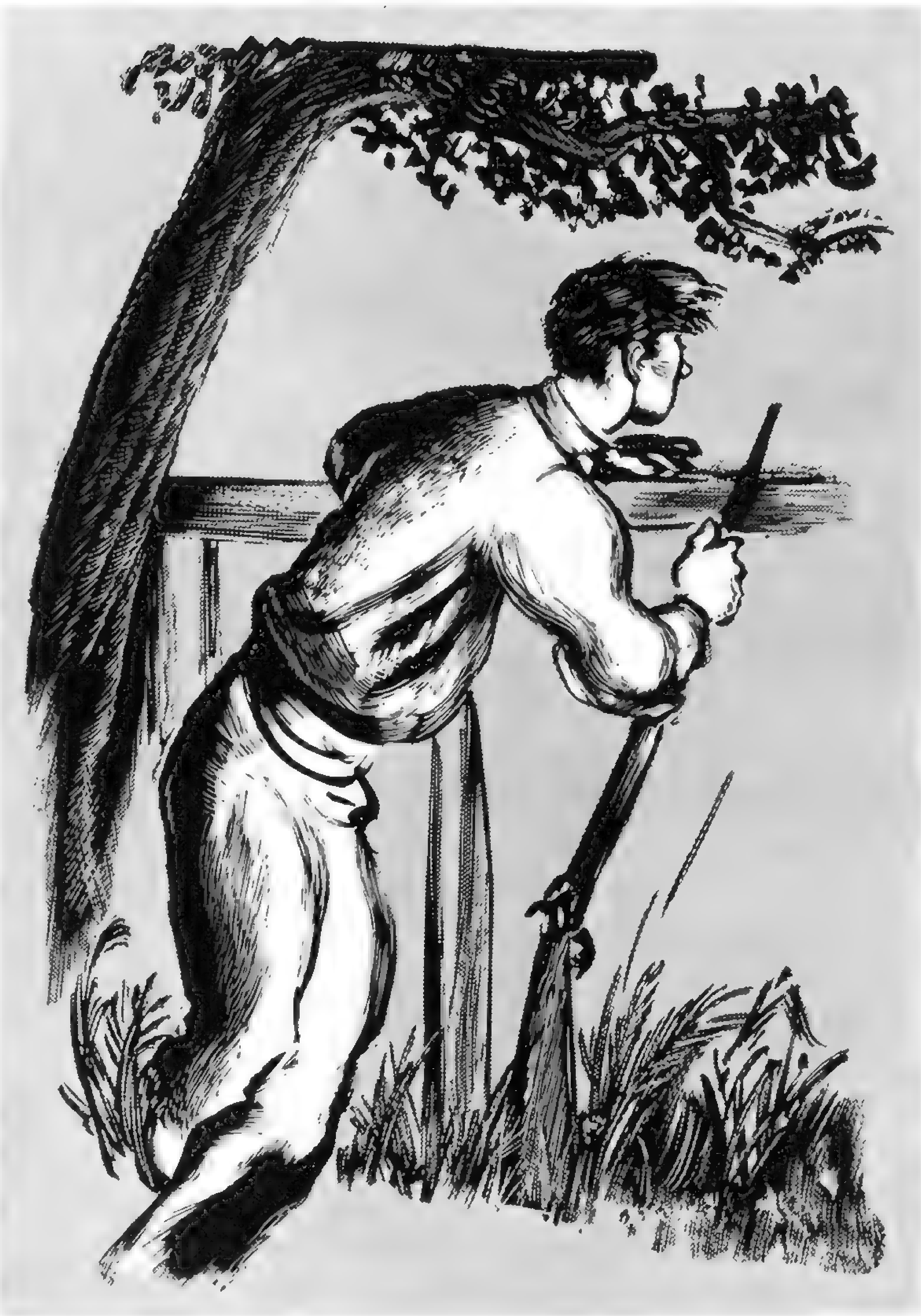
"Too big"

The Two Hunters

The deputy said he could find the still alone but he wanted to give Lacey a chance to make some money

by H. L. SIMPSON

FICTION



He was a tall boy, slender, with small hands and small feet, a narrow thin-cheeked face, and hair the color of weather-bleached sandstone. His eyes were blue, now dark, now light; quiet, bottomless eyes that, like deep quiet water, covered and revealed and reflected many things. In one hand he carried a rifle, and carefully cradled in the crook of his other arm was his old felt hat, lined with moss and half filled with flowers.

Now and then he looked below him toward the bottom of the narrow valley where a faint thread of pale blue smoke wavered up above the spruce trees, and from some hidden place behind the trees there came the thin sour smell of boiling mash. But most often he looked at the ground, and when he saw a sign of the thing he hunted, he would drop to his knees and search under the dead damp leaves, carefully, with slow gentle movements of his hands. The clay bank hound dog that followed at his heels would pause to watch, and then come to sniff the flowers the boy drew from under the leaves. He showed a sympathy each time the boy shook his head and said in his slow soft voice, "They're little, Mose. I wanted bigger ones—pinker like Millie likes."

Many times he stopped for no reason at all, but was still, looking at the flowers in his hat, caressed them with his eyes, and there was a gentle dreaming in his glance that went to something past the flowers.

He was dreaming so with a half smile on his mouth when the dog pricked his ears, looked up the ridge side and growled low in his chest. The boy listened, too, and the listening concerned look on his face killed the wandering lights in his eyes, and they were cold and dark and quiet. He glanced toward the smoke, "It's somebody comin' where they've no business to come," he whispered to Mose, and turned up the hill.

He walked more quickly now, the hat filled with flowers carried gently as before, the gun held high and clear of the laurel bush. He walked soundlessly, careful to twist his shoulders and slide through the brush, his eyes on the ground as if he would pick a place for his feet, and when the feet came down they never snapped a twig or ground against a stone, but rested lightly and silently against the dead leaves and the damp earth, then lifted again and swung away in the long unhurried stride of the born hill man.

He went up the steep moss covered ground, through clusters of dark green ivy and laurel bush until he came to the open growth of the ridge top. There the pines were straight and dark and tall with little undergrowth between except the coarse ridge grass, greening at its roots in sign of the coming spring.

He stood by a tree and listened again, then looked at the listening Mose and nodded slowly. He looked toward the white sand of the ridge road that lay pale and straight and dead between the black pine trunks, and he and the dog drew nearer the road, not walking openly through the grass, but flitting quickly from tree to tree. There was a curious oneness about the boy and dog as if they were no longer two things, separate and different, but one, some strange, machine-like thing, planned for watching and listening and slipping through the trees.

They came at last to a tree by the road, and the boy placed the flowers in a cup-like hollow formed by the roots of the tree, and stood with both hands on his gun and watched the road. The road had the old, never-used look of something lost and forgotten so long ago that it was less a place for people to pass over than the memory of a road. On it there were no wagon tracks or signs of the feet of men or of animals. Dead grass like a carpet was brown in the center and in a puddle the shimmering gelatinous life of young tadpoles trembled under still water.

Now and then fitful gusts of wind made a strong singing in the pines, then gradually ebbed and died into hoarse broken mutterings and whispered sighs that seemed more a plea for silence than a beginning of sound. Somewhere a creek, swollen with late winter rain, roared in a muffled thunder, and still farther away the troubled fretting of river water torn on the rocky shoals of the Cumberland came fitfully on the wind.

The sound of a mule's feet came first at intervals and then more steadily while the boy waited motionless by the tree. Only his eyes moved in slow careful glances as the mule and rider came into view. The man who rode the mule had the air of a hunter, giving little attention to the road, but turning in his saddle and peering among the pine trees as if some game might be lurking there. The gun he carried seemed a thing made for hunting, longer and heavier than the boy's, though the steel of the barrel did not shine so blue and the brightly varnished wood of the stock was less worn with use. He carried it awkwardly in the manner of a man unaccustomed to riding a mule and carrying a gun, such a heavy gun at that; an automatic rifle mounted with a telescope sight.

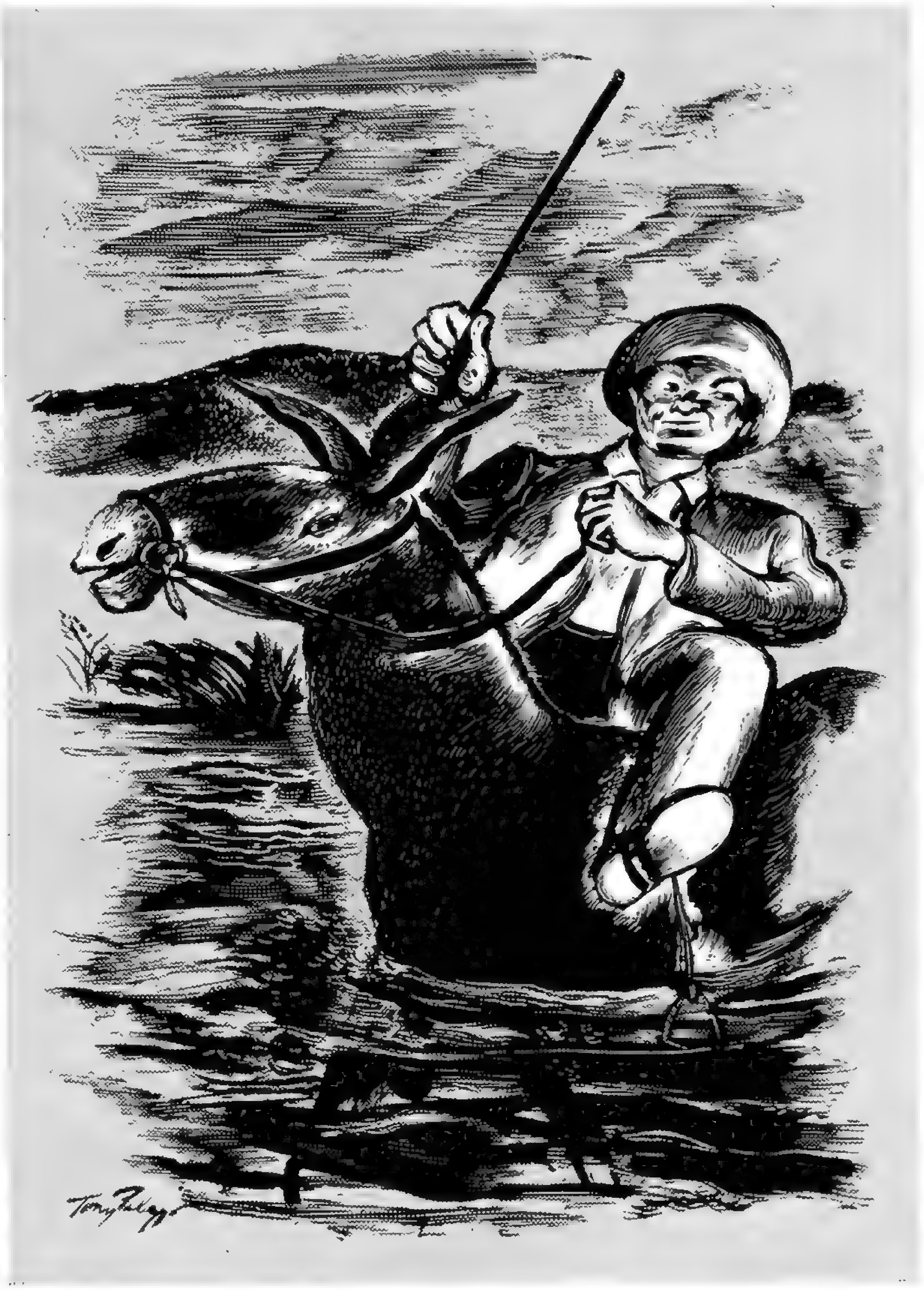
He was looking away through the trees when the boy stepped noiselessly into the road. He turned and gave a nod more of surprise than of greeting, and the boy smiled, a slow grave smile that drew his curling upper lip away from his teeth and did not brighten his eyes. The man drew his bridle rein and grinned and asked, "Huntin'?" The boy nodded and studied his face, a large face, hard and heavy with something of the pig and of the fox crawling across the bottoms of his narrow slate-colored eyes. He examined the boy with an unconcealed air of appraisal as he asked, "What's your name?"

"Lacey."

"Lacey? Sounds like a girl's name," he said, and stared critically at the boy's thin beardless cheeks. "How old are you?"

"Goin' on seventeen."

"You're tall but youngish lookin' for your age," he commented critically.



"Pap, he was slow gettin' his growth, he says."

"Who is your dad, anyhow?"

"Big Jake Bledsoe," the boy answered, and did not look at his questioner but watched the sunlight play on the copper mountings of the telescope.

The man's eyes narrowed suddenly and the expression of his face changed as if the boy were a person different now from what he had been. "I've heard of your dad but never seen him. I've not been in this country so long," he continued, and his voice was more cordial than it had been.

"I lowed ye wuz a stranger when I seed ye on this road."

The man studied the boy a time longer, and in a moment said in a low voice, "This road takes me where I want to go."

The boy's eyes widened and darkened, but his voice showed neither fear nor anger as he said, "Th' road down in th' valley is better."

"Not for me. I can see more from this when the leaves are off like now."

"You want to see Pop, I reckin."

"No."

"Pap an' Buck Huffacre's fam'ly they're th' only people livin' in this bend."

"I know that."

"You want to see th' Huffacre's I take it."

"Not exactly see them—somethin' they have—more like," the man answered and glanced swiftly at the boy from the corners of his sliding eyes.

The boy's eyes were flat now and quiet, swinging slowly in their sockets from the man's face to the telescope mounted gun, then back to the heavy chin or forehead, never into his eyes. The man craned his head and twisted his neck as if some soundless, forever elusive winged creature flitted about his face. He made a vain effort to catch the boy's glance, then asked abruptly, "What's your game, Son?" And the boy answered with a rolling glance toward the telescope, "Huntin'."

"How'd you like to have a gun like this?"

"This here's just as good."

"But with this telescope now you could kill a squirrel more'n half a mile away."

"My bullets carry that piece."

"But you can't see to take good aim."

"I can beat Pap an' all my bigger brothers in shooting without one a them things."

"You must be a pretty good shot."

"Pap says I am."

"You've fooled with guns a lot I guess."

"Since I can first recollect."

"You ought to have a telescope, though. They're handy things to hunt with."

"I reckin they cost a sight. More'n Pap 'ud give me in six months."

"Maybe you wouldn't have to wait on your dad's money."

"Mom says I'm too spindlin' to work. Anyhow Pap keeps me busy—huntin'."

"Maybe you wouldn't have to work for the money you'd need to buy one a these."

"How else?" the boy asked, and his glance struck coldly against the man's forehead, then slipped away to the gun and the telescope.

"There's ways."

"Like what?"

"You know your Kentucky law I guess. Rewards for finding certain things."

"What ways?" the boy insisted, and the man was silent, fidgeting under the glance he could never catch. He reined his mule nearer and leaned from the saddle and asked softly after a careful glance up and down the road, "What you guess I'm in this God awful country for anyhow?"

"I don't reckin. I know."

"You know, eh. You're thinking maybe I've come to have a look at your dad's still."

"You're welcome to a look," the boy answered, and shifted the butt of his rifle from the toe of one shoe to the toe of the other shoe.

The man smiled. "I'm no fool. Ever'body knows what the Bledsoes do for a livin', but me I'm not botherin' them. Don't be afraid now."

"I ain't afeard."

"There's plenty more in this stillin' business—the Huffacres say?"

The boy was silent staring at his forehead. He tried again. "You know 'em. The Bledsoes and the Huffacres had trouble once, so I've heard."

"Pap, he killed Miz Huffacre's man."

"And they caused your dad to be sent to the pen," the man added.

The boy looked faintly troubled. "Pap he's out—stayed almost a year—but Buck Huffacre he's still daid."

"Some a them Huffacre's will come killin' him one a these days."

"I don't reckin so. They're mostly girls, an' th' boys they double an' twist an' make good liquor, but they're not much on shootin', couldn't kill a cow. An' anyhow they naiver got along with their pap. He was a bad man—better daid."

"But the girls when they get married they'll have their men come killin' your dad."

"All th' girls an' their men have moved away, but Millie, th' least 'un. She's still at home."

"Well, she'll up and get married and her man, she'll make him do your old man dirt."

"I don't reckin so. Millie's littler an' spindlier than me an' hatin nothin."

"Listen, Boy, I know you—hill billies—you can't tell me. Somebody do you dirt you'll hate 'em all your lives. Why, I bet your old man he'd jump at th' chance to turn up th' Huffacre's still and get a little something for it."

The boy smoothed his gun barrel. "Pap he ain't so hard run as all that," he said.

The man drew still nearer until the boy stood like a thing trapped, his back to the tree, the stirrup leathers almost touching his body. He held his gun more tightly, more carefully, and his eyes were still, fixed on the other's gun. "Listen, Son, your old man won't ever know, but recollect this, he and—well—maybe the high sheriff, they might know you same as said your people was stillin and the Huffacres too. You might get called into town for knowin' too much. You might be asked questions and indicted by the grand jury. I could see to that." He bent over and tried to look into the boy's eyes. "Know who I am?"

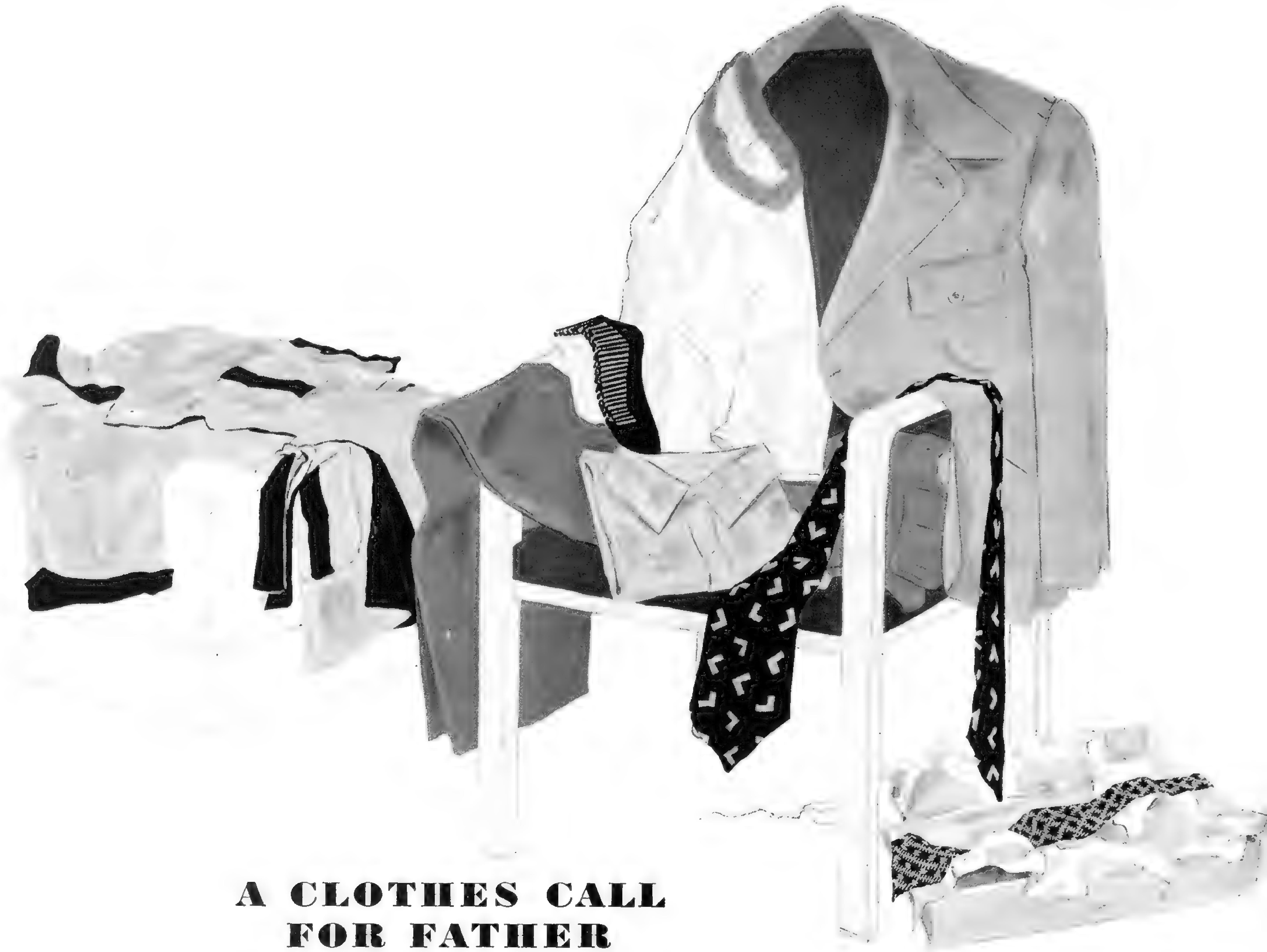
"You're a special deputy sheriff sent out to make a little money turnin' up still. You'll git some a th' reward th' state gives."

"You know two an' two when you see it, Son. I can collect th' reward money and never show myself in the breakin' up posse."

The boy looked at the deputy's heavy gun and asked tonelessly, "Ain't you afeard?"

"What do I have to worry about? You

Continued on page 96



A CLOTHES CALL FOR FATHER

Suggesting apparel gifts as a happy token of your filial esteem

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

▪ wearables ▪

Father's day is one time in the year when we suddenly remember the Forgotten Old Man—the guy who gets the bills at the first of every month, and, as often as not, living room draperies for Christmas—the fellow that Whistler never painted and composers of tender ballads somehow passed by. But this is the day when he finally gets a break, and a swell chance it is to show him your deep, if seldom-evidenced appreciation.

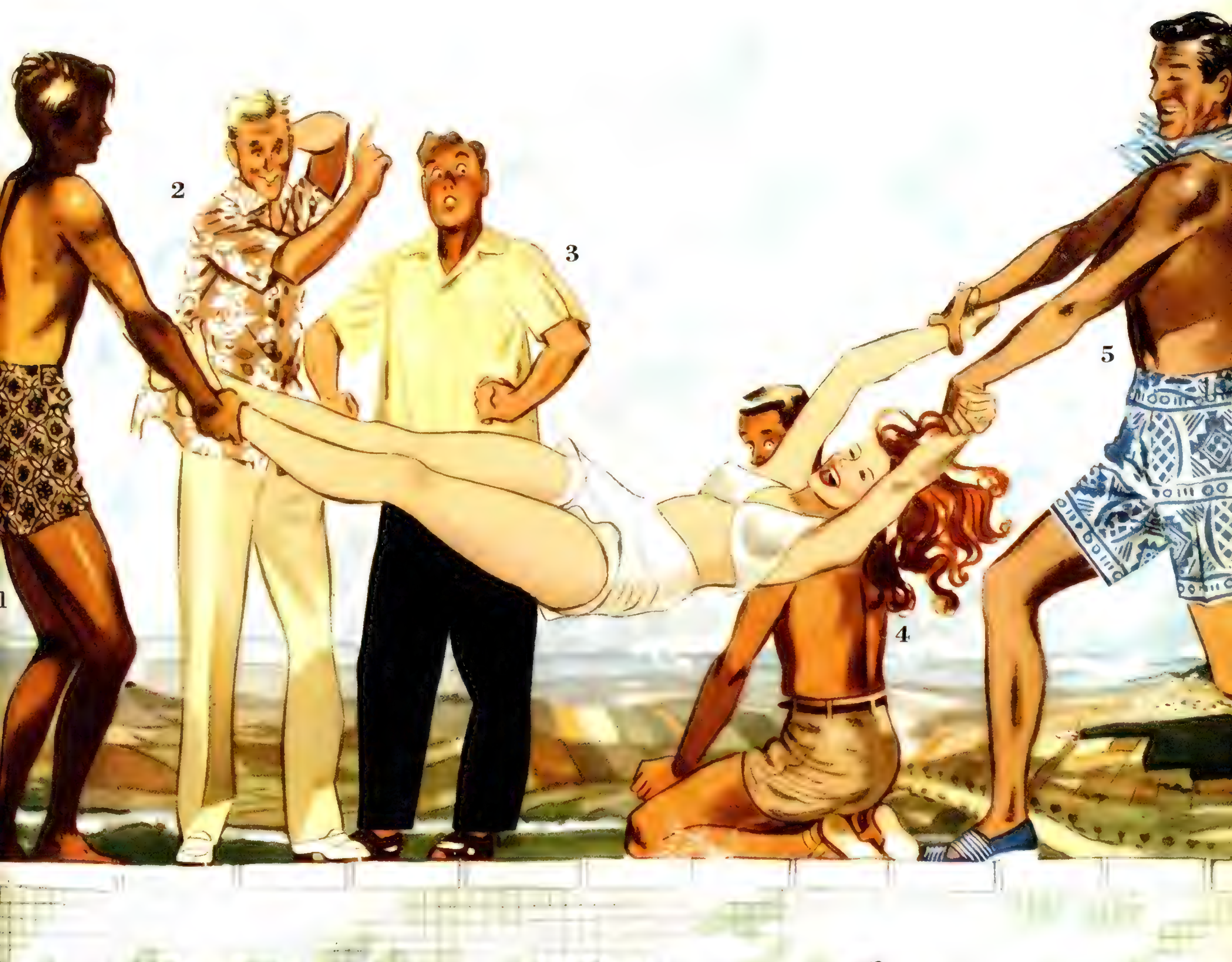
If you'll take a careful look at his wardrobe you'll see he is short of some things, but characteristically, he's been scraping along, acting as if he didn't even need them. You could show him what a thoughtful fellow you are by filling in these gaps on Father's Day.

This year, Father has new responsibilities. In addition to holding up the well-known roof, he may be in the service defending his country, or he may be working longer and harder than usual in the plant, down in Washington, or perhaps just behind the same old desk.

For all this, he surely deserves some attention. And since nothing helps the old morale better than the consciousness of a good appearance, you can build up his wardrobe and his spirit with one gesture. Give preference to those gifts that are practical. And let the quality be as fine as your budget will allow so that your gifts will give him really day-in and day-out service. Select colors and patterns that you know *he* likes, soft-pedalling your own fancies for this occasion. And here are some suggestions, just for a start.

Ties with large designs, like those sketched below, are in high fashion and combine well with summer suits. The thin, open-weave shirt, in line with current lightweight living, is best in pale shades of tan, blue or grey. Lisle socks with horizontal stripes should be selected with the color of his suits in mind. The gabardine jacket, ideal for his well-earned hours of relaxation, may be tan, Harbor Blue, Sandune or brown. Lightweight slacks of gabardine or tropical fabrics rate well in Greatan, the blend of grey and tan, and the aforementioned Harbor Blue. For active sports, there's the white knitted cotton pullover with contrasting trim. And if you want to be original, how about the rayon sleep coat, showing dark blue trimming against a light blue ground. It's a one-piece garment, designed for "coolth."

Tie a string around your finger, dictate a memo to your secretary, or make your selections now. Above all—don't forget Father's Day. You'll never forgive yourself if you do.



Esquire's slants on swim wear . . .

Americans, like the early Egyptians, sun and swim to keep fit and relax. Beachwear this season is colorful and comfortable. Native designs brighten woven fabrics for shorts and shirts. Novel stitches relieve the simplicity of knitwear.

1 . . . Printed cotton shorts of Javanese inspiration in native colors.

2 . . . Brown and white Hawaiian print shirt, Sandune gabardine slacks without cuffs and white moccasin slippers.

3 . . . Fly-front shirt of Sandune rayon, dark blue rayon slacks and strapped sandals.

4 . . . Tan woven cotton shorts and brown belt made of the same fabric as the shorts which are es

5 . . . Blue and white native prin
ber soles and elastic tops.

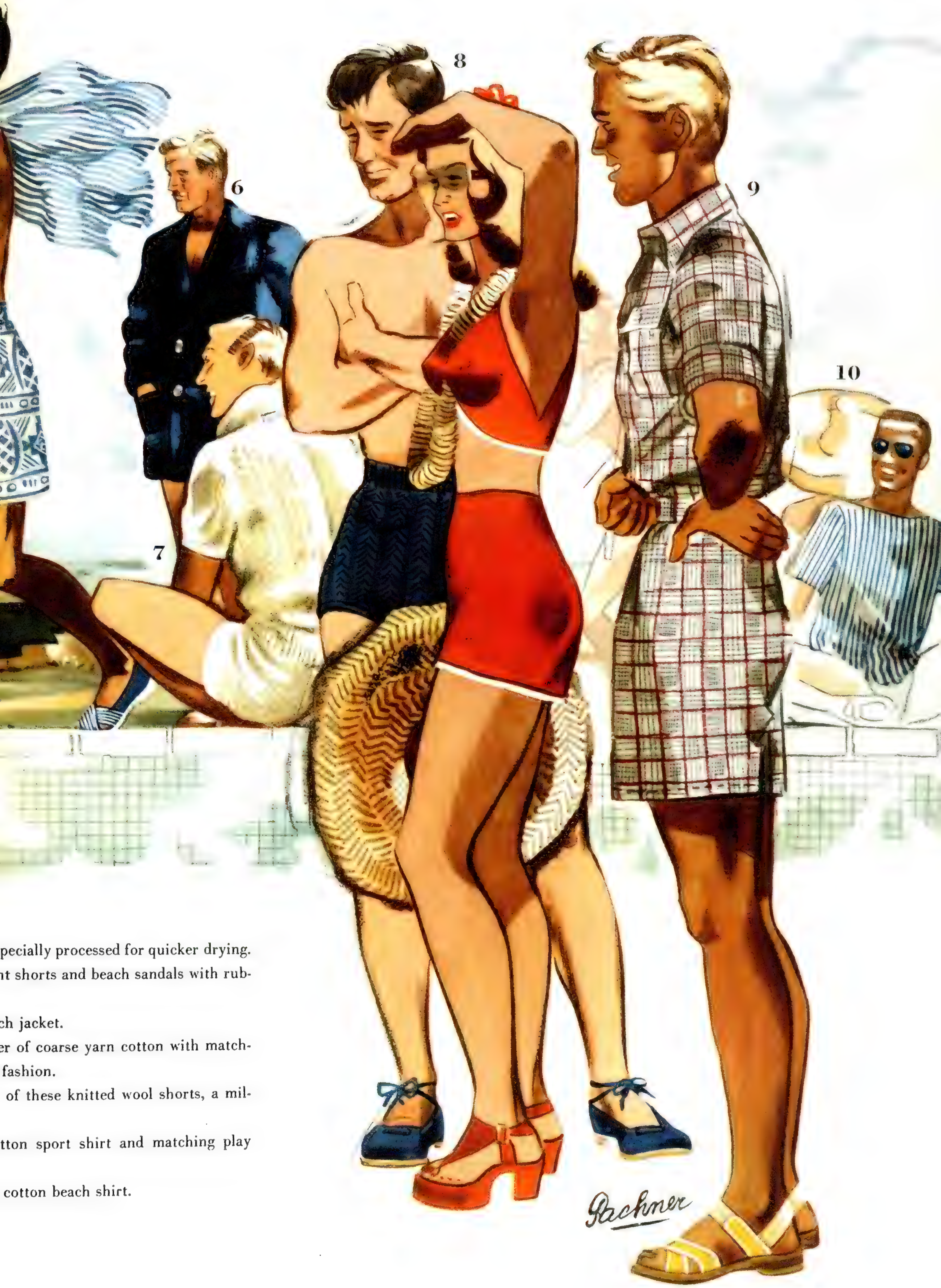
6 . . . Dark blue terry cloth bea

7 . . . White cable stitch pullove
ing knitted trunks, a California

8 . . . The Chevron stripe effect
itary note, with canvas slippers.

9 . . . Glen plaid rayon and co
shorts with Sandune sandals.

10 . . . Vertically striped knitted



pecially processed for quicker drying.
nt shorts and beach sandals with rub-

ch jacket.
er of coarse yarn cotton with match-
fashion.
of these knitted wool shorts, a mil-

tton sport shirt and matching play

cotton beach shirt.

VEDA ANN BORG
HURRELL PHOTOGRAPH

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Appraising the season of 1941-1942 to mid-April, herewith this department's annual ballots of merit and demerit

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

MERITS:

The Best New American Full-Length Play.—There was nothing in the sadly inferior season—the worst in many years—that evoked forthright and honorable critical approval. *In Time to Come*, by Howard Koch and John Huston, dealing with Woodrow Wilson's balmy dream of a League of Nations, had some valid points, and so did John Steinbeck's disappointing *The Moon Is Down*, but both were far removed from the level of notable, or even relatively notable, drama. So, under the circumstances, a loud critical silence.

The Best New American Short Play.—Saroyan's *Hello out There.* Runner-up: Saroyan's *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning.*

The Best New Foreign Play.—Nothing deserving of reputable award.

The Best Musical Comedy.—*Let's Face It*, by H. and D. Fields and C. Porter.

The Best Shakespearean Exhibit.—The Maurice Evans-Judith Anderson *Macbeth*, staged by Margaret Webster, despite obvious shortcomings.

The Best All-Around Male Acting Performance.—Eddie Dowling, reviewed in the road presentation of three wholly different short plays grouped under the title, *Life, Laughter and Tears.*

The Best Female Acting Performance.—Judith Anderson, in *Macbeth.*

The Best Low Comedian.—Bobby Clark—and how!—in *All Men Are Alike* and *The Rivals.*

The Best Stage Director.—George S. Kaufman, in *The Land Is Bright.* Runners-up: Shepard Traube, in *Angel Street*, and Anthony Brown, in *Johnny 2 x 4.*

The Best Scene Designer.—Except for the placing of the stairway to the murder chamber, Samuel Leve, in the production of *Macbeth.* Runner-up: Harry Horner, in the revival of *A Kiss for Cinderella.* Third place to Howard Bay, in *Johnny 2 x 4.*

The Best Staging Lighting.—That for *Angel Street* by Feder, as usual.

The Best Costumer.—Mstislav Dobujinsky, in *Anne of England.*

The Best Dance Director.—Charles Walters, in *Let's Face It*, though much left to be desired.

The Best Monologist.—George Jessel, in the ribald lantern slide lecture in *High Kickers.*

The Most Attractive New Foreign Actress.—Signe Hasso, in *Golden Wings.*

The Best New Burlesque Comedian.—Jack Mann, in *High Kickers.*

The Best Melodramatic Hokum Suspense.—Patrick Hamilton's *Angel Street.*

The Best Revue Master of Ceremonies.—Lou Holtz, in *Priorities of 1942.*

The Most Attractive New Musical Comedy Actress.—Evelyn Wyckoff, in *The Lady Comes Across.*

The Best Looking Chorus Girl.—Jane Ball, in *Let's Face It.*

The Best Male Dancer.—Paul Draper, in *Priorities of 1942.*

The Best Female Dancer.—Rosario (working with her young partner Antonio), in *Sons O' Fun.*

The Most Charming Chanteuse.—Carmen Miranda, in *Sons O' Fun*, of course.

The Best New Young Actor.—Nicholas Conte, in *Walk into My Parlor* and *Jason.*

The Best Young Female Novice.—Sonia Stokowski, in *Letters to Lucerne.*

The Best Child Actor.—Tommy Lewis, in *All in Favor.*

The Best Child Actress.—Patricia Hitchcock, in *Solitaire.*

The Most Charming Child Actress.—Joan McSweeney, in the same play.

The Best Character Actor.—Joseph Buloff, in *Spring Again.* Runners-up: S. Thomas Gomez, in *The Flowers of Virtue*, Sam Jaffe, in *Café Crown*, and Guy Sorel as Clemenceau in *In Time to Come.*

The Best New Tunes.—Cole Porter's, in *Let's Face It.*

The Best New Lyrics.—Ditto, though nothing to brag about.

The Best Musical Revival.—Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess.*

The Best Curtain.—That to *Hello out There*, with the little slavey's plea for pity and understanding cried to the world as represented by the audience.

The Funniest Comedian Act.—The dialogue between Lou Holtz and Willie Howard, in *Priorities of 1942*, wherein they roast the tar out of all the other shows that have made big hits and big money.

The Funniest Gag.—Willie Howard elaborately taking out his handkerchief in the same show and then wiping off his nose with his finger.

The Most Amusing Song Number.—The patriotic Statue of Liberty number in *High Kickers*, all hokum red-white-and-blue, with Sophie Tucker majestically descending from the star-spangled girl platform and contributing a saucy lyric embellishment.

The Best Stage Effect.—Not the Metro-Goldwyn bombing in *The Wookey* but the simple ghostly smashing of the crockery, pictures and furniture at the conclusion of *Blithe Spirit.*

The Critically Dismissed Play that Deserved Better.—*Walk into My Parlor*, by Alexander Greendale.

The Most Entertaining Minor Play.—*Jason*, by Sam Raphaelson, by far.

The Prettiest Theatre Usher.—The tall, slender blonde in the St. James Theatre, right aisle, during the Gilbert and Sullivan engagement—by general rapt agreement among the critics, but the bums are too dignified to admit it.

The Most Amusing Stage Trick.—The battleship in the painting on the wall which sinks when the comedian in *Sons O' Fun* fires a pistol at it.

The Funniest New-To-Broadway Vaudeville Act.—Gene Sheldon with banjo and screwy facial pantomime in *Priorities of 1942.*

The Most Attractive Comic Opera Newcomer.—Mary Roche, in the Boston Comic Opera Company's Gilbert and Sullivan revivals.

The Most Agreeable New Dramatic Acting Personality, Male.—John Wengraf, in *Candle in the Wind.* Close runner-up: Jack Arthur, in *Johnny 2 x 4.*

The Most Agreeable Ditto, Female.—Beverly Roberts, in *Heart of a City.*

The Best Atmospheric Dramatic Production.—*Johnny 2 x 4.* The old speakeasy was so realistic it made you tipsy.

The Most Interesting Amateur Evening.—Despite the acting, Saroyan's droll *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*, by the Theatre Showcase group.

The Most Amusing New Songstress.—Marie Austin, the fatty, in *Johnny 2 x 4.*

DEMERITS:

The Worst Play.—*Pie in the Sky*, by Bernadine Angus. Close runners-up: *Brother Cain*, by Michael Kallesser and Richard Norcross, *Good Neighbor*, by Jack Levin, *Ring around Elizabeth*, by Charl Armstrong, *The Seventh Trumpet*, by Charles Rann Kennedy, *Golden Wings*, by Guy Bolton and William Jay, *They Should Have Stood in Bed*, by the Messrs. Rifkin, Tarloff and Shaw, and *Plan M*, by James Edward Grant, all wonderful stinkers.

The Worst Musical Show.—*Viva O'Brien.* Runner-up: *The Lady Comes Across.*

The Worst Male Acting Performance.—Walter Hampden as Sir Anthony Absolute in the revival of *The Rivals.* Runners-up: Ian Maclaren, in *The Seventh Trumpet*, and Gustav Shackt, in *Good Neighbor.*

The Worst Female Acting Performance.—Luise Rainer, in *A Kiss for Cinderella.* With such lesser eminentos as Lyn Logan (*Pie in The Sky*) and Helen Craig (*As You Like It*) in a photo-finish, and with Pauline Lord in *The Walrus and the Carpenter* and Katina Paxinou, the Greek Bernhardt, not so terribly far behind.

The Worst Ensemble Performance.—That in *Brother Cain.* You had to smell it to believe it.

The Worst Stage Director.—Schuyler Watts, in the road production of *Life, Laughter and Tears.* Runner-up: Sinclair Lewis, in *Good Neighbor*, with Eva Le Gallienne, in *The Rivals*, and Russell Lewis, in *Under This Roof*, close on his heels.

The Worst Scene Designer.—Oliver Smith, ditto. Hot contender for first honors: Perry Watkins, in *Under This Roof.*

The Worst Musical Score.—That for *Of V We Sing.*

The Worst Lyrics.—Raymond Leveen's in *Viva O'Brien*, but he wins against considerable close competition.

The Worst Costumes.—Those in the Boston Comic Opera Company's revival of *The Gondoliers.*

The Sourest Comedian.—Russ Brown, in *Viva O'Brien.*

The Sourest Jokes.—Those cracked by Russ Brown in *Viva O'Brien.*

The Worst Dramatic Revival.—A dead heat between the Helen Craig *As You Like It* and the Chekhov Studio's *Twelfth Night.*

The Worst Musical Revival.—A dead heat between the Boston Comic Opera Company's *The Mikado* and *The Gondoliers.*

The Most Miscast Actor.—Henry Daniell, as Lövborg in *Hedda Gabler.*

The Most Miscast Actress.—Gladys George, as the old harpy in *The Distant City.*

The Dullest Dramatic Scene.—The one involving the tourist American school-teachers at Versailles, in Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind.*

The Dullest Musical Show Scene.—Any one of a dozen in *Viva O'Brien.* Take your choice.

The Silliest Plot.—*Plan M*, with its Nazi undetectedly smuggled into the British War Office to take the place of the murdered British chief of staff.

The Poorest Sport Among The Playwrights.—Ben Hecht, for placing the onus for the failure of his botchy *Lily of the Valley* on the critics.

The Worst Play Title.—*Cuckoos on the Hearth.*

The Sickliest Sentiment.—J. M. Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella*, winner by a couple of thousand lengths.

The Worst Actor Mugger.—Vladimir Sokoloff, in *The Flowers of Virtue.*

The Worst Actress Mugger.—Grete Mosheim, in *Letters to Lucerne.*

The Worst Translation.—Theresa Helburn's in the case of André Birabeau's *Little Dark Horse.*

The Most Absurd Makeup.—Arnold Moss as the refugee from a Nazi concentration camp in the last act of *The Land Is Bright.*

The Talkiest Act.—The second act of *The Distant City*, which sounds like the dramatization of a circulating library.

The Damnedest Fool Murder Mystery Explanation.—That in *Mr. Big* which argued that the corpse had been negotiated by a poisoned dart released when the villain played a certain tune on the piano. (He knew, of course, exactly where his victim was conveniently going to stand at the critical moment.)

The Most Footless Expenditure of Money.—The $20,000 "realistic" waterfall consisting of three tons of granulated sugar in *Viva O'Brien.* It looked realistically like a waterfall consisting of three tons of granulated sugar.

The Worst Ballet.—*The Prodigal Son* by the Jooss Ballet Dance Theatre.

The Worst First-Night Audience.—The fashionable congress at *Anne of England*, which apparently mistook the St. James Theatre for an amalgam of El Morocco and a Bundles For Britain ball at the Waldorf.

The Most Ridiculous Serious Dramatic Scene.—That in *Brother Cain* wherein the loutish coal miner attempted a rape of the plump ingénue, involving such acrobatic goings-on and loud squealings that the audience busted its sides laughing, thus doubly embarrassing the plump ingénue.

The Most Critically Overpraised Acting Performance, Male.—Fredric March's, in *Hope for a Harvest.*

The Most Critically Overpraised Ditto, Female.—Mildred Natwick's, in *Blithe Spirit.*

The Acting Company that Made the Most Noise.—The one that yelled and galloped about the stage in *Ring around Elizabeth.*

The Biggest General Ham Performance.—The troupe that dispensed *The Seventh Trumpet.*

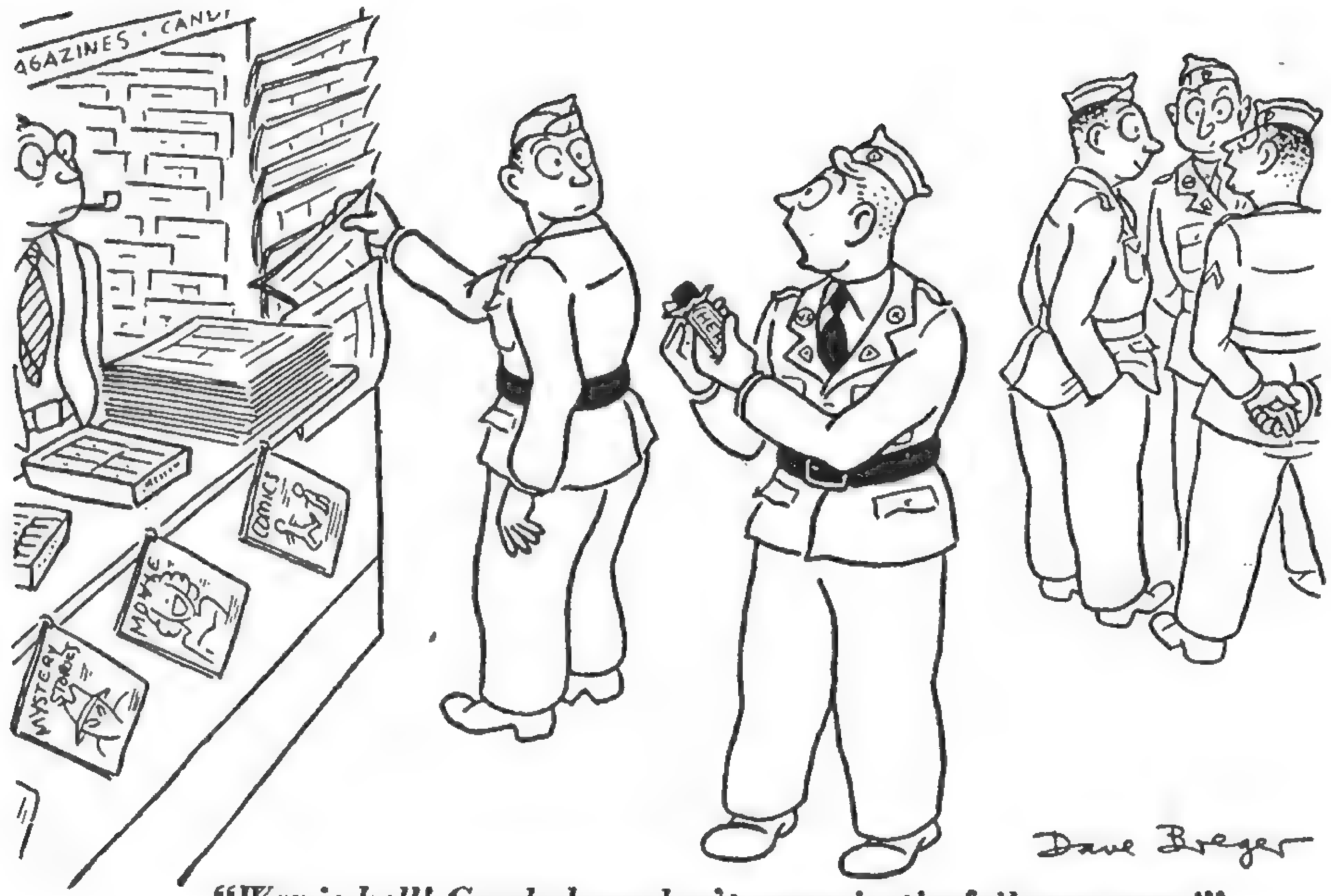
The Most Dubious Theatrical Book Publication.—*How to Write a Play*, by Lajos Egri.

The Toughest New Play on the Sensibilities of the Road Critics.—The Katharine Cornell exhibition of *Rose Burke*, by Henry Bernstein.

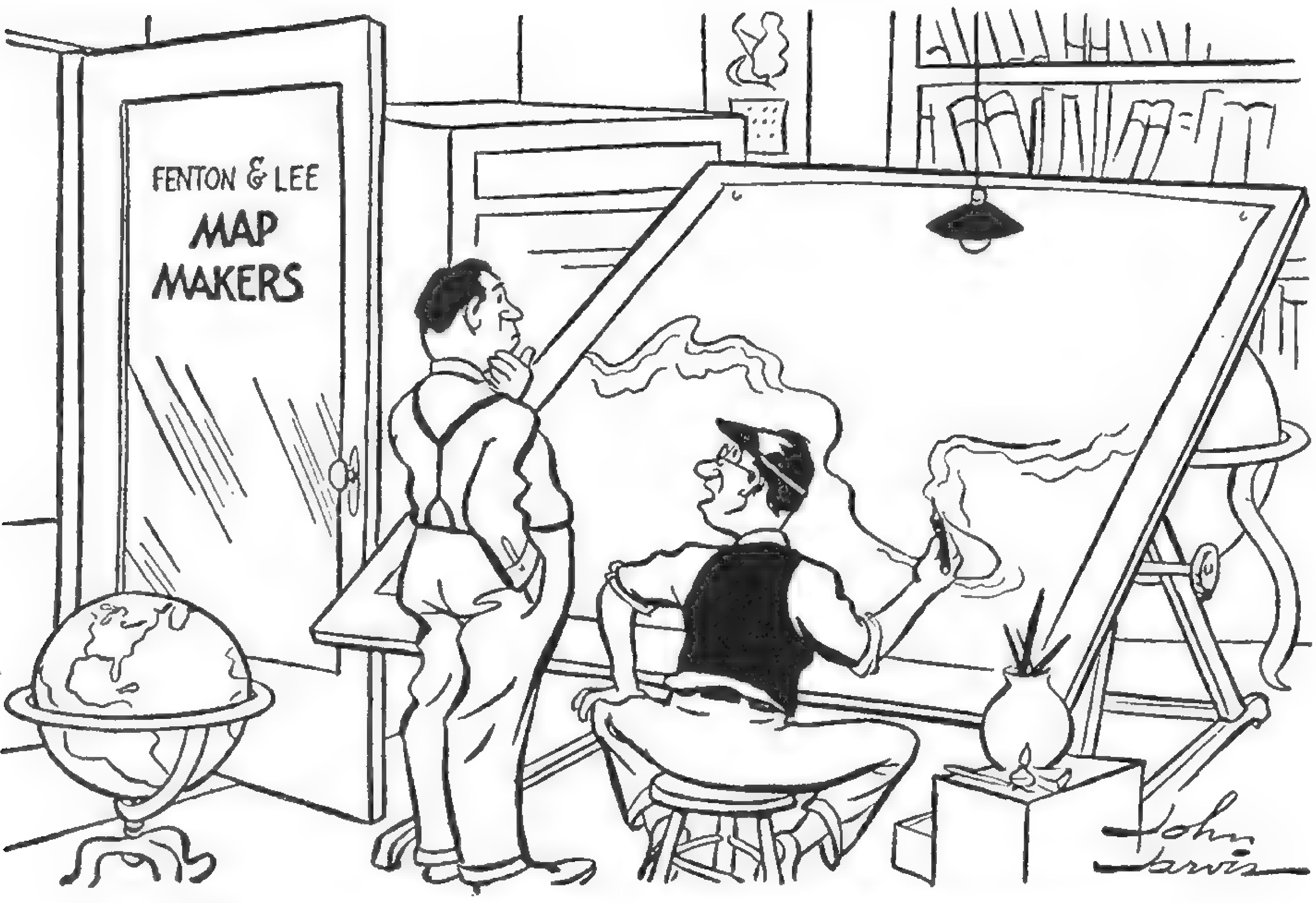
The Worst Amateur Evening.—*Johnny Doodle*, by Jane McLeod and Alfred Saxe, presented by the Popular Theatre group.

The Worst Vaudeville Act.—The Diamond Brothers, in *Viva O'Brien.*

The Actor Apparently Most Crazy About Himself.—Barry Sullivan, in *Johnny 2 x 4.*


AGAZINES · CANDI
COMICS
MOVIE
MYSTERY STORIES
Dave Breger

"War is hell! Candy bars don't come in tin foil any more!"


FENTON & LEE
MAP
MAKERS
John Jarvis

"I believe we can feel fairly safe in drawing the oceans"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Reviewing *Admiral of the Ocean Sea, The Midnight Reader, The Moon Is Down, A New Dictionary of Quotations, Tumultuous Shore*

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪BOOKS▪

When I was a boy in Hartford, I heard Mark Twain read parts of *Huckleberry Finn* from manuscript before it was published; and ever since I had a chronic desire to sail down the Mississippi River; in 1940 this desire became acute, because I read Ben Burman's new book, *Big River to Cross*, in which he said the packets and the towboats were coming back. Well, in March of this year 1942, I went to Louisville, Kentucky, to deliver five lectures on literature at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, one of the best in America, where over 500 young men are students and where the faculty commands the respect of scholars. Before leaving New Haven, I wrote to Professor Dobbins, asking him if he could discover whether such boats might be leaving Louisville for New Orleans. He did more than that. He went to see Mr. R. F. Brandt, Superintendent of the American Barge Line, who told me that no boat of his company would be sailing that day, but that the *S. S. Peace*, of the Union Barge Line, was on its way down the river from Pittsburgh, and he had already made arrangements with Mr. Alex W. Dann, the President, to permit us to board that boat, and he also gave us a letter of recommendation to the Captain, who gave us a hearty welcome. This boat arrived at Louisville the day after I finished my lectures, and my boyish dream came true. We were the guests of the company. Our ship, pushing thirteen barges, left Louisville Saturday and we arrived at New Orleans the following Friday noon. Thus we were six days and nights on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. We had more comfortable rooms than on most ocean liners, the meals were first-class, and the ship's captain, mates, pilots, and crew, made up the most remarkable group of men I have ever seen on any boat. Captain Elmer Culp, the pilots, Captain Charles W. Biedemann, Captain Stuart Wilcox, John Jumpp, William Sims, Jr., the mates, Thomas Kortz, Charles Harrison, the engineers, the crew, about twenty-five in all, made up a group so harmonious that it seemed almost too good to be true. From Captain Culp to the youngest boys, there was a spirit of co-operation, of cheerful efficiency, of absolute good humor. During our six days voyage, I never heard an angry or impatient word, I never saw a sullen look; I talked with nearly everyone; all seemed intelligent and agreeable. In the midst of a world gone mad, here was a spot of Utopia. Here was the way the world ought to be.

Esquire has been regularly subscribed to by the ship for some years; and my stock rose immensely when they found I was the real McCoy who wrote for it. I shall always remember the happiness, good nature, and kindness of this ship's company. My niece and I were the only passengers on the ship.

In full moonlight we saw the vast Ohio empty into the vast Mississippi; we saw Spring come like a slow motion picture; few signs of it in Louisville; but as we advanced down the rivers, trees began to get whiskery, the millions of willows on the Missouri and Arkansas banks became what George Moore called a shrill green, and before we got to New Orleans all the fruit trees were wearing their spring clothes, looking as self-conscious as brides.

> Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
> Is hung with bloom along the bough,
> And stands about the woodland ride
> Wearing white for Eastertide.

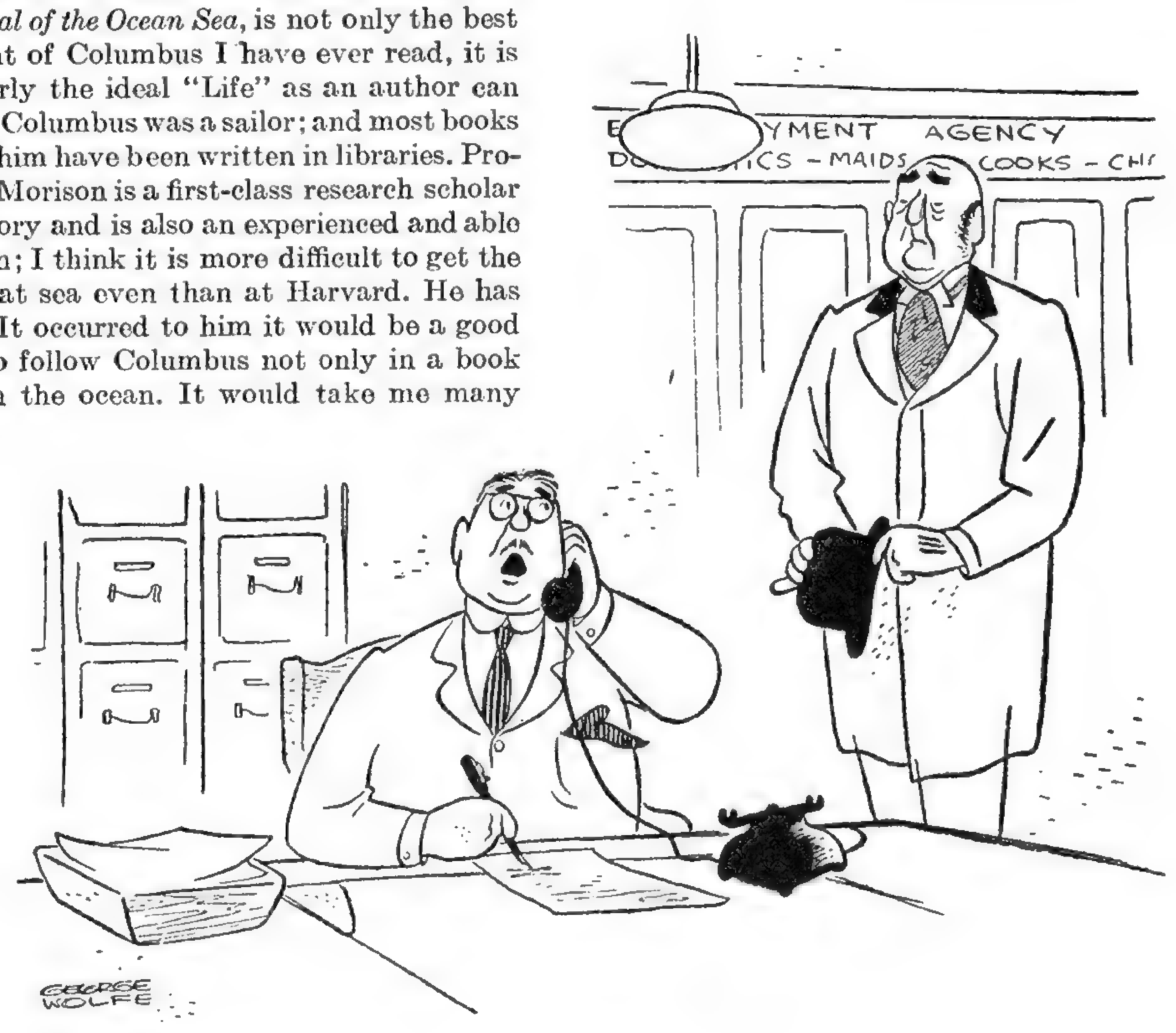
In New Orleans, in the double light of sunset and the moon, we saw the beautiful St. Louis Cathedral and Jackson Square; and on the base of Andrew Jackson's monument it quoted him: *The Union Must and Shall Be Preserved.* I suppose that stayed there during the Civil War.

This inland voyage is quite unlike the voyages of Columbus; but the word *ideal* belongs to both my experiences, the former in actuality, the latter under the lamplight. For Professor Samuel Eliot Morison's new biography, *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, is not only the best account of Columbus I have ever read, it is as nearly the ideal "Life" as an author can reach. Columbus was a sailor; and most books about him have been written in libraries. Professor Morison is a first-class research scholar in history and is also an experienced and able seaman; I think it is more difficult to get the A. B. at sea even than at Harvard. He has both. It occurred to him it would be a good idea to follow Columbus not only in a book but on the ocean. It would take me many pages to describe the extraordinary merits of this book; its painstaking accuracy, its thrilling excitement, its vivacity of style, its *reality*. We travel with Columbus, and with Professor Morison as pilot. Few writers in the world can have as much satisfaction as Dr. Morison must be enjoying, first in the memory of the outdoor preparations for this biography, second, in having completed it. It is in every sense of the word a *magnum opus*. Columbus, without meaning to do so, discovered America. Dr. Morison, with the full intention of doing so, discovered Columbus. Here is for the first time revealed to us the Real Columbus, what kind of a man he was, what ships were like in those days, and *the daily life on board*. The reader becomes almost as excited as Columbus. I have read thousands of books but never one like this.

Schiller, Walt Whitman, Tennyson, and many other poets have written fine poems in honor of Columbus; but one of my favorites is the brief tribute by Vachel Lindsay.

> Would that we had the fortunes of Columbus,
> Sailing his caravels a trackless way,
> He found a Universe—he sought Cathay.

Continued on page 134



"I believe I have a butler for you, Mrs. Von Kronke—would you mind repeating your references?"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Amateur golfers only bloc in favor of abandoning big tourneys; leading pros give tips on the technique of swinging

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Do you agree that the national amateur and the national open should have been abandoned for the duration of the war? Yes ☐ No ☑ 69.90%

II

Do you believe that match play is superior to medal play in determining true individual golf superiority? .... Yes ☑ 50.97% No ☐

III

Would a war-time golf ball of shorter distance reduce your pleasure in playing? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 66.38%

IV

Is practice at a stop-and-sock place without supervised instruction helpful or harmful to a golfer? .... *Harmful* 50.75%

V

What do you think is the most important single factor in the development of a good golf swing? .... *Practice* 21.26%

VI

Do you think that golf presents more opportunities for creating good business contacts than any other sport? ... Yes ☑ 77.36% No ☐

VII

What well-executed shot on the links gives you the most pleasure? ....

	Drive	32.77%
	Approach	49.67%
	Putt	17.56%

VIII

Do you believe that the left arm and hand predominate in the proper golf swing; or that the right hand and arm predominate; or that they both function equally?	*Left* *Right* *Both*	44.58% 10.56% 44.86%

IX

In starting to swing do you believe that:

[a] *The club should be swung along the line of play?*	23.79%
[b] *Inside the line of play?*	12.94%
[c] *That the club should be started by a turn of the left hip?*	13.85%
[d] *That the club should be started by a turn of the right hip?*	6.38%
[e] *By pushing with the left hand?*	13.40%
[f] *By pulling with the right hand?*	5.56%
[g] *Or by just swinging freely without thinking of anything in particular?*	24.08%

X

Do you believe that anything of value to your golf game can be learned from:

Reading books about golf? .... Yes ☑ 70.19% No ☐

Studying moving pictures of golf stars in action? ..... Yes ☑ 85.66% No ☐

Watching star golfers in tournaments? .... Yes ☑ 89.23% No ☐

This month's Esquire Sports Poll should make the Scotch shepherd progenitors of golf whirl over in their graves among the heather. A game that began as a simple operation of clouting a pebble with a shepherd's crook to the consternation of sheep now is a complex science involving logarithms, psychiatry, perjury, the sinews of Sandow, the grace of Allah, and no aversion to consoling snorts of sedative in the locker room.

To hack some of golf's controversies out of the rough this poll enlisted the help of amateur and pro golfers, and the men at Fort Bliss, our largest cavalry post.

Into this friendly battle of the sports ballots the civilian voters welcome the warriors from the old post north of El Paso. Fort Bliss was called Camp Concordia when it was established in 1846 during the Mexican War. In case the officers and gentlemen at Fort Bliss give what is known on a 3-putt green as a damn, in the year Fort Bliss was established a braw laddie named Jamie Calvert at the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews won the Royal Medal presented by His Majesty, King William the Fourth. This is golf's oldest trophy. Jamie's score was 111, which will be cheering news to some.

The old fort was renamed in 1854, in honor of Major William Wallace Smith Bliss who bore the nickname of Perfect. "Perfect" Bliss was a West Pointer, a scientist and a scholar. He married a daughter of General Zachary Taylor. Many distinguished soldiers have served at Fort Bliss, including three chiefs of staff of the U. S. Army—Hugh L. Scott, Peyton C. March and John J. Pershing. Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright also served at Fort Bliss.

Major General Innis P. Swift, one of the Army's great cavalry leaders, who now commands the First Cavalry there, declared: "Athletics is the best possible method for a good soldier to attain the finest physical condition, when sports are combined with regular hard training. The reason for this is that the men not only get the proper exercise, but they get enjoyment along with it. Participation in sports also teaches men teamwork and esprit de corps. I believe therefore that sports generally are of the utmost importance in military training."

QUESTION I

Do you agree that the national amateur and the national open should have been abandoned for the duration of the war?

The public	**No 70.49%**
Sportscasters	**No 87.12%**
Sports editors	**No 79.14%**
Amateurs	**Yes 67.78%**
Pros	**No 60.55%**
Fort Bliss	**No 75.75%**

The United States Golf Association still is being scolded for its decision made in January to knock out of bounds its national championships—the Public Links and Women's as well as the open and amateur.

The public's reaction has been a sorrow to U.S.G.A. officials who constituted the official majority responsible for the verdict. Their opinion was that many of the better players in the men's events would be in armed service, consequently victory in these competitions would be devoid of actual championship significance.

This poll's "amateur" group, consisting of nationally and regionally prominent amateur players and of U.S.G.A. and regional golf association officials, endorses the U. S. G. A. action, but all other groups pronounce the national tournament cancellation a dubbed shot.

"As long as golf does not subtract from the material needed by our armed forces," wrote **Bill Sutherland,** KDKA, Pittsburgh, "it should be regarded as an asset, in fact a desired activity of those of us who back up the fighting men from the home front."

"Abandonment of golf tournaments for the duration," wrote **Vic Rugh,** KOIL, Omaha, "is as silly as a woman who quits going out in public because of the dearth of girdles." **Bob Leonard,** WSOY, Decatur, Illinois, wanted to know: "Why should the amateur and open be dropped when the Army and Navy encourage sports?" **Bernard Kahn,** Daytona Beach, Florida, *News-Journal*, recalled that: "Golf championships occupy the same status as the World's Series, New Year's Day Bowl games, and the Kentucky Derby and other sports classics, as far as the man on the street is concerned." **Bob Phillips,** Birmingham, Alabama, said: "I think the U.S.G.A. was hasty in calling off everything. The program substituted will require just about as much from the golfers as the program called off."

On the other hand, **Jimmie Lawson,** Indianapolis, thought: "In these times of troubles and distress, I do agree that these tournaments should be cancelled. If everybody worked 100 per cent the war would be over very soon." **Purser Hewitt,** Jackson, Mississippi, *News*, felt "that the expenses, transportation, etc., connected with national tournaments may react unfavorably in public morale, where local competitions would not do so." **T. F. Reese,** Secretary-Treasurer of the Ohio Golf Association, Columbus, Ohio, said: "I think the action has certain merits but believe that the main objective of wartime golf was overlooked, viz; that golf should be promoted to a greater extent because of its extraordinary virtues as a mental and physical conditioner." **Frederick W. Hill,** Secretary Illinois Seniors Golf Association, Chicago, stated: "Of course if all sporting events are abandoned I think golf events should be. But golf is a very essential health producing sport, especially for the older men who have a large share of the carrying on of essential business and paying for the war debt." **Ted Payseur,** Northwestern University golf coach, added: "I think anything you can do to encourage the playing of golf is co-operating with the physical fitness program. If cars are discontinued, some people will have to learn how to walk all over. Walking is the greatest exercise the average person can take."

Private J. Albert Kenna and **Private Richard C. Long** of Fort Bliss were interested in "an open match in which soldiers can play."

QUESTION II

Do you believe that match play is superior to medal play in determining true individual golf superiority?

The public	**Yes 61.34%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 59.37%**
Sports editors	**Yes 51.67%**
Amateurs	**No 68.54%**
Pros	**No 84.68%**
Fort Bliss	**Yes 76.28%**

Notice how those qualified to vote from experience give medal play the call over match play as a test of who's who?

And in the comments get a thoughtful load of Paul Runyan who says medal play shows a player's skill. This frankness adds to the high regard we've always had for Little P'ison who won his two national titles at match play, beating Craig Wood in the P.G.A. finals of 1934 and Sam Snead by 8 and 7 for the pro crown in 1938.

"Medal play," wrote **Paul Runyan,** Metropolis Country Club, White Plains, New York, "is the only true indication of a player's skill, though match play may be the best test of competitive disposition." **Eddie Williams,** Chicago, explained: "Here is where the individual makeup has the most important bearing. Expert match players have their less experienced opponent beaten after a few holes by various mannerisms—within the rules, however; but the same tactics cannot be used against old man par, who cannot hear, see or feel."

H. F. Russell, Salt Lake City, averred:

> Almost all sports are a man-to-man or side versus side competition. Golf is no exception. The rules are for match play, but when a large field competes at one time, a substitute method is needed—hence "Special Rules for Stroke Play." Stroke Play is more methodical. Match play develops bolder play when needed, an all-out on most holes, taking more chances; develops the spirit not to fold when an opponent appears to have out-lucked you or out-maneuvered you many times during a round.

Masters of both styles are the acme, according to **Stu Keate,** *Vancouver Daily Province*, who remarked:

> I give you Bud Ward's win in the 1939 U. S. Amateur; his narrow loss of the Open in the same year. (You remember the kick-into-the-bunker incident.) While I believe Ward's dogged determination makes him one of the really great match-play golfers of all-time, he has some remarkable scoring records to his credit. For instance when our Jericho course was expropriated for Air Force use, Bud's brilliant 65 in the P.N.W. of 1936 became a lasting record.

QUESTION III

Would a war-time golf ball of shorter distance reduce your pleasure in playing?

The public	**No 66.29%**
Sportscasters	**No 73.73%**
Sports editors	**No 61.54%**
Amateurs	**No 66.29%**
Pros	**No 75.00%**
Fort Bliss	**No 55.44%**

We will give you an authoritative inside on this one. Even with a wartime short golf ball, most golfers would continue to say, "I hit it a Texas mile but couldn't putt," and the ads would still whisper confidentially: "A day's walk longer than any other competitor's ball ever made at any price."

A good suggestion was made by **Randall Hobart,** South Haven, Michigan, *Tribune*, who said: "I don't think any golfer can honestly have pleasure in getting less distance, but perhaps if the manufacturers of wartime golf balls would use the brand name HIROHITO we would have compensating satisfaction in hitting the ball." **Kenneth Jones,** Peoria, Illinois, *Journal-Transcript*, thought: "For hookers and slicers a wartime golf ball would reduce their margin of error." **Bill Woodside,** Paris, Texas, *News*, noted that: "There would be less walking between swings." **Jim Couey,** Columbus, Georgia, *Ledger*, brought up the possibility that: "A new limit to shoot at would have to be set, with the possibility that as time went on pars would have to be changed again and again, until the scoring angle of golf would be lost and the big interest remain in the accuracy of shots, not the number."

"I would be willing to play a wartime ball," wrote **Harry Pressler,** San Gabriel, California, "but I would not enjoy it as much as the present ball."

"Why not a pneumatic ball for the duration?" suggested **Lew Scott,** of the famous Lakeside Country Club, Hollywood, California. "I seem to remember Alex Smith winning the National Open quite a few years ago with a ball of this kind. Since it seems that the high grade rubber thread is the trouble, this idea may work."

QUESTION IV

Is practice at a stop-and-sock place without supervised instruction helpful or harmful to a golfer?

The public—	**Helpful**	**52.25%**
Sportscasters—	**Harmful**	**58.06%**
Sports editors—	**Helpful**	**54.21%**
Amateurs—	**Helpful**	**55.84%**
Pros—	**Harmful**	**53.61%**
Fort Bliss—	**Harmful**	**59.18%**

Grunting and sweating by the bucketful of stop-and-sock balls is not unanimously endorsed as a training course for potential talent, unless there's a competent instructor nursing the aspirant.

However, in many metropolitan districts stop-and-sock range operators estimate that as high as 25 per cent of their customers never have been on a golf course and to many of these clients par is merely the father of Brooklyn children.

"Stop-and-sock is harmful to beginners without instructions," wrote **Sam Snead.** "It is, however, helpful to golfers who have good equipment, giving them the chance to get practice they could not get while working during the day." **Al Zimmerman,** Alderwood Country Club, Portland, Oregon, also voted "harmful," commenting: "I believe the biggest mistake the average golfer makes is over-rating his game, and in trying to maintain that rating he ends up with a higher score and a lost temper. If every person would rate his own game on actual scores and establish his own par, whether it be 80, 90 or 100, then if he makes this par or under it, he would be happy."

QUESTION V

What do you think is the most important single factor in the development of a good golf swing?

The Public—	**Relaxation**	**17.54%**
Sportscasters—	**Relaxation**	**26.26%**
Sports editors—	**Practice**	**27.08%**
Amateurs—	**Practice**	**15.55%**
Pros—	**Grip**	**15.38%**
Fort Bliss—	**Practice**	**34.28%**

In this you see mirrored the hopes of the poor public which goes out to the golf courses and misses scoring in the seventies because it's tightened up by thinking about the office, shop, the headlines, and getting home sober by seven because the wife's folks are coming for dinner. With this load on them they can't attain the yogi elevation of relaxation.

The sportscasters seek in vain the ideal of relaxation after having been chin-deep in war commentators around radio studios.

Pros direct attention to a technical point that 90 per cent of the ordinary golfers think they have solved perfectly, but haven't. A few minutes getting a pro check-up on the grip would help greatly in reducing the high average of scores on American courses.

Leo Kautz, Davenport, Iowa, *Times*, gave "daily practice," adding:

> Champions, in my estimation, are made and not born. I've seen them all and find that the fellow who can and does give hours daily to practice usually hits the top. I watched Ralph Guldahl start upon his road to fame and fortune. He was financially embarrassed when he entered the Western Open here in 1936. As a last resort this St. Louis automobile salesman practiced early in the morning and he was the last one in off the practice tee at dusk. He won that crown and went on to national fame.

Guy Martin, Kenosha, Wisconsin, cited "controlled freedom of movement," commenting:

> I have always felt that the playing of golf was an art and not an exact science, and that therefore individual playing techniques and instruction methods would defy too much standardization. For that reason I have qualified some of my answers. Golf and golf teaching are comparatively new. But other arts have been studied and have been taught for hundreds of years with apparently no complete standardization. The study of pedagogy reveals that the invididual must be considered and yet feeling that way about golf, I still think that such questionnaires as these, and the research studies such as those conducted by Joe Novak's PGA committee, are valuable as they get a lot of data into the hands and heads of golfers, and especially provide the pros with new material.

John Bentley, Lincoln, Nebraska, *Journal*, recalled that:

> The greatest help I ever got was from Macdonald Smith who said that the club should be gripped just as you would hold a little bird—not too tight, not too loose. This, of course, prevents the muscles in the forearm from tightening up.

Angel de la Torre, Glencoe, Illinois, stated that:

> The most important single factor to develop a good

Continued on page 141

Man the Kitchenette

Since no good American wants to waste food, here are some recipes for making savory dishes out of so-called garbage

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Eat patriotically and buy War Savings bonds with what you save on your grub. And be co-operative with dad in these culinarily difficult times—sons seem to think that they are entitled to the best morsels, war or no war. Most young boys are snobs; they also are often loaded with false pride, their motto being: "Daddy can pay for it!" Although as far as I know, no one has a statutory right to call me gov'nor, old man or daddy, I wholeheartedly sympathize with fathers. Youngsters are wastrels as a rule. They don't have to earn the money they are spending, and therefore they spend it with a light heart. I too was a youngster at the beginning of the first world war, and when I dined out with my father I ordered from the right side of the menu, where the prices of the dishes were marked. It didn't make any difference what I was served as long as it was the most expensive dish.

If your son happens to be in the Forces, you don't have to worry about the welfare of his tummy; he is superbly fed, and not merely for sentimental reasons; military science knows that an army marches on its stomach. As for your womenfolk, they don't take food shortage as seriously as we men do. Constructed differently biologically, they are not so eager for food, and are ready to give up gourmandizing with a smile for a cause, being perfectly satisfied with as simple fare as a cup of *ersatz* coffee and a piece of toast.

The trouble rests with the middle-aged man, like my own "bon-vivant" self, who grew accustomed in more fortunate times to maintaining a fine table. We are the guys who often set the bad example by insisting on continuing culinary business as usual. Austrian Empress Maria Theresa wrote to her dissatisfied daughter Marie Antoinette from Vienna to Versailles, that marital happiness depends on the woman; but it is quite wrong to imagine that the gastronomic happiness of a family depends also on the woman. It is for a man to detect waste, to eliminate inefficiency, to run the woman who runs the kitchen, and to use masculine logic in kitchen management. Everything isn't just garbage.

For instance, an American housewife's garbage would feed a whole European family. The refuse would make substantial meals. The waste of edibles in the average American family's kitchen, despite the war, is still shocking. One morning I looked into the garbage can before it disappeared down the dumbwaiter, and this is what I found in it:

Four slices of "stale" bread; a broken but otherwise faultless egg; rancid butter; the remains of a good dinner (my guests the previous evening hadn't been very hungry); the yellow uncooked legs of a chicken; the carelessly gnawed bones of the same bird, cooked; coffee grounds; tea leaves; the large outer leaves of a head of lettuce; apple and orange peels; a bottle, half filled with milk that had soured; a tidy little mountain of cooked string beans.

First of all, in Europe they *never* threw bread away. If it was stale, it was turned into breadcrumb flour by toasting it in the oven and then pounding it. Or it would be converted into bread pudding, or bread sauce (which, if made right, is divine with fowl), or croutons for soup or salad. It was fried in butter, milk or egg to make a modest but tasty course. It was fed to hogs, dogs or horses. Some of it was tossed to the poultry, and the crumbs would be stolen from the barnyard by greedy little sparrows.

And did you ever hear of a wonderful Near Eastern dish, called Ekmer Khadaiff? Steam a large but thin piece of stale bread with the juice of two lemons and four cups of water. When puffed, put in a flat pan. Pour a pint of honey over it and bake until golden brown. Try this dish (cream optional), and be grateful to me for telling you about it, for ever and a day.

A broken egg was handled with all the care and reverence due an invalid. It was gently nursed into a cup and preserved. A sauce could be made with it (there are over nine hundred sauces and at least half of them require an egg), it could be mixed in the batter, or the yolk could enrich a broth just before serving. It was beaten into a *cannelon,* which is an excellent re-dressed cold meat dish, or incorporated in the preparation of *Wiener schnitzel,* or simply eaten with milk and honey.

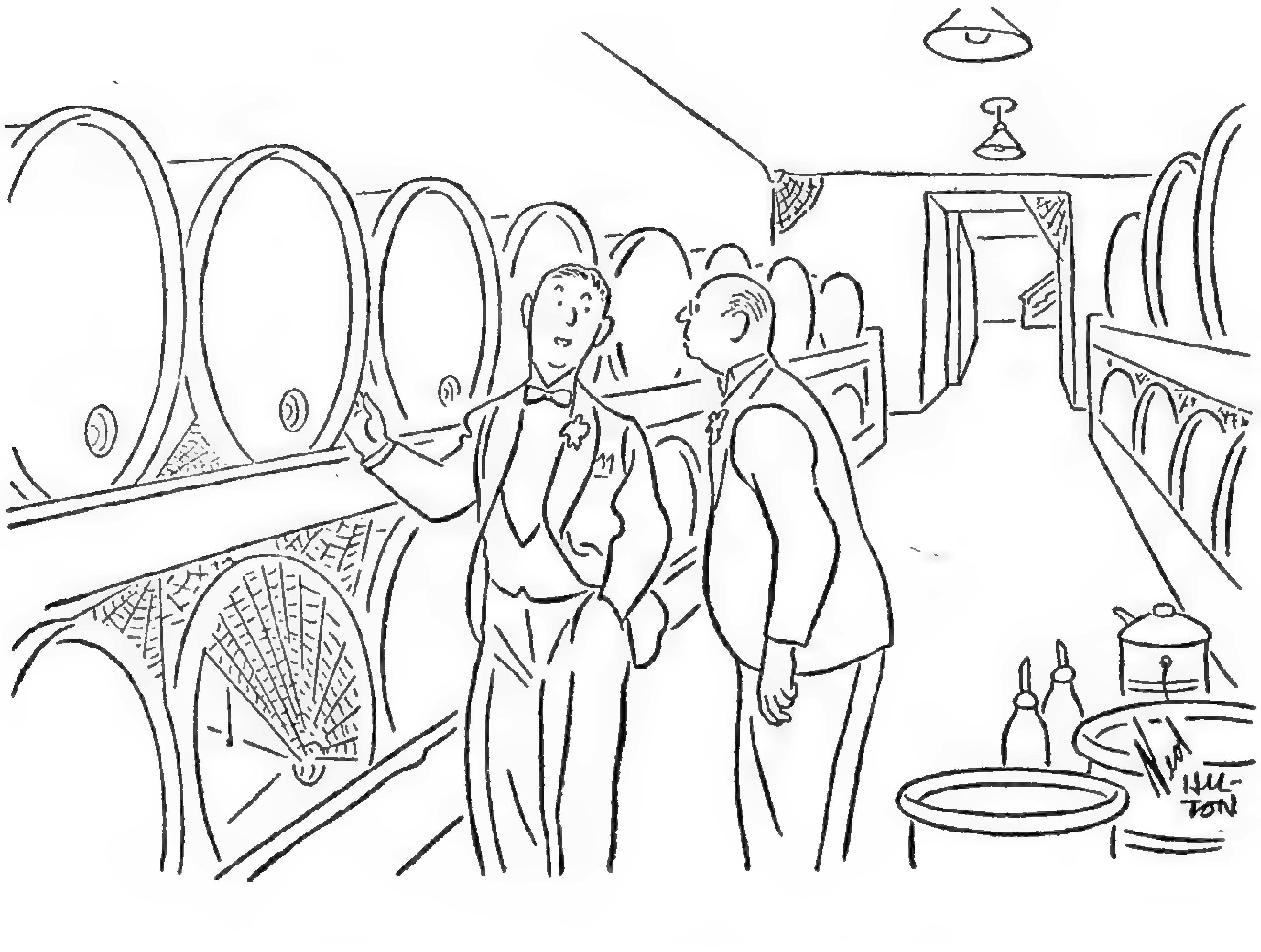
In a European kitchen the remains of a steak-vegetable-potato dinner would be turned into a classic casserole. Or a cottage pie—

Cut cold meat in neat slices; also slice left-over potatoes. Boil an onion in salted water, chop fine. Butter a pie dish, and place a layer of potatoes and some of the onion on the bottom; season with salt and pepper. Lay slices of meat on top, then a layer of potatoes, onion, salt and pepper, and so on, and pour some gravy or melted butter over it. Bake for one hour and a half.

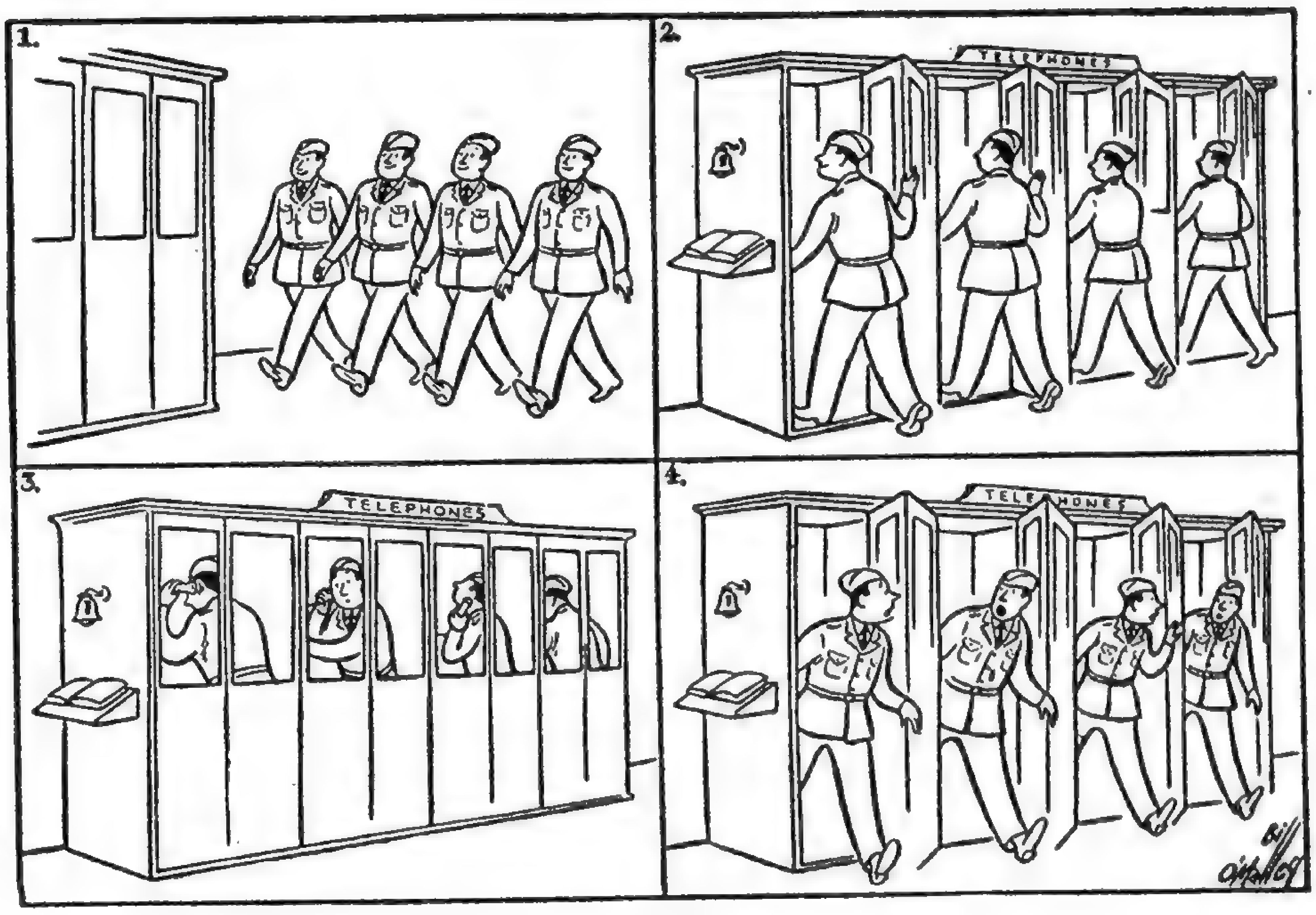
The left-over vegetables take a new lease on life if you serve them with a butter sauce, made by melting butter over a slow fire, skimming it, adding lemon juice, salt and paprika. Or a butter mustard sauce can be used, in which mustard takes the place of lemon juice, but the seasoning and method remains the same; or a cream sauce, made of butter, milk, flour, cream and seasoning.

The yellow legs, the bones of a chicken and ten cents worth of greens make an elegant soup. The discarded large outer leaves of lettuce contain 5,000 units of Vitamin "E"

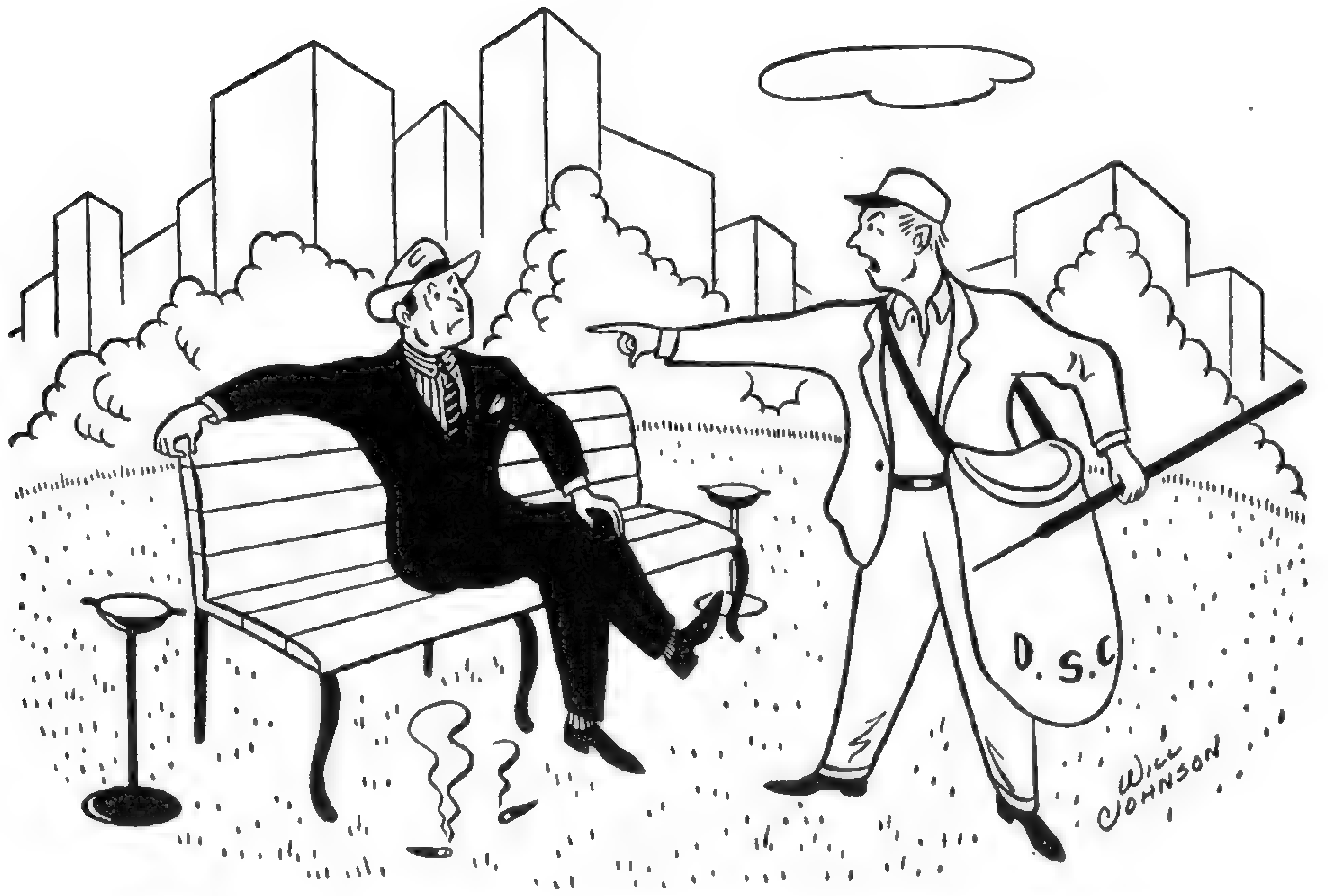
Continued on page 139



"This is good, too—Standard's regular Ethyl 1940"


1.
2.
TELEPHONES
3.
TELEPHONES
4.
TELEPHONES
Bill O'Malley

"Line's busy"


D.S.C
Will Johnson

"Use the ash trays, buddy—we're trying to keep this city neat"

Keep Cool with Your Coat On

Since the show's gotta go on these dog days take your cue from old stagers of the South on diet, clothing and hygiene

by SIGMUND SAMETH

• ARTICLE •

Dallas, Mobile, and Savannah are hotter than northern cities. Their "mean summer temperature," as weather experts so aptly phrase it, is a dozen degrees higher than Chicago, New York, or Philadelphia. Yet southerners smile through heat waves which leave northern folks wilted.

What's the secret? Can you be a Yankee and still beat the heat?

"Yes, suh," say a couple of million southern voices. They ought to know because down in Dixie keeping cool is a fine art.

Did you know, for instance, that there are right and wrong ways of using an electric fan? Keep yours at floor level where it will waft cool air up to you. At table height or worse still on a shelf it only circulates stale heated air.

Maybe you own a snazzy stand model, the kind that looks like a wind machine on a hatrack. Back it against an open window during the coolest time of day and start it whirring. Blow a roomful of the outdoors in.

One of these powerful electric fans strategically located can start a draft whispering through a whole floor of your house if you use it a bit unconventionally. Place it on top of a stepladder and direct the blast *outward* through a window opened at the top. Then raise other sashes in the house three inches at the bottom, keep connecting doors open, and the immutable laws of physics will do the rest. But cool air flows along floorboards just like water and heavy rugs impede it. Take notice, collectors of rare Khorassans and fine Aubussons.

FAIRV
HOSPI
Bob Gallivan

At a Charleston lawn party a globetrotting industrialist once shocked his hostess by remarking that ever since the first day of summer he had been sleeping with his Dutch wife. In the embarrassing conversational lull his own wife, a charming American newspaper woman, added blithely, "Tom's not as wicked as he sounds. It's like going to bed with a laundry hamper."

"Dutch wives," invented by rubber planters in Sumatra, are flattened cylinders of wicker which elevate the body from the bedclothes so that both sides stay cool at once. Today they're virtually unobtainable but a canvas army cot without a mattress makes an effective substitute. Try one for solid summer sleeping comfort. It's not an expensive experiment.

Every southerner has a pet formula for combating heat waves. I spent two scorching weeks in Georgia listening to hundreds of heat beating hints. Do you want to wage total war against discomfort this summer? Here are samples from my fistful of soggy notes:

Eat sparingly. One hot meal a day is plenty. Drink two quarts or more of water daily. Avoid sweet foods. Wear light colored as well as lightweight clothing. Take two showers every day. Walk on the shady side of the street. Fit your important work to the coolest part of the day. Dine late. Don't hurry. Take time out for an afternoon siesta.

That's the advice on which southerners and all progressive medical authorities agree. It isn't hard to follow and it works. Would you like to hear some other methods of coping with the weather?

A Texas businessman I spoke with had a novel way of keeping comfortable. Reticent at first, he finally admitted that blue-tinted goggles made the noonday glare look like the cool of evening to him. He is never without a pair in his breast pocket.

His wife thinks this is so much poppycock. Her method is the more feminine one of intoning a magical phrase.

"I'm as cool as a cucumber . . . as cool as a cucumber . . ." she whispers. Stick around long enough and you'll be saying it.

Junior has been away to college and discovered the heat beater of them all. "You take a tall glass," he demonstrates, "and pour one jigger of gin over a sprig of crushed mint. Then . . ."

You interrupt to advise Junior that alcohol taken internally is as much a heat producer as motor fuel, but he looks at you pityingly and tells you that even the *tinkle* of ice in a frosted glass starts him feeling comfortable.

His sister's method is simplicity itself. She splashes ice water over her wrists where the veins lie near the skin and explains scientifically how it cools the blood stream. She doesn't mention that you must sit quietly by the wash basin for half an hour during treatments and that alone would probably have the desired effect.

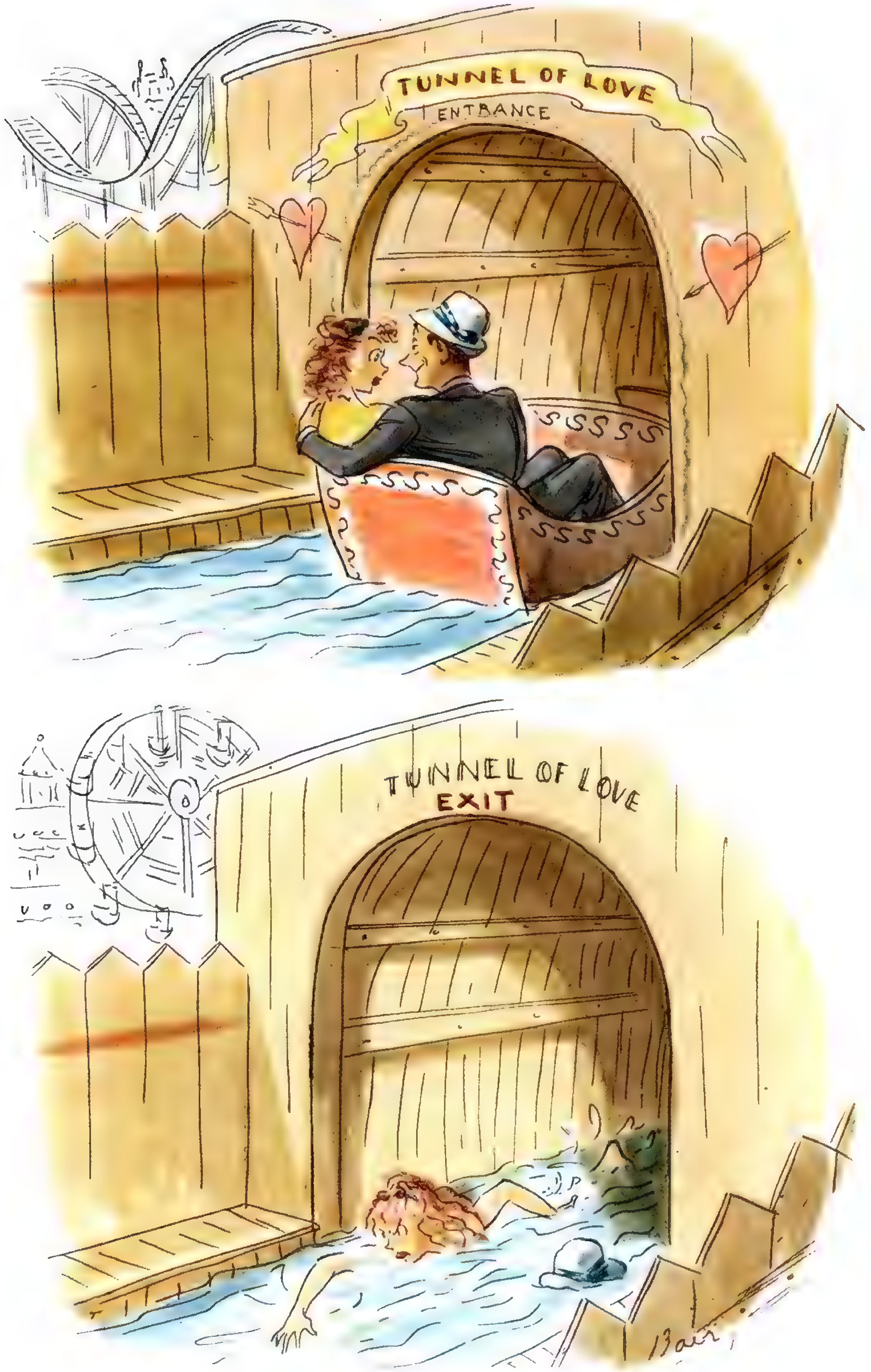
Even the colored houseman pushing a lawnmower behind the garage has his private nostrum for the dog days. Ask him how he manages to stand the heat.

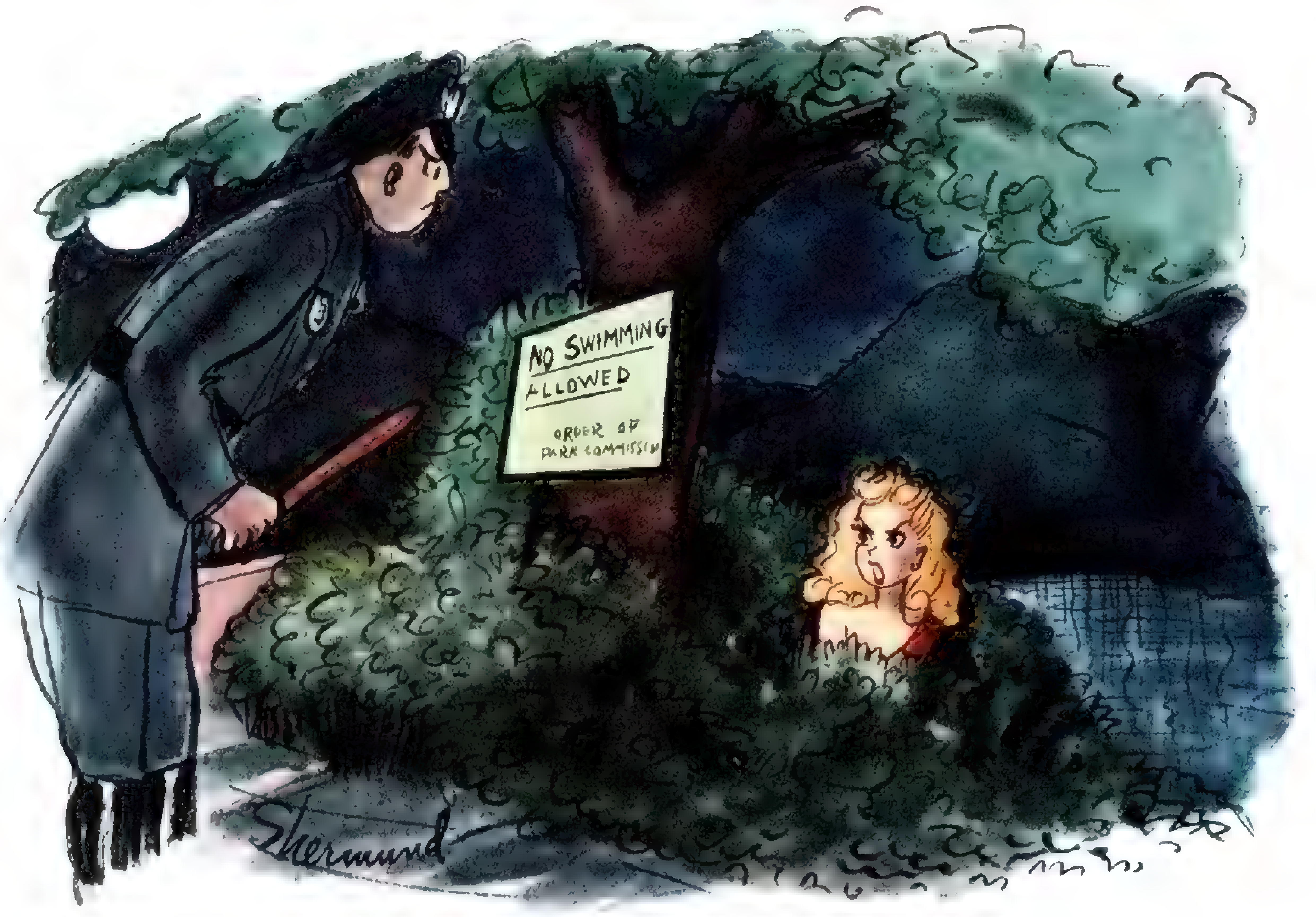
"Ah puts fresh rhubarb leaves in mah hat," he confides, tipping a battered derby.

The paradox is that all these recipes work —even the outlandish wicker contraption which disrupted the lawn party. Some of the pet formulas crumble before a barrage of scientific heavy artillery. Ice water, for instance, is no more cooling than water from the tap. Any bright-eyed killjoy with a college course in physics can prove that for you by computing latent heats of evaporation. Your own physician will add that some cold drinks, especially sweet syrupy ones, heat your body more than they cool it. As for frigid showerbaths—they close the pores, inhibit sweating, and assure that you'll be miserable for hours afterward.

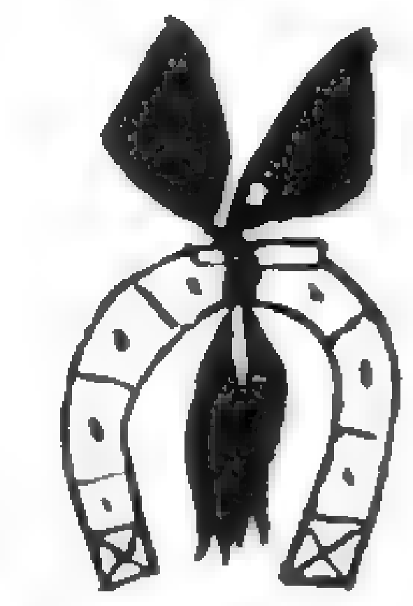
Own up and admit that theory is against you when you engage in these horrid practices. Jolly the doc a bit and promise to give up your foolish ways. But for the luvva

Continued on page 126

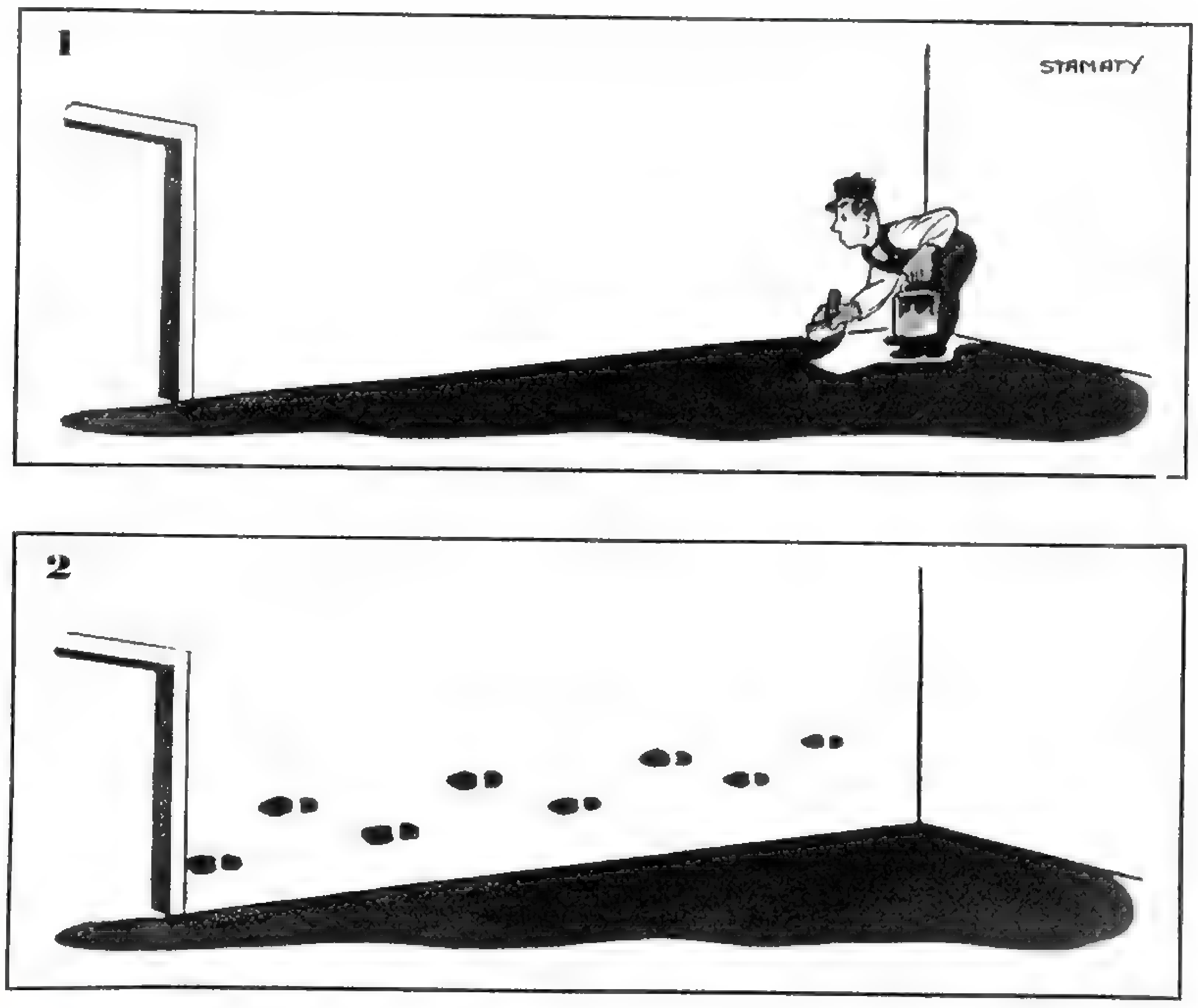

TUNNEL OF LOVE
ENTRANCE
TUNNEL OF LOVE
EXIT
Bair

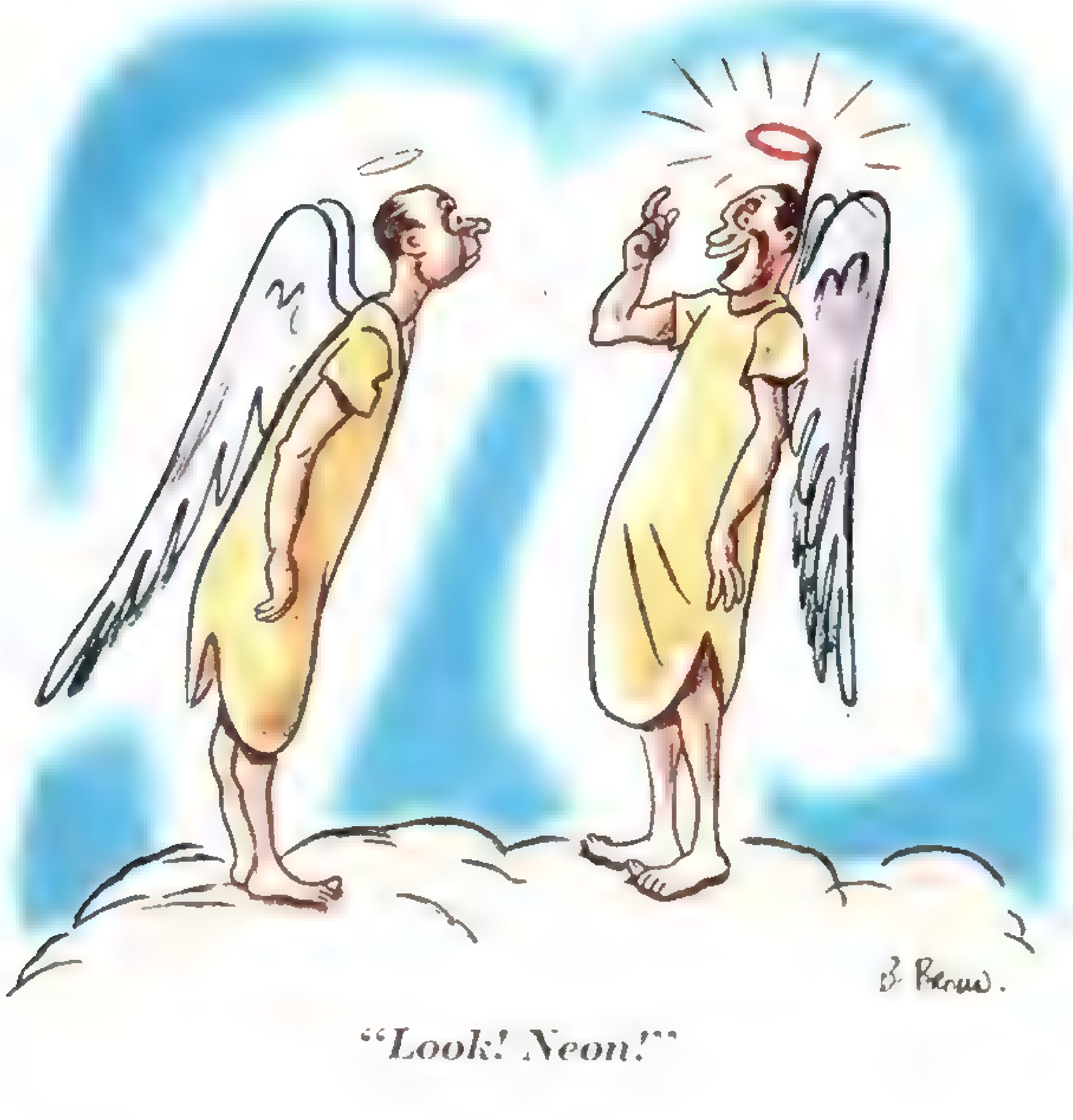

NO SWIMMING
ALLOWED
ORDER OF
PARK COMMISSION
Shermund

"All I know is I sometimes walk in my sleep"

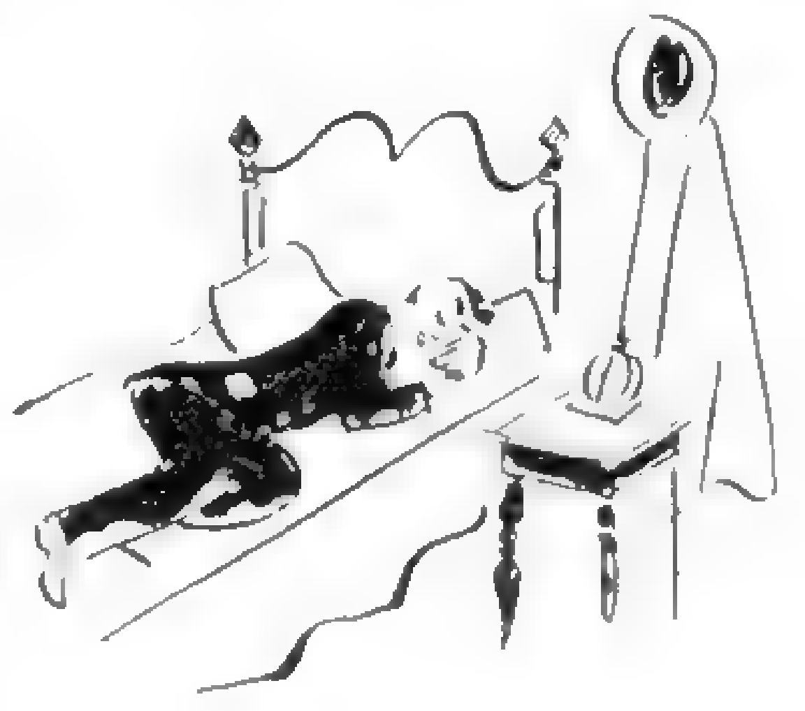


Who can remember way back in 1911 when a horse-shoe was merely an emblem of good luck?

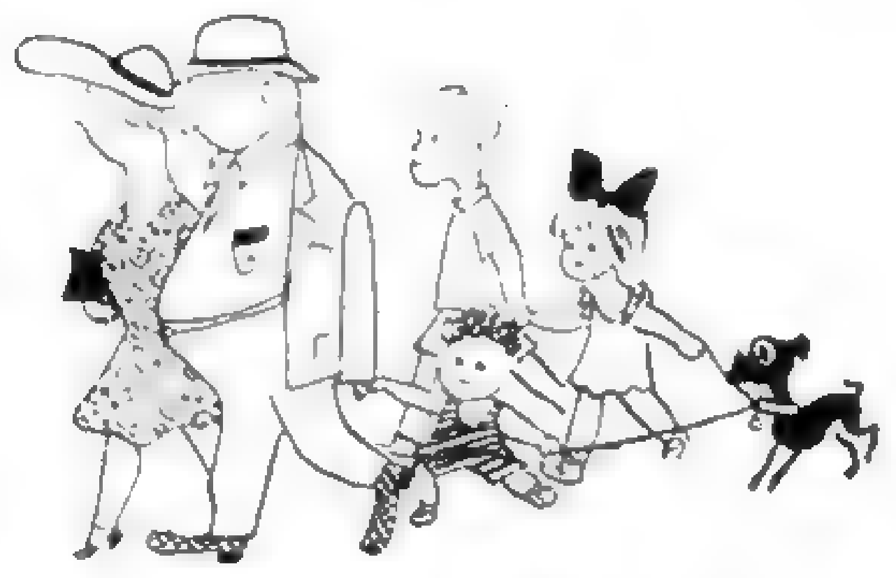




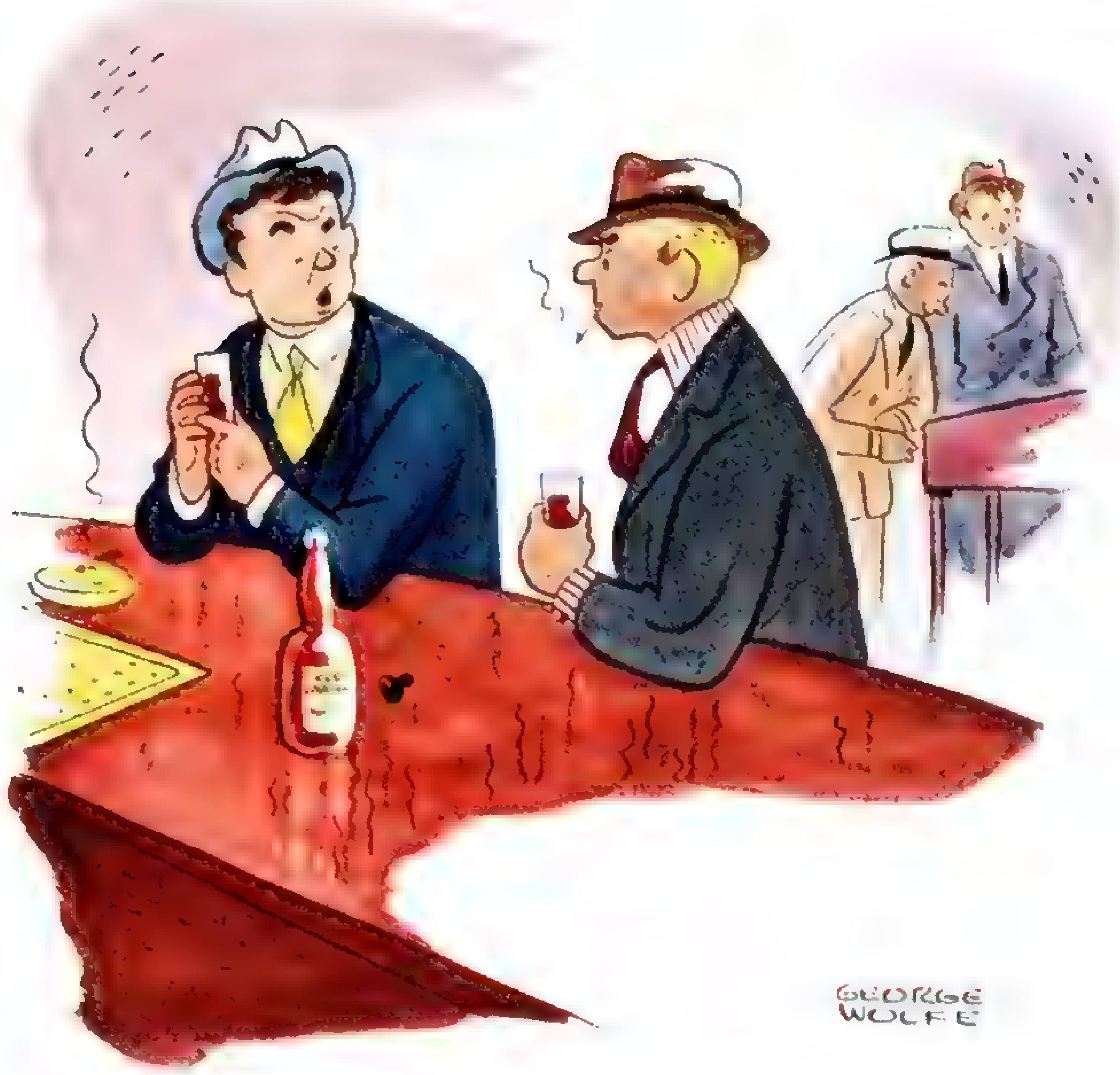
"Look! Neon!"



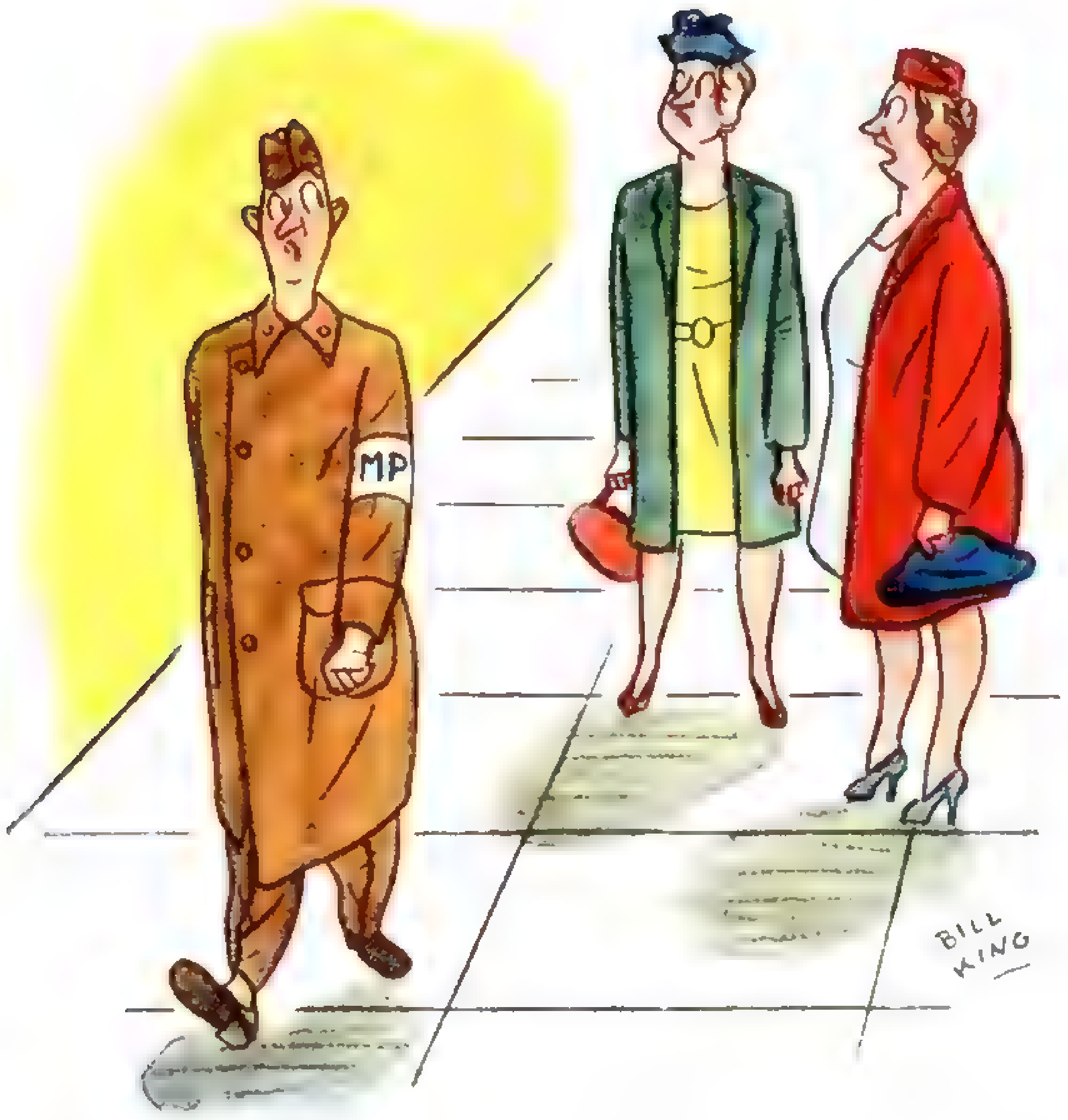
Folks who have to get up at six in the morning are convinced that what Sherman really said was: "War Time is hell."



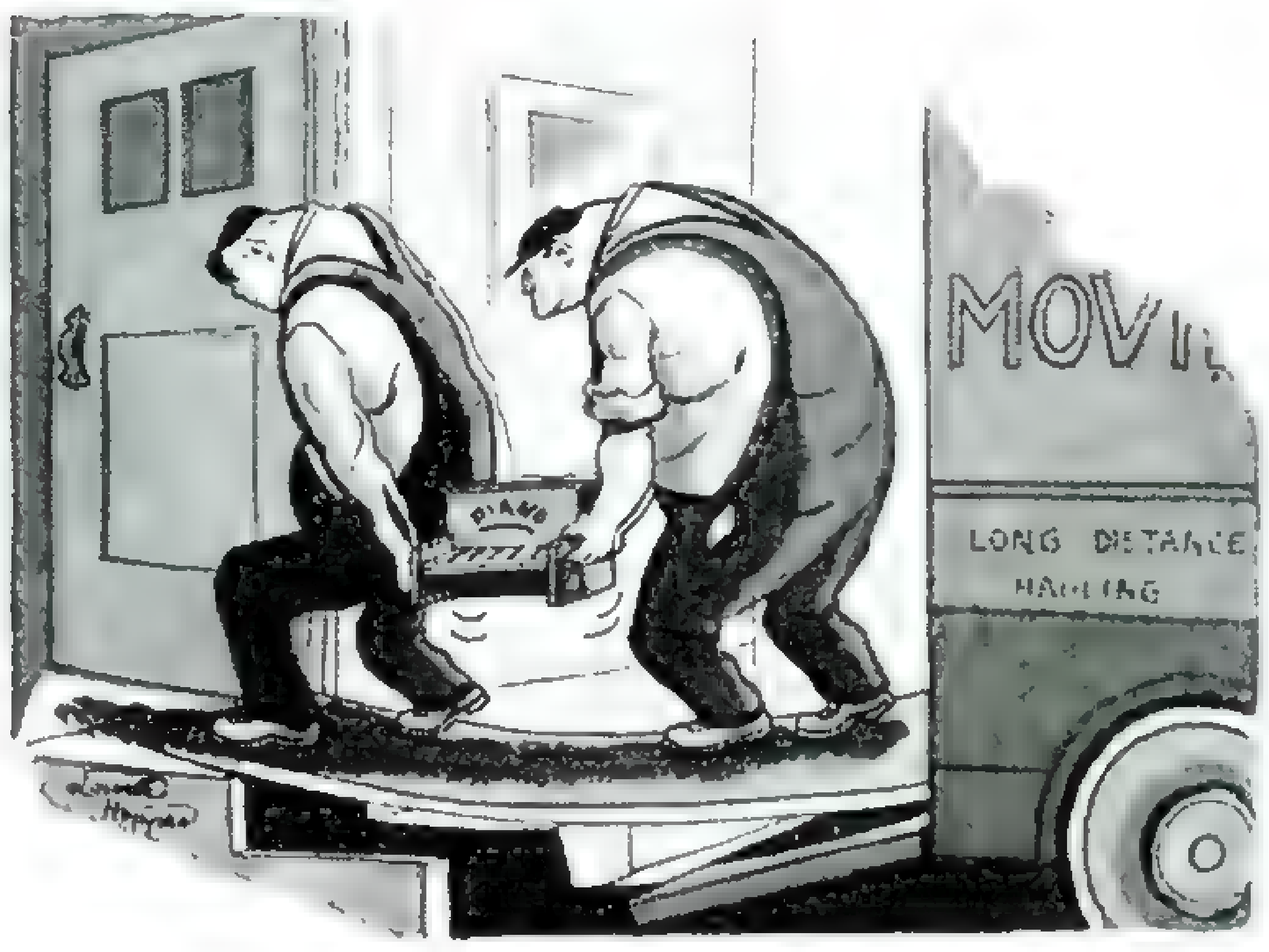
Whoever thought we'd live to see the day where walking was a method of getting somewhere instead of just something to do on Sunday afternoon?

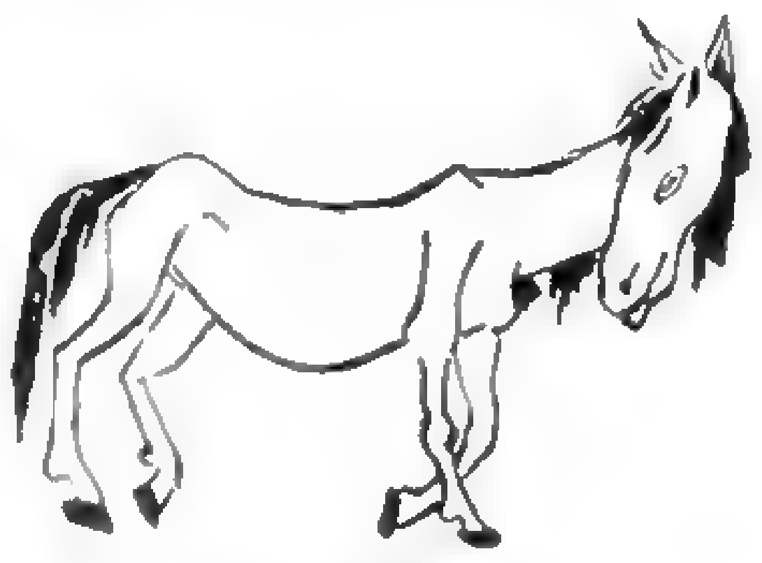

GEORGE WOLFE

"We're through—I'm going my way and she and my money are going hers!"


MP
BILL KING

"I've seen a lot of them marching around town—I think they're picketing. MP must mean More Pay"

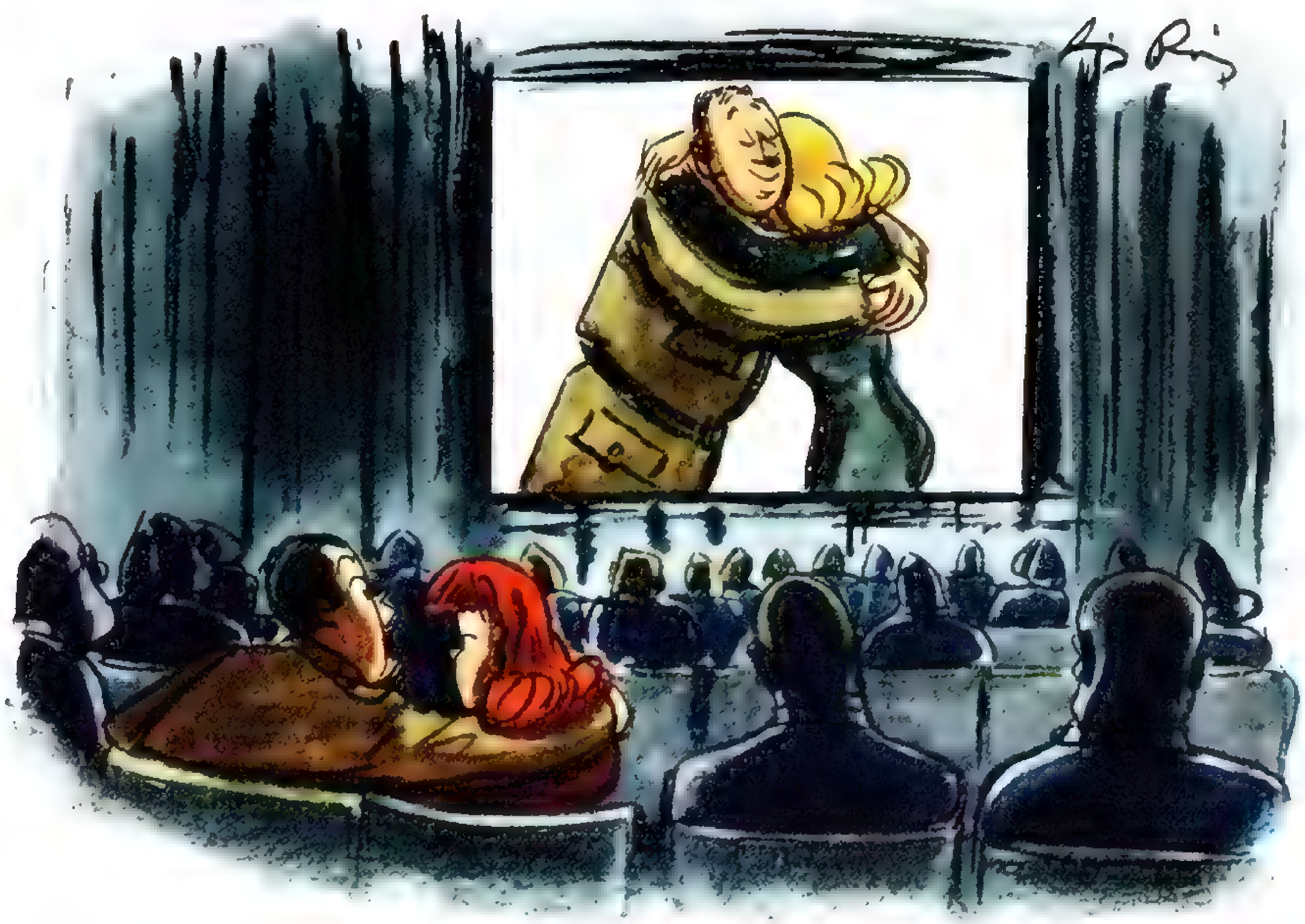

MOVI
LONG DISTANCE HAULING
PIANO



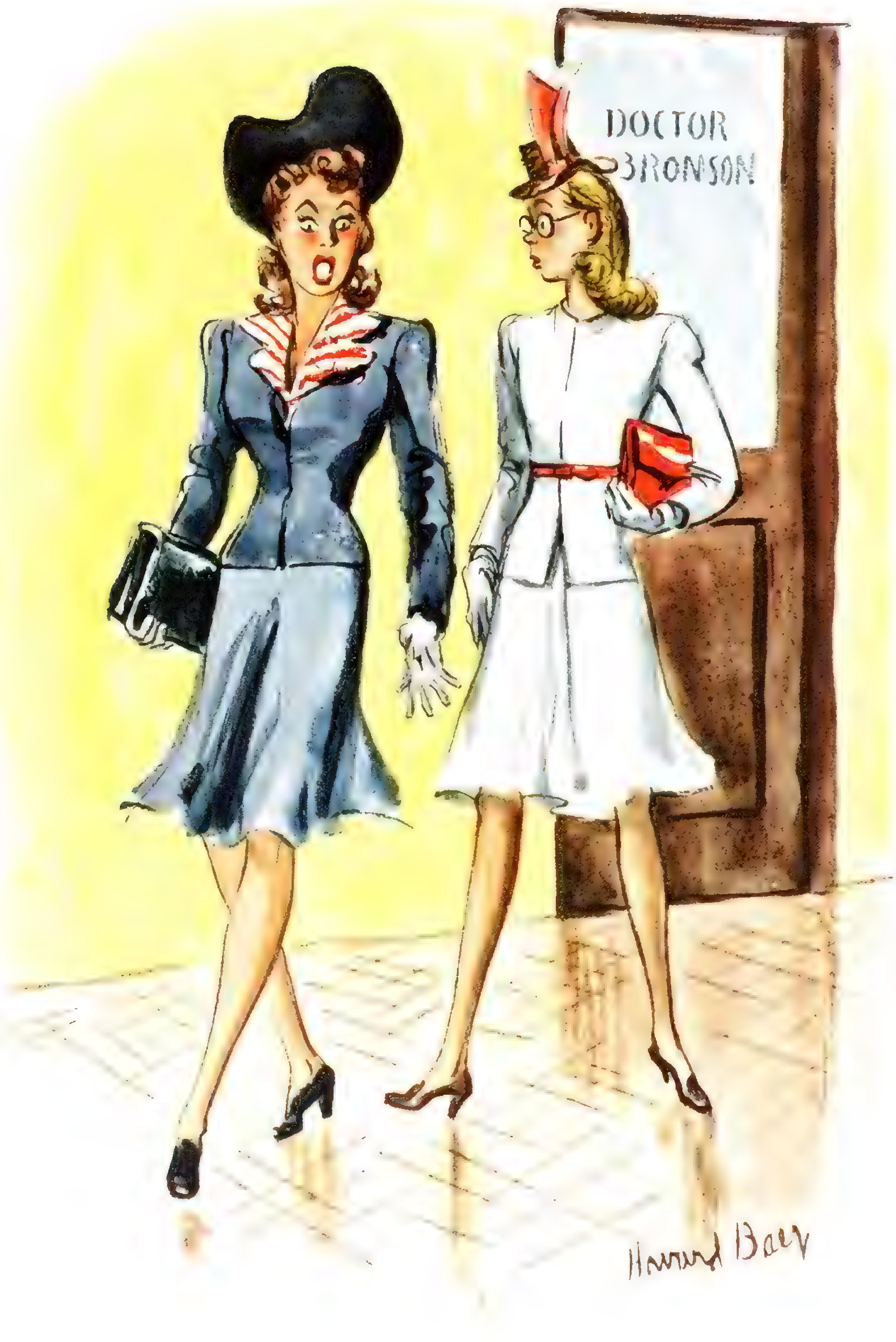
Evolution

1911: "Psst, buddy, I've got a horse that's a cinch to cop the Derby!"

1912: "Psst buddy, I've got a nag that will take you twenty miles on a quart of oats!"



"What do you say—shall we make it a double wedding?"


DOCTOR
BRONSON
Howard Baer

"That's strange—he didn't vaccinate me on the arm!"

Bury Your Dead

Continued from page 51

a tall hickory tree, I saw a man come down the hill who walked like Ceif. But it couldn't be Ceif, I thought. He was too small for Ceif. But it was Ceif. We shook hands with one another.

"Why did you marry a Pratt, Ceif?" I asked. "Why did you forsake your own people?"

"It was love, Urban," Ceif said. "Love will make you forsake your own people; it will make you live with your enemies."

As I looked at poor Ceif I wanted to cry. He was nothing but a skeleton of skin and bones. I thought about what Pa said. Ceif wouldn't last five years or even three the way he was losin flesh from his bones.

"Do you feel well Ceif?" I asked him.

"All right, Urban," he said. "I do miss the sweet water from our well though."

"But it's not drinkin water that causes you to lose weight," I said.

"You know Urban I don't mind hard work and losin weight," Ceif said. "I never think about it since I've got three babies to rock. Little Snort, Mollie and Pollie."

This was too much for me. I couldn't stand it any longer. I couldn't stand to look at my brother, a walkin corpse. I picked up my gun without sayin goodby and left the squirrels in that hickory tree for him to shoot.

I never told Pa, Ma and Sister Carrie about seein Ceif. Autumn had come again; we cut the corn and housed the terbacker. Then we heard that Portia had triplets. It was hard to believe. But Lonnie Tremble said he stopped at Ceif's home and looked at them. Said they were strong babies. And then we heard what that Ceif had named the two boys, Urban and Adger atter Pa and me. And he called the girl, Alice, atter my oldest sister.

When we heard that the Pratts were more than hell-fired mad at Ceif over his namin the triplets atter the Wamplers, Pa puffed his cigar and laughed, but not very long. It was in October when the leaves left the trees that Ceif took sick. Eif Sperry told us about it. But none of us went to see Ceif.

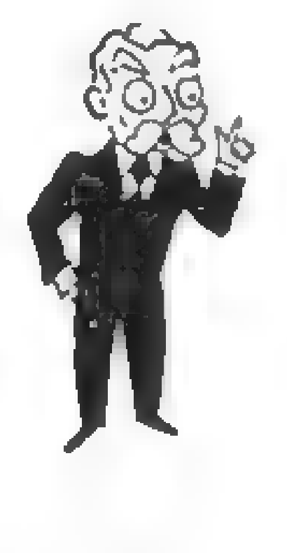
Every night atter we heard that Ceif was sick, Ma turned a coffee cup and read the coffee grounds. Every time Ma would scream and say that she saw a coffin with Ceif in it. Ma would scream and wring her hands, "Poor Ceif," she'd say, "He ain't been married three years yet and he has six youngins to rock. But poor Ceif won't get to rock 'em much longer. Ceif will die."

The dogs barked all night but I didn't pay minds to their barkin. I thought the strange noises I heard were the high winds among the October trees around our house. But when Pa got up to feed before daylight that mornin, I heard him fall on the porch. Then I heard Pa get the lantern from the nail on the porch where it hung. I heard him get a hatchet and start prying boards loose. Then I heard him scream. I hurried down stairs and Ma and Carrie had got out'n bed. We hurried to the porch. There stood Pa with a lantern in one hand and a hatchet in the other.

"It's Ceif, Mollie," Pa wept. "They put 'm in the coffin and brought him back to us."

"It's not as much shock to me as the day Urban told me Ceif was married," Ma said without sheddin a tear. "I'd rather see him in his coffin, as to be Snort Pratt's lackey-boy-son-in-law."

"But he can't be buried here," Pa said in a definite tone.



Far be it from us to throw cold water, but from some of these four thousand bulb, four million candlepower V-for-Victory signs we've seen we can't help thinking the government might inaugurate an E-for-Economy program.

"Why didn't Pratts bury him on Shackle Run?" Carrie asked.

"Because he give four of his babies Wampler names," Ma said. "He's my Ceif and he's dead but I'd as leave he'd be buried among the Pratts where he belongs."

We carried the poplar-plank coffin to our back room. There we closed the door and left Ceif. Pa smoked hard all day and he whittled hard. He made shavins three feet long fly from a poplar stick.

"We'll take him back tonight," Pa said. "You go down the creek and get Tim, Snyder, and Lon. We'll need 'em to help us carry Ceif back to Shackle Run."

When I went atter my brothers I told them what Pa said. They said they'd come and help for Pa was right. And that night, we carried Ceif back to them. We carried him to their house and put him on the porch. While we carried him, none of us spoke. Their dogs barked but that didn't matter.

"I guess old Snort will soon find out, that he can't make us bury their dead. Ceif's my son but he's a traitor."

We thought now that the Pratts would understand and bury Ceif in their graveyard. We thought that Portia might want to be buried beside Ceif someday and she could never be buried among us Wamplers in our dirt. Our dead couldn't rest with a Pratt in our graveyard.

The next day passed. We worked most of the day. The sun came out and it was hot. That night, atter our work was done we went to bed. But we didn't talk about Ceif. The next mornin we got up, fed and milked. When Ma went to the hen house, she screamed and we hurried to see what was wrong.

"They've brought Ceif back," Ma said.

"They are bull-headed," Pa said, turnin white around his eyes. "But this is one time that old copperhead won't get his way!"

We put Ceif in the backroom again and locked the door. I went atter my brothers again. And when dusk came, we carried Ceif back to Snort Pratt's shack. We put Ceif in Snort's corncrib where he'd be sure to find him soon as he fed that mornin.

This time we thought Snort Pratt would keep Ceif. We thought it was time to bury him for the days were hot. Next mornin atter Pa fed, he started to draw a drink from the well. He stumbled over Ceif's coffin left at the well.

"I won't be outdone by that low-lifer," Pa said.

And that night we carried Ceif back and set his coffin by old Snort Pratt's springhouse door. We got home at three in the mornin. We never went to bed that day. Pa said he'd stay awake that night to watch for the low-lifed Pratts with a double-barreled shotgun. Ma didn't want him to do it. She said one dead already and unburied was aplenty.

We heard Pa shoot both barrels at the Pratts. We heard them screamin and shootin back as they ran. Pa didn't follow them for he knew they'd bushwhack him. Their buckshot sprinkled our roof like sandgrains as they hot-footed it up the hill. They left Ceif by our cellar door.

"We'll take him back to them," Pa said. "They'll be watchin for us with guns now. They think we'll come tonight. We'll take Ceif back tomorrow night."

"The Bible says you shall bury your dead," Ma said with tears in her red-wrinkled eyes.

Pa said, "But Ceif's *not* our dead. He can't sleep with us. He belongs to the Pratts."

"Bury 'im someplace on the farm," Ma said. "We've over a thousand acres of land."

"But not one inch for a traitor," Pa snapped like a turtle.

That day the sun was hot. The crows flew over our house in swarms. They lit in the trees by the spring.

"We must bury Ceif," Ma wept as she heard the crows cawin. "I can't stand this any longer."

But Pa had his way. On the second night, at two o'clock in the mornin we took Ceif back and left him in the yard.

"Now the thing for us to do," Pa said, "is to guard this gap tonight. It's the only way they can bring Ceif home."

With rifles and shotguns by our sides and gats in our hands, we guarded the pass. We got behind rocks and trees and waited. We could see the crows above old Snort's shack. We knew Ceif was there. Before the day ended, we saw the crows swarmin toward us.

"They're pullin one," Pa said. "They're goin to try to slip Ceif back today. But they'll never do it."

As we held our posts, Pa slipped up to the gap and looked over.

"Boys hold to your rifles and gats," Pa said. "I see a whole army of Pratts comin with Ceif. I'll get behind this rock in front. I'll halt 'em at the line-fence."

Soon as they reached the gap, Pa yelled, "Halt, there Pratts if you don't want to lose your brains!"

They stopped still in their tracks.

"Set that coffin down right there," Pa ordered as he stepped from behind the rock and pulled his long blue .38. "Don't one of you pull a gat either. I've got a army of me behind these rocks. And now will be a good time to get rid of a few Pratts."

Snort Pratt, the old man with the long whiskers, stepped out in front of the Pratts.

"Adger Wampler, what will we do with Ceif?" Snort asked. "He's your boy."

"He's a traitor to the Wamplers," Pa said. "You took him. Now you bury him."

"He wasn't a true-blue Pratt," Snort said. "He can't sleep among the Pratt's."

The men stood still afraid to reach into their pocket and get handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their eyes and faces. While they stood there and we stayed behind the rocks and trees outnumbered five to one, the crows swarmed over us and cawed.

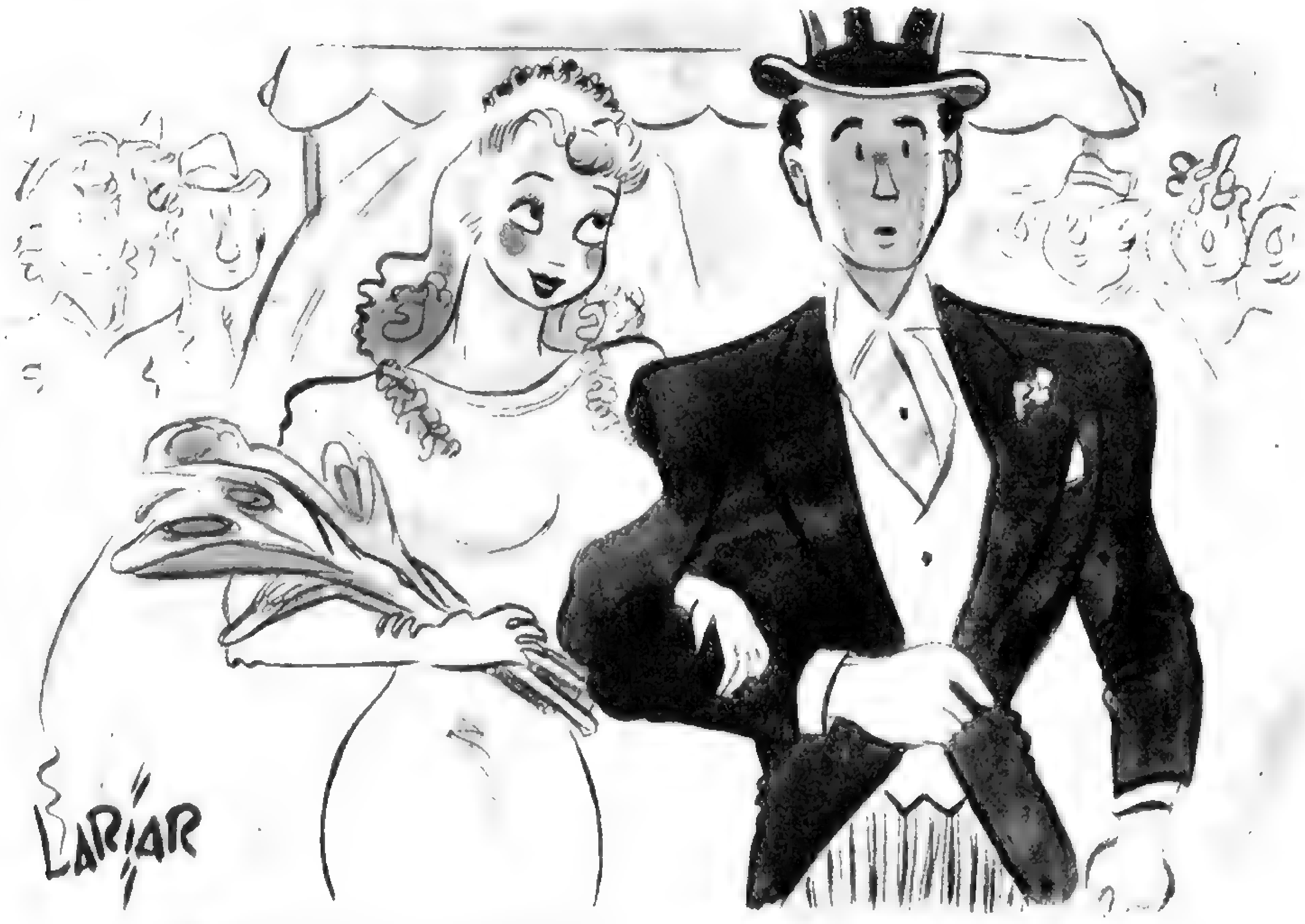
"Bury half of him on your side the fence and the other half on our side the fence," Pa said thoughtfully.

"Since he's been out'n the ground this long," Snort said. "I guess that will be all right. You send one of your men back and tell your people. I'll send one of my men back and tell our people. And you bring tools and dig the grave and we'll bring tools to dig our half of the grave."

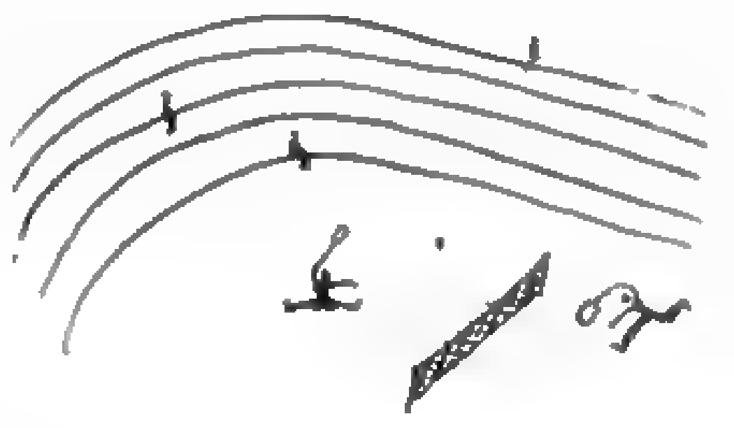
"Then let us have peace while we bury Ceif," Pa said.

We stacked our guns; the Pratts stacked their guns.

Brother Lon went to norrate the truce that Pa and Snort had made. Only Pa and Snort talked when something had to be said. They dug their half of the grave; we dug our half of the grave. We slid the coffin under the fence. Ceif's feet was on our side the fence toward the sunrise; his head was on their side the fence toward the sunset. Only Ma and Portia shed tears. I think Portia was the prettiest girl I ever saw. I didn't blame Ceif for marryin her. Not a Wampler spoke to a Pratt nor a Pratt spoke to a Wampler at any time durin the funeral nor as we gathered our guns and parted at the gap. #

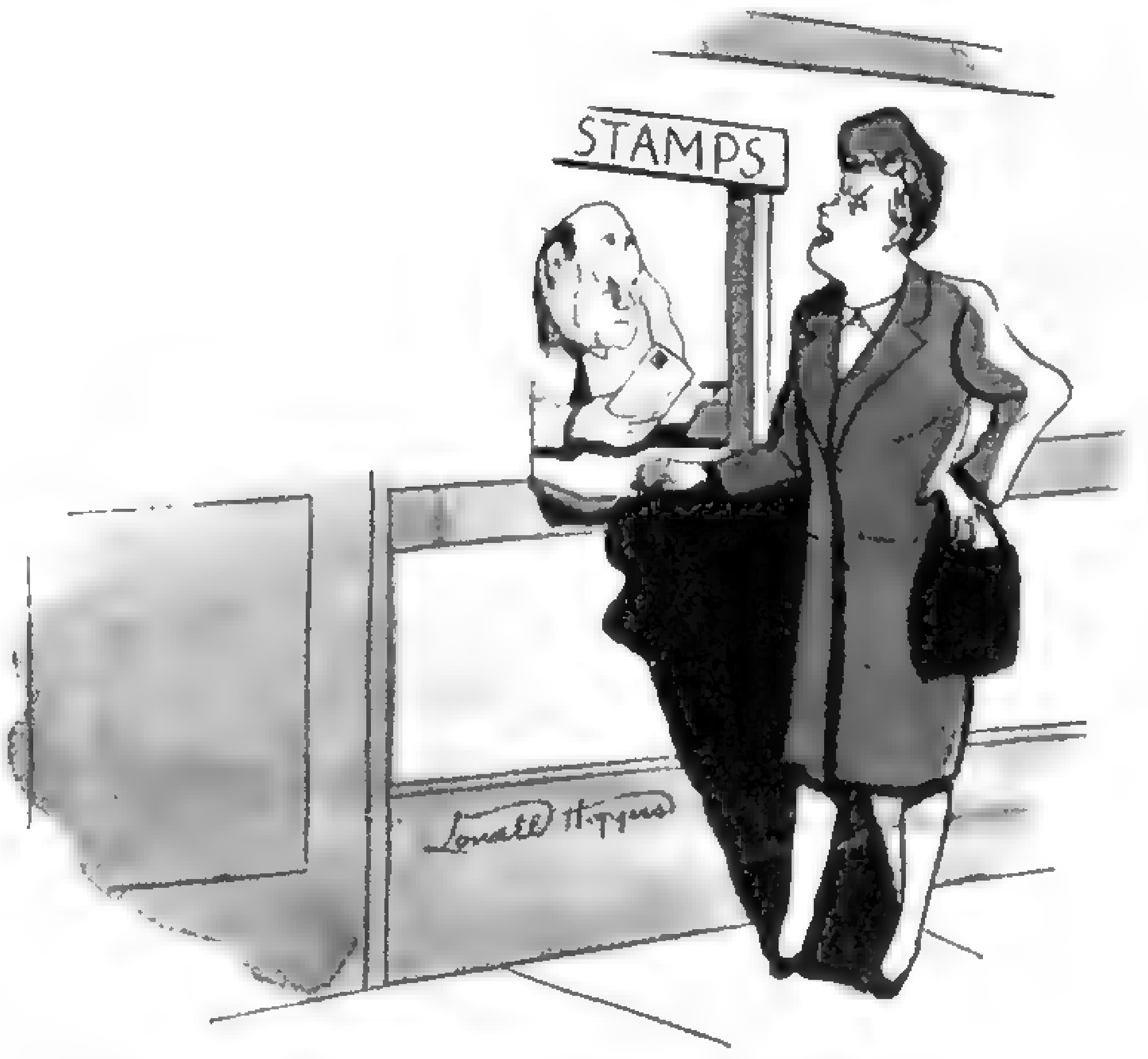


"Maybe next year Father's Day will have some significance!"

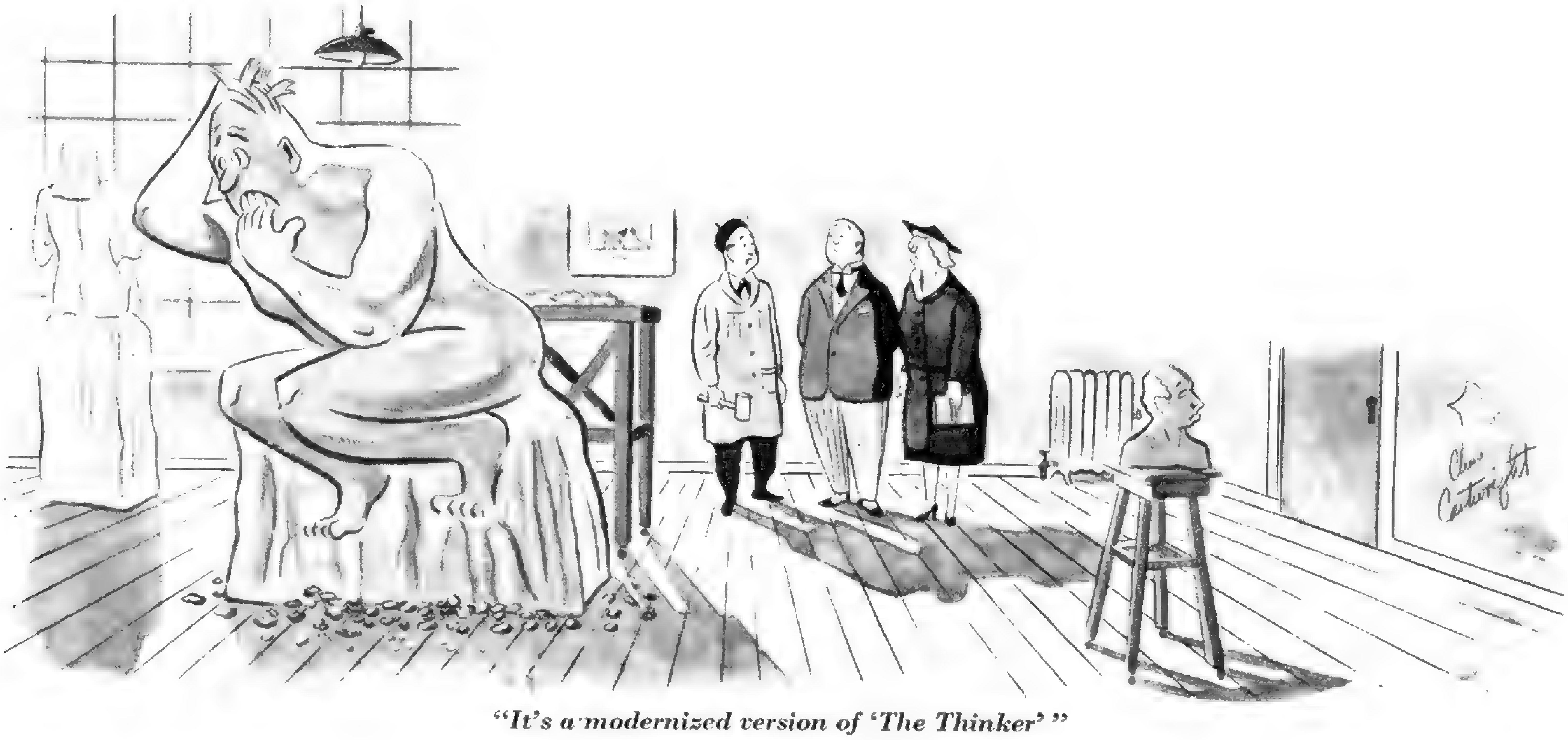


The United States Lawn Tennis Association still insists that its amateurs shouldn't be tainted by playing against professionals, war benefits or no war benefits. So amateurs this year will be unsullied, unpaid and unwatched.

Girls who are choosey
To a fault
Flavor romance
With a dash of "Salt."



"If the United States Postal Service is going to crab about letters being a fraction of an ounce overweight, I'm afraid I'll have to do my mailing elsewhere."



"It's a modernized version of 'The Thinker'"

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 37

officers rate good athletes high in co-ordination and in other qualities of the soldier, but the athlete who is a potential Marine is reminded of the Marines in the Warm-up World War who were killed or decorated in action, rather than of any colorful athletic program.

When Barney Ross, former ring champion, enlisted in the Marines, veteran Marines promptly registered protests against their service engaging in the business of supplying athletic entertainment to the public or in giving any Hollywood dash of gladiatorial gore to boxing instruction in Marine camps. Their alarms were stilled by official assurance that Ross enlisted for general service as a Marine, and that Ross proudly became a member of the corps on that impartial basis.

The Navy, by publicizing sports glamor boys in their customary exhibition roles, drew critical heat that might have been to a large extent avoided by spotlighting the athletic training plan of the Navy pre-flight training schools. More than 200 competent coaches of universities after a month at Annapolis worked out a physical conditioning plan based on the combined experience of specialists. However, even this sound groundwork possibly will expose itself to public question by eventual exhibition of cadets as sports competitors rather than as products of a system concentrated on the development of sky-fighters.

On the civilian front sport has batted the pitching of wartime logic for a .999 average. President Roosevelt in his letter to Judge Landis practically declared baseball a civilian necessity until such time as enemy attacks called the games off. Nevertheless this essential industry displayed its usual hold-out controversies. While workers in other essential industries were nominated to be stood up against brick walls and shot for holding out, and while labor shortage was seriously handicapping war effort, essential baseball's stars held out for figures ranging from Joe DiMaggio's reputed 40,000 dollars plus to pitiful sums like 10,000 and 12,000 dollars.

Grant that baseball stars have grounds for getting what they can while the getting is good. So had the striking workers in other trades where profits were big. Nobody hopes that the war with its high wages for skilled labor will last as long as a baseball star can stay at the top. Hence the baseball star pleading his few top earning years in justification of his holdout has not as strong a case as the worker in other essential trades.

The terrific general condemnation of strikers in essential war industries for conduct basically not differing from that of J. DiMaggio and other holdouts of lesser fame in baseball, is an interesting example of discrimination in favor of the sport idol and is deserving of study by the philosophically inclined.

Abundant examples of sport's wartime complacency haven't made sport look any too good as a factor in winning the war. The sooner those directing sports get to reading that part of the newspaper preceding the sports section, and act on a sternly unselfish realistic basis, the more seriously sport will be regarded by the general American public.

As the score now stands the American civilian has begun to realize that athletics are intended to strengthen all while supplying entertainment, and are not the sublime province of the adept few. As sports have been conducted, the favored, featured players have been those usually least in need of physical conditioning. Those who need what sports can supply in making a healthier nation have not received first consideration.

The colleges and the American Legion have become sharply aware of this topsy-turvy condition. College coaches and athletic directors now in the service will straighten out the mistakes that have developed public criticism of the service handling of sports. Despite the political attacks made on the Physical Fitness division of the Government, and the PFD's initial bewilderment and blundering, that department has the right objective and is getting under way.

With all this country, armed service men and civilians, needing the invigorating physical and spiritual lift of active participation in sports, the nation's most conspicuous sportsmen have the responsibility of assuming a leadership that warrants following in an all-out war. While they're still trying to make up their minds that the cable news isn't kidding the Navy and Army, sports leaders must assume sports leadership and not on the old basis of putting on shows required to pay off the mortgage on the stadium.

We are up against foes who are doing things the tough way. One of them has its pet pug as a parachute jumper. Another had its star swimmers paddling their fighting packs across to Singapore and Hong Kong. They know a war's on. It wouldn't be considered unsporting by them to bomb a ball park packed by Americans.

Their brutal realism may make it necessary that we learn to regard sport as a sideline to war, not war as the bill-posting for the same sort of a show we've been accustomed to in sports.

* * *

Prior to issuance of the British government's edict ruling out greyhound racing for the duration, and otherwise curtailing spectator sports, the Marquess of Donegall wrote in the *Daily Mail* of London:

"I suggest that the police should throw a cordon around any packed greyhound-racing track and allow nobody to leave without showing an identity card and stating what they are doing to win the war. The results would stagger the War Cabinet and shock the nation."

The Marquess, it is plain, is not an enthusiast on the subject of what some cynics have termed The Sport of Kinks, notwithstanding dog-racing's lack of jockeys of dubious probity. His suggestion might be applied to sports assemblies often regarded as having clientele classier than that which watches the mechanical rabbit.

* * *

Warmerdam's cloud-scraping vaults interested many young athletes in pole-vaulting just in time for them to learn that the best bamboo poles came from Japan.

Mr. Warmerdam's performances have greatly extended the public's attention to indoor and outdoor track meets. Not the least of the gentleman's unique performances have been his modest expense accounts. Winter track meet promoters are still muttering in profound admiration of the young school teacher's arithmetic.

* * *

It looks like roadwork this summer may get lads back to the poundage at which American youth weighed in for the Civil War. Civil War soldiers' average weight was 136. In the Warm-up World War the average weight of the Yank was 142 pounds. Today the average weight of American soldiers is 150 pounds. Average height was the same in all three wars, 5 feet, 7½ inches.

* * *

There is a boom in softball. The Navy and Army finding softball a common-denominator sport for large numbers of men gave the game a strong boost.

Those who think the soft name of the pastime indicates deficiency of vigor may recall the girls' championship softball game last year which ended with a spirited brawl to demonstrate that softball is prominent among the most strenuous of contact sports. ##

My Idea of a Good Time

Alec Templeton Gives His Formula for Fun

Whenever our conversation or spirits lag, Mrs. Templeton and I turn on our own private soap opera. It's more fun than a barrel of Scotch and soda. The chief characters are the Mookles of Ypsiditch. Every once in a while, embroidering the narrative as we go along, we add a new chapter to their misadventures. Sometimes our friends overhear us and wonder who is crazier—the Templetons or the Mookles.

Mrs. Mookle is mighty proud these days of her son George, who is in the Navy. For a while it looked as if George was headed straight for the canines. He chased around with that scamp Gibby Tweel, but all that ended when Gibby ran off and married a Balinese girl named Glooka.

Mrs. Mookle makes the most delicious coffee cake. Whenever Mrs. Templeton and I stop in a restaurant and the coffee cake is particularly good, we know that thoughtful Mrs. Mookle has sent it on ahead just for us. Really, everyone ought to have a Mrs. Mookle of his own. Somehow it makes life a little more pleasant.

The Two Hunters

Continued from page 75

can't tell your old man. As for the Huffacre's they'll never know. From all you say they couldn't hurt a flea. Anyhow they'll all go to jail. People in jail can't ask questions." He waited, and when the boy gave him no answer, he continued, "You've said too much already. When I rode back this way I wasn't certain. Now thanks to you, I am. I'll find 'em with no more help from you. Now all I'm wantin' to do is to give you a chance to make a little somethin'."

The boy studied him a time before asking, "You're certain you could find th' Huffacre still, then?"

"Yes, but with a little more help from you it would be easier."

The boy straightened his shoulders, and for the first time looked into the deputy's eyes. "Supposin' I help. What do I git?"

"Now you're talkin.' But supposin' you tell me the wrong holler, then you don't get anything."

"My people don't lie, but I ain't so certain about you. Maybe I'll tell you where they still, an' then you'll forgit me."

"I won't do that. You can trust me."

"Naiver trust th' law, Pap allus said."

"Your pap's got no hand in this. If I give you money now you'd have it spent. I couldn't get it back."

"I ain't a wantin' money. I ain't a needin' money," the boy said, and his eyes fondled the brass telescope.

The deputy saw his glance. "You could buy a contraption like this with money."

The boy looked at it a time longer and when he took his eyes away his face seemed thinner, the skin about his teeth and eyes drawn and pale, until his teeth and eyes stood sharp and bright like those of one sick or afraid.

The deputy said, "Don't get cold feet, boy."

"I don't reckin I will." He ran the tip of his tongue lightly against his upper lip and studied the telescope as if it were some puzzle he could not touch but must solve in his mind. "Will that thing work on any gun?"

"On any single barreled gun."

The puzzle in the boy's mind seemed mostly finished. His eyes grew brighter, were like hands reaching for the bits of metal and glass, "Give it to me—I'll tell."

"Supposin' you don't tell me right."

"Then you can write to Pap. You'd get that back, an' me—I reckin I'd git killed."

The deputy pondered. "Son, you've got a head now," he at last said, and bent to the unscrewing of the telescope sight.

The boy's hands trembled a bit, and the man took his gun and mounted the telescope for him, and when it was finished he returned the gun and said, "Now, see how that works."

The boy lifted the gun to his shoulder, stared at a distant bunch of mistletoe on a black gum tree. "Fine," he said.

"It's a bargain then?"

"Y-e-e-s," he said.

"Let's get goin' then," the deputy said, and turned his mule about.

The boy hesitated, but his face held less a look of indecision than of listening. The man listened, too, and said when the wind-driven murmur of sound had somewhat receded, "Creeks about here must be pretty wild."

"Not too deep for fordin'," the boy answered, and added slowly, "That is in spots. I reckin around this way will be th' best ford."

The deputy turned his mule in the direction indicated. They were silent then until they came to a narrow path dropping over the ridge side, and the boy said, "I dasn't go no further. You foller this path till you come tu th' creek. Cross th' creek an' keep on a follerin' this path. You'll go up a hill. When you're on top look down in a little holler tu th' right an' you'll see smoke."

The man looked down the steep, pine needled path, "It's a lonesome road," he said.

The boy nodded. "Fer you it's better that th' road be lonesome."

"Who knows my business? If th' Huffacres saw me they'd take me for a hunter."

"I reckin they would," the boy said. He studied the man a moment, and his eyes were no longer hard but gentle, touched with the quiet acceptance of some sorrow.

"Don't look so sober, Son," the deputy said. "If you've told me th' truth an' by God it had better be, there's not many men but what would do what you're doin'."

"I'd swear it on a Bible it's th' truth I've told you," the boy answered, and watched the man as he turned down the path. "Recollect tu take yer feet out a th' stirrups when you ford th' creek," he said.

"I've sense enough to keep my feet dry, Son."

The boy stood in the road and when the deputy had gone a little way called in a ringing whisper, "Recollect tu take yer feet clean out a th' stirrups."

The man rode away with no answering, and the boy stood motionless until the trees swallowed him. He turned quickly then and walked a distance up the road. The dog followed at his heels. The road climbed a shoulder of ridge, and at the highest spot the boy turned and slipped between the trees until he came to flat table-like masses of sandstone. Past the stones there was a gorge-like wooded valley, split by a creek and crossed by a path.

He dropped to his stomach and crawled over the bare yellow rocks, screening his movements as best he could in the masses of ivy and twisted huckleberry bush and stunted pine. He shielded the gun with his body so that the brass work of the telescope and the steel of the barrel made no flashing in the sun. He whispered to Mose, and the dog dropped to his belly and was still, following him only with his eyes. He came at last to the bluff edge. Below him were the tops of tall growing spruce and poplar trees and past them was the narrow valley with the creek and the path.

He crawled behind a screen of ivy bush and lay with the gun butt resting against his shoulder, and only his head and his hands moved as he looked through the telescope sight. When he saw what he wanted to see, his hands and his head were still. He waited while sometimes his slow glance swung away to the soaring flight of a hawk, a ground squirrel peering at him from a crevice in the stone, or to his hands that were still like frozen hands.

Sometimes the wind trumpeted in the stunted pine trees and last year's red huckleberry leaves swirled over him or a few pine needles sifted onto his hair, but he took no notice of such things. When a mule's feet clicked over the rocks in the path below he gave no sign that he had heard. His eyes were still, fixed on a bit of creek water as if that disc of yellow swirling water were the world, and apart from it there was nothing to hear or feel or see. Something dark came into the circle of yellow, and for a split second his glance lifted and he saw the tiny figure of a man on a mule belly deep in the swift water, and the man's feet seemed lifted from the stirrup leathers.

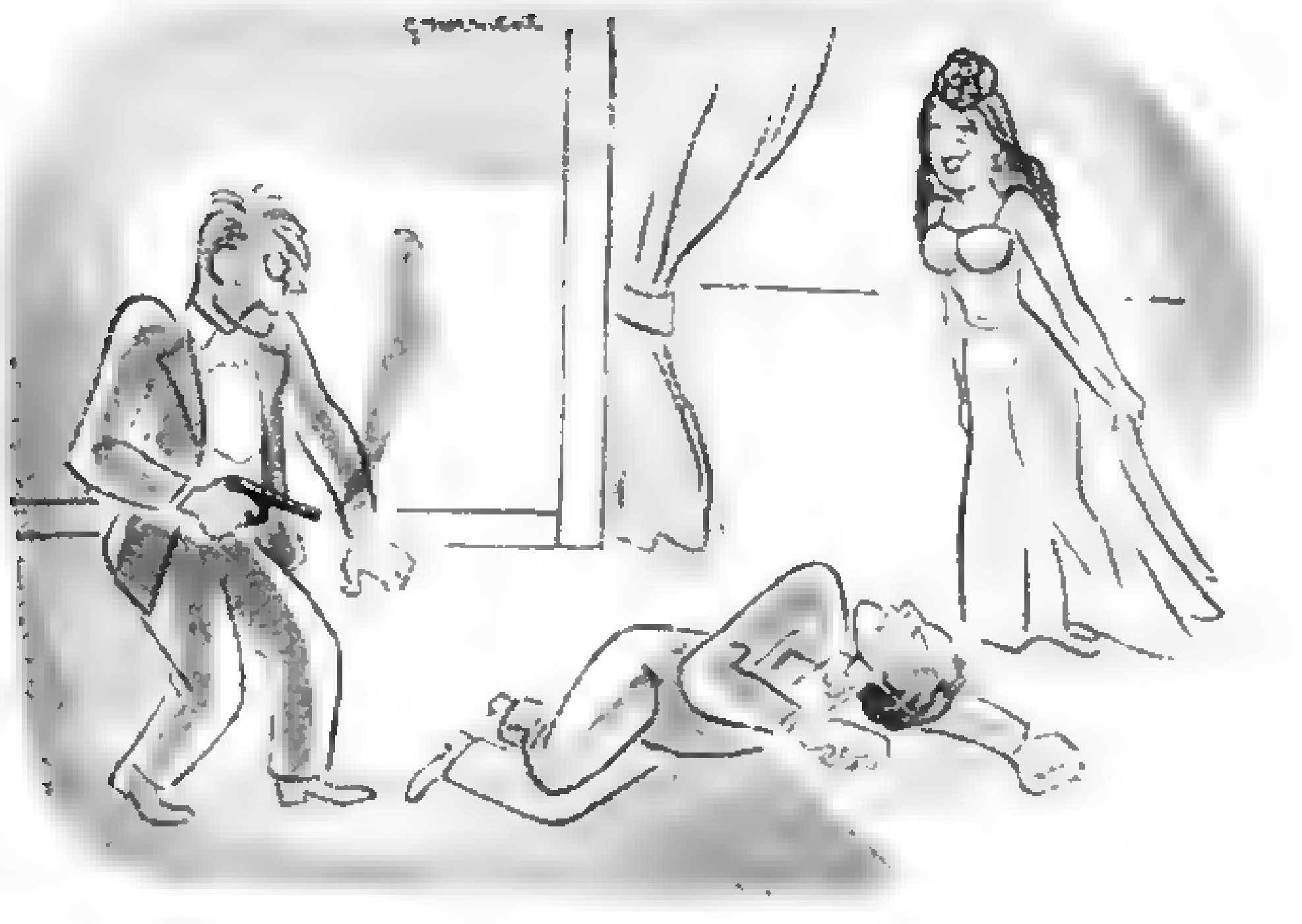
Then there came a sound and a bit of smoke and the boy dropped his head on his outstretched arm. When he looked again he saw a mule struggling riderless up the path on the other side of the creek while some dark object that might have been a man's hat bobbed down the water.

He sat up then and unscrewed the telescope sight with slow fumbling motions as if his mind were hidden from his hands. He held the bright thing and looked at it a moment, then searched with his eyes until he found a deep crevice in the stone. He went there and dropped the telescope in. He listened intently to the muffled clinking sound that came faintly up from the stone, and when there were no more sounds he walked away. His face was pale, and he shivered at times as if he felt the coldness of the wind. ⌗

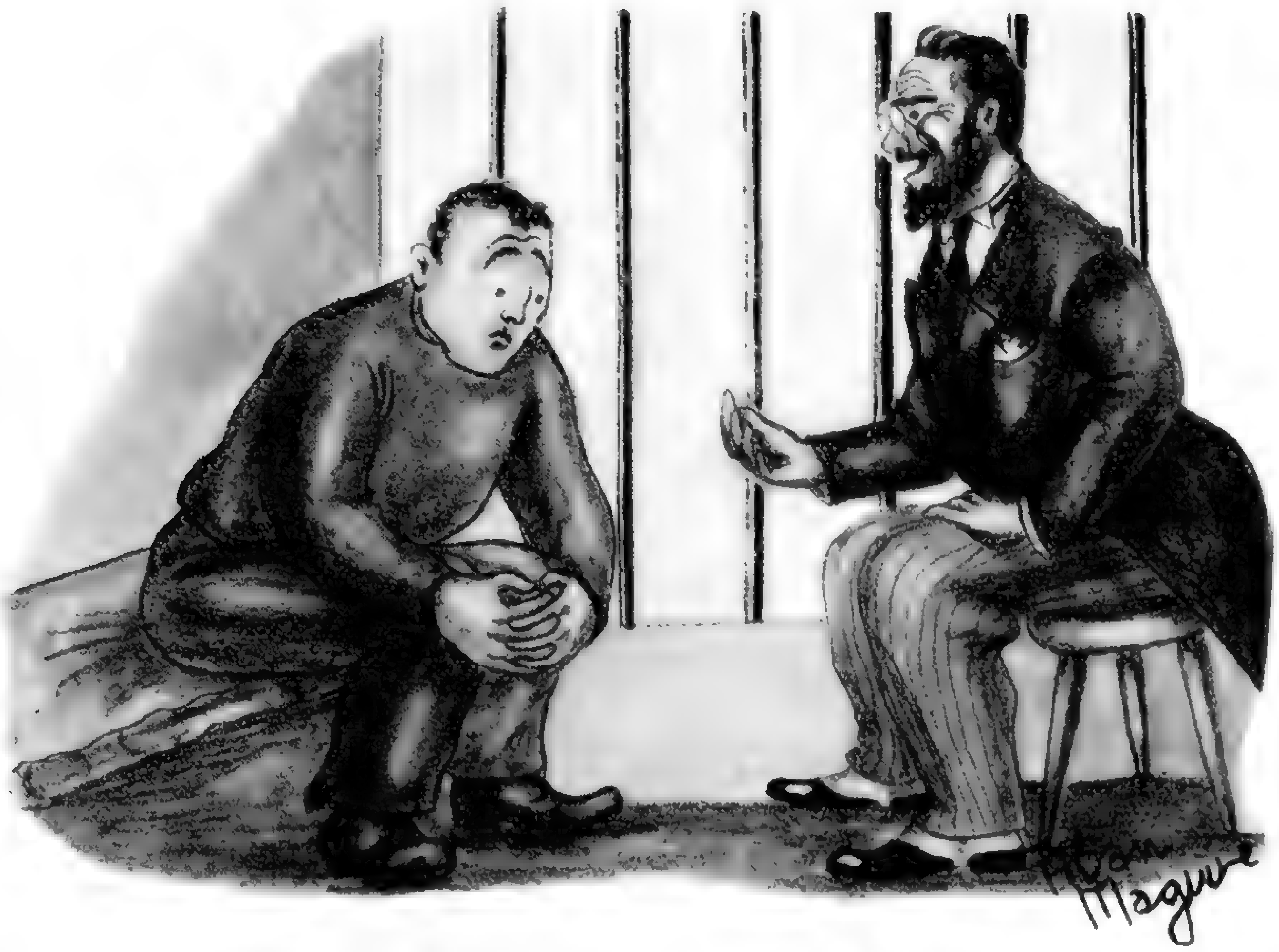
"I Bit"

Deanna Durbin Shares a Laugh on Herself

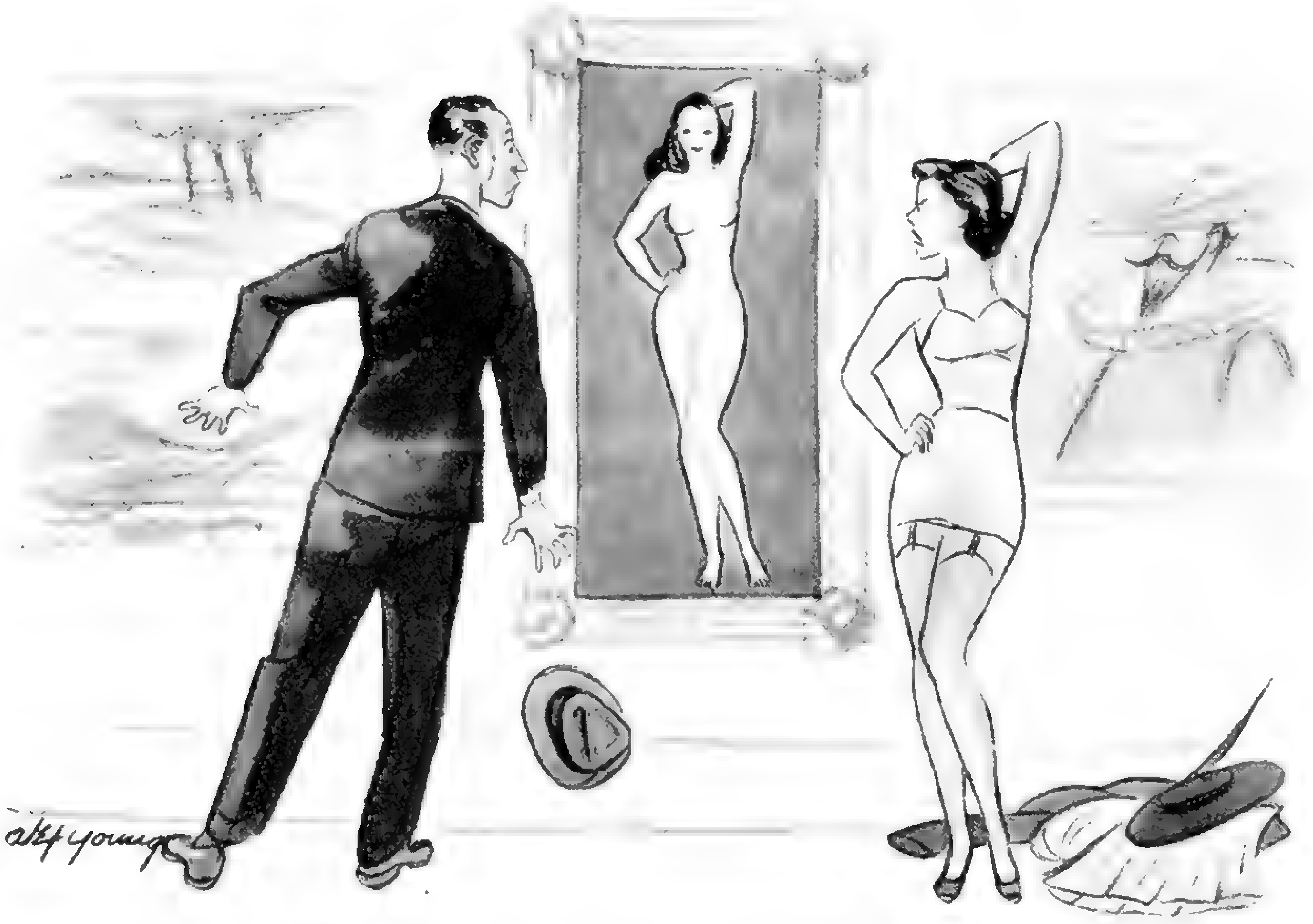
The Anglers:	Henry Koster, director, plus members of the cast and the crew of *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.*
The Hook:	Toward the end of one day's shooting of a bedroom scene, Koster told Miss Durbin that he wanted a close-up of her face in slumber, with a few gentle snores thrown in for realism.
The Bait:	Miss Durbin was put to bed, the lights were set up, the camera was adjusted for the best angle and the signal was given to begin shooting.
The Frying Pan:	For fully seven minutes Miss Durbin tried to snore gently and look asleep, desperately wondering for the last five of those minutes when the director was going to yell "Cut!" Cautiously opening one eye at last, she discovered that the camera was not operating at all and that everyone had gone home, leaving the set utterly deserted save for one greatly mortified smart girl.



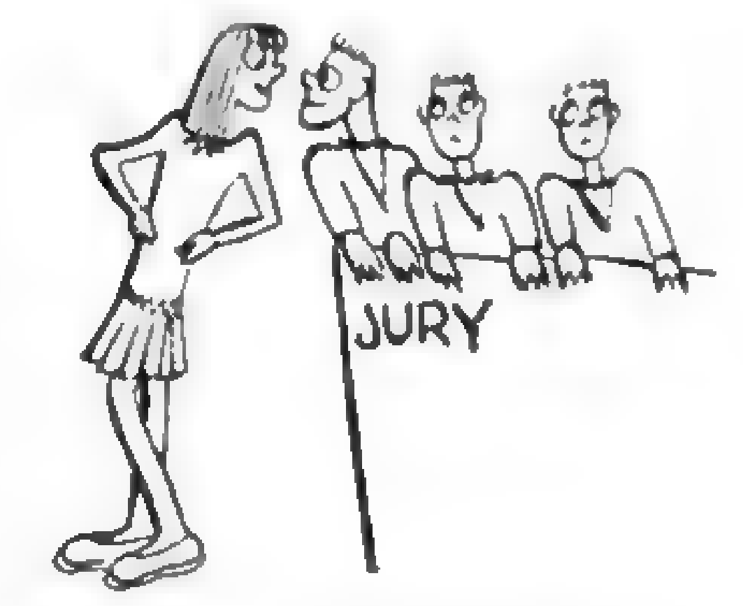
"Why George, on your very first shot"



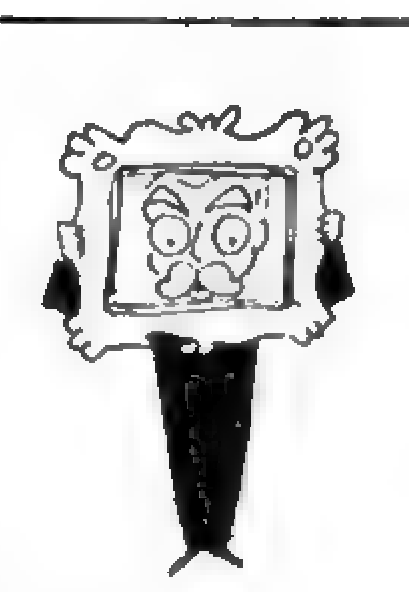
"Come on, be a sport—leave us your brain"



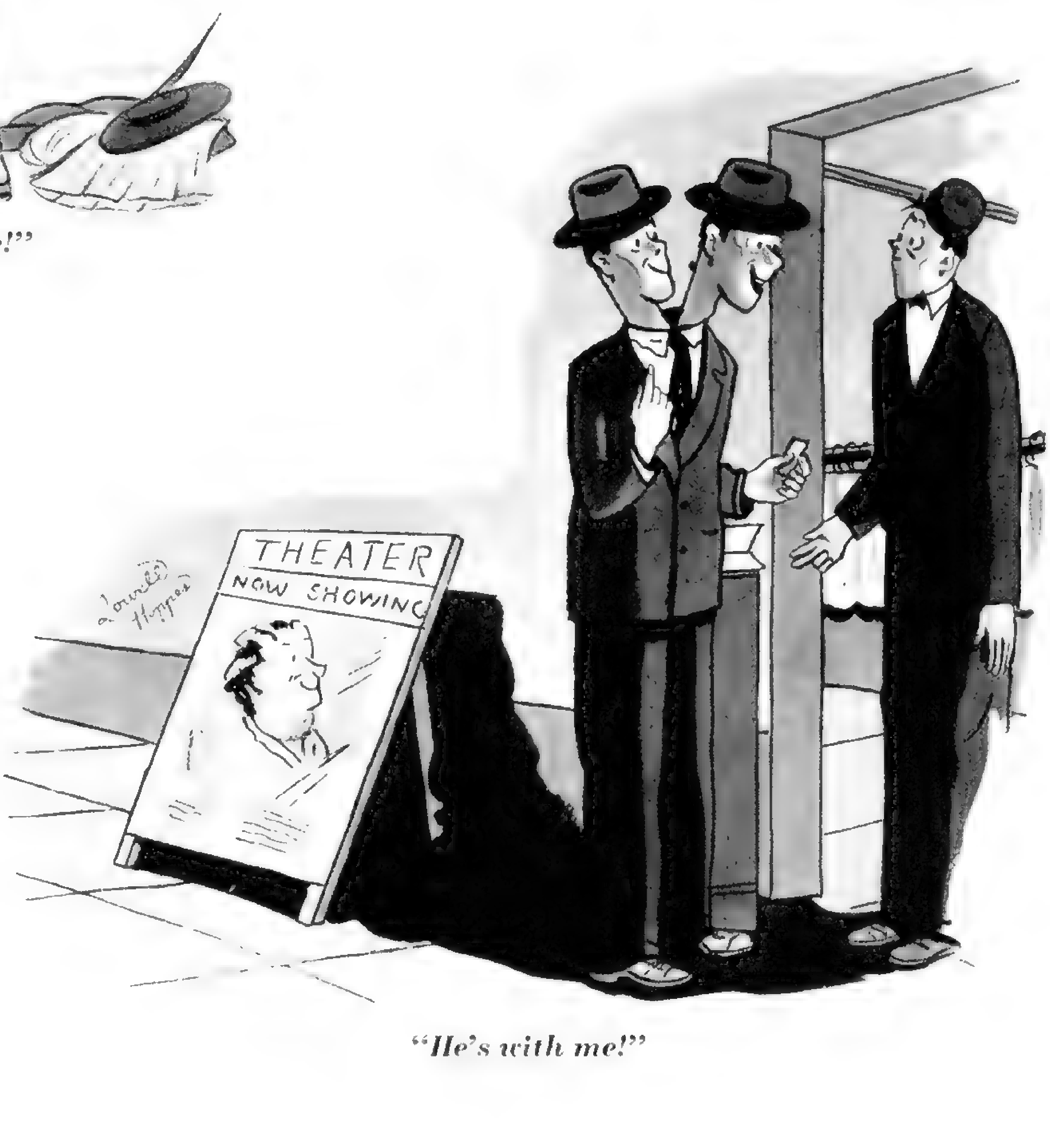
"Now will you stop raving about her figure!"



Girls who "take courses"
Aren't named in divorces;
But girls who take chances
Slip jurors bold glances!



No, Cedric, "United we stand; divided we fall" is NOT *a slogan for an uplift brassiere.*



"He's with me!"

Ted Williams: Evangelical Swatter

Continued from page 73

about fifteen inches between his insteps. He digs his left foot in about six inches from the back of the box. When he starts his move, he takes a step of from eight to ten inches with his right foot, the toe of which is pointing towards the shortstop when the foot is planted. He follows the ball right up to the plate with his eyes and doesn't start his swing until the last possible moment. As in the case of a long hitter in golf, his club swing is preceded by a forward twist of the hips that brings the power of the legs and the big muscles of the body into the blow. He swings the bat with a tremendous snap of his wrists, co-ordinating this wrist action with his step and the twist of his hips. Before he swings he carries the bat almost perpendicularly, with his arms fully relaxed. His left elbow is a little high at the start, but comes down with the snap of his wrists."

Pictures of Williams in action at the instant of contact between the bat and the ball show him looking at a point right over the plate. Like a good golfer, he keeps his head down. Even though his eagle eye enables him to wait out the pitch, he swings with such remarkable speed that he is strictly a "pull hitter," hitting mostly to right or right center. Because he is a "pull hitter," some say he is actually pulling away from the ball at the instant of impact. The hip twist that seems to tilt back his trunk, combined with the popping of his wrists like a rattlesnake whip, is what creates this illusion. In baseball parlance he "rides the ball." Like the good golfer, he follows through with his weight. At the finish of his swing, his weight is on his right foot, somewhat over on the right side of the foot, while the left heel has been lifted well off the ground by the shift of the weight.

But while fundamentally the swing that Ted Williams carried onto the kids' playground hasn't changed, he has learned plenty in the last few years that has improved his batting. The principal lesson that Joe Cronin has given him has been to concentrate on the ball every inch of the way to the plate and to wait until he is sure it is going to be in the strike zone before swinging.

In Ted's first year with Boston, hurlers found that the best pitch to give him was a high, fast one. Ted loves a hot one almost letter high, and pitchers took advantage of this yen by trying to keep the ball above the letters. In his first big league season he fanned 64 times and went out on a good many fly balls because he couldn't resist going after the high, fast ones. By last season he had earned the reputation of going after fewer bad balls than any hitter in the league, and as a result struck out only 27 times and drew 145 walks in 143 games. Ernie Stewart, the young American League umpire, said: "I didn't see him strike at a bad ball all year. He doesn't mind taking a strike or two as he knows he needs only one to hit. Pitchers try to keep from delivering anything to him that's in there, but he isn't anxious and always gets a good ball to hit."

Williams started shining as a ball player at such an early age that in San Diego every third citizen claims to be his discoverer. If a discoverer is necessary for the lad who began starring as a pitcher and outfielder for the Padre Serra American Legion Post while still a fourteen-year-old student at Horace Mann Junior High School, the honor belongs jointly to sports writers Frank Haven and Earl Keller. While Haven was working for the San Diego *Sun* and Keller for the *Tribune*, they tipped off the late Bill Lane, owner of the San Diego *Padres*, that the young beanpole was a sure-fire coming sensation.

As a junior at Hoover High, young Williams clouted the ball for a .586 average. Eager, agreeable and self-confident, he nevertheless had his moments of temperament. Once after he had been purposely passed four times in a game, he blew up and declared he'd never again play such a game. In those days he was already over six feet tall and when he ran the bases he was all arms and legs. He never could keep his cap on, and usually stopped to pick it up when it flew off. The first time Frank Haven saw him play he started from first to second on a ground ball, lost his cap and was thrown out by a city block at second when he ran back for it.

On days when he went to the outfield, he would spend most of his time taking practice swings with an imaginary bat. Earl Keller recalls seeing him going through this performance one day while a fly ball that should have been an easy out sailed over his head for a four-bagger. To this day Ted can't pass a mirror or his reflection in a store window without taking his stance and trying a few phantom swings.

Next to his batting, he is remembered most by his old high school team mates for his appetite. Roy Engle, his catcher at Hoover High, remembers one day when the team was on its annual big trip to Pomona a hundred miles away to play in a tournament and Ted started out with a breakfast of strawberry shortcake and malted milk. The team had two games to play that day and didn't have time for lunch. During the twin-bill, Ted consumed thirteen ice cream bars and eleven bottles of pop. It was nothing for him to order a second dinner right after going through the first. Although Ted still consumes groceries in wholesale lots, his terrific energy uses it up and he has always been slender. Today, at six feet three inches in height, he rarely goes over 180 pounds.

During his second year at Hoover High he batted .403 and his home began to buzz with the enticements of baseball scouts. Bill Essick of the Yankees blew in one evening just after one of Ted's homers had smashed a window across the street and was at first mistaken for the irate owner. "I know what you're here for," said Ted's mother nervously. "It's that home run."

"Yeh, wasn't it a dilly?" was Essick's reply.

Marty Krug of Detroit came, and so did Herb Benninghoven of the St. Louis Cards, and others, but in the long run it was Bill Lane who signed up the lad by arguing that he ought to start his baseball career at home. Joining up in mid-June after school, Ted made 600 dollars, or about 150 dollars a month, his first season in the game. He was always broke at the end of the month. He loved shootin' pictures and when the team was playing night ball he would often take in two or three "horse opera" matinees in one day. He was a pigeon for a pinball game and often would go through twelve or fifteen bucks in nickels in one session. Generous and easy-going, he always wanted company in whatever he was doing and consequently he was always dragging team mates along to shows or goofy games or the corner soda fountain.

Sid Durst was handed Williams as a room mate that first season, and he describes the lad as "big, gawky, good-natured, self-confident, full of the devil, but never at any time showing a trace of meanness." On his first road trip to San Francisco, Durst was awakened at 6 a.m. in the Pickwick Hotel by an unearthly yell. There was the new rookie jumping up and down on his bed, beating his chest and giving out with "Yowee-e-e!" at the top of his lungs.

"What's goin' on here, son?" asked Sid in his slow Texas drawl.

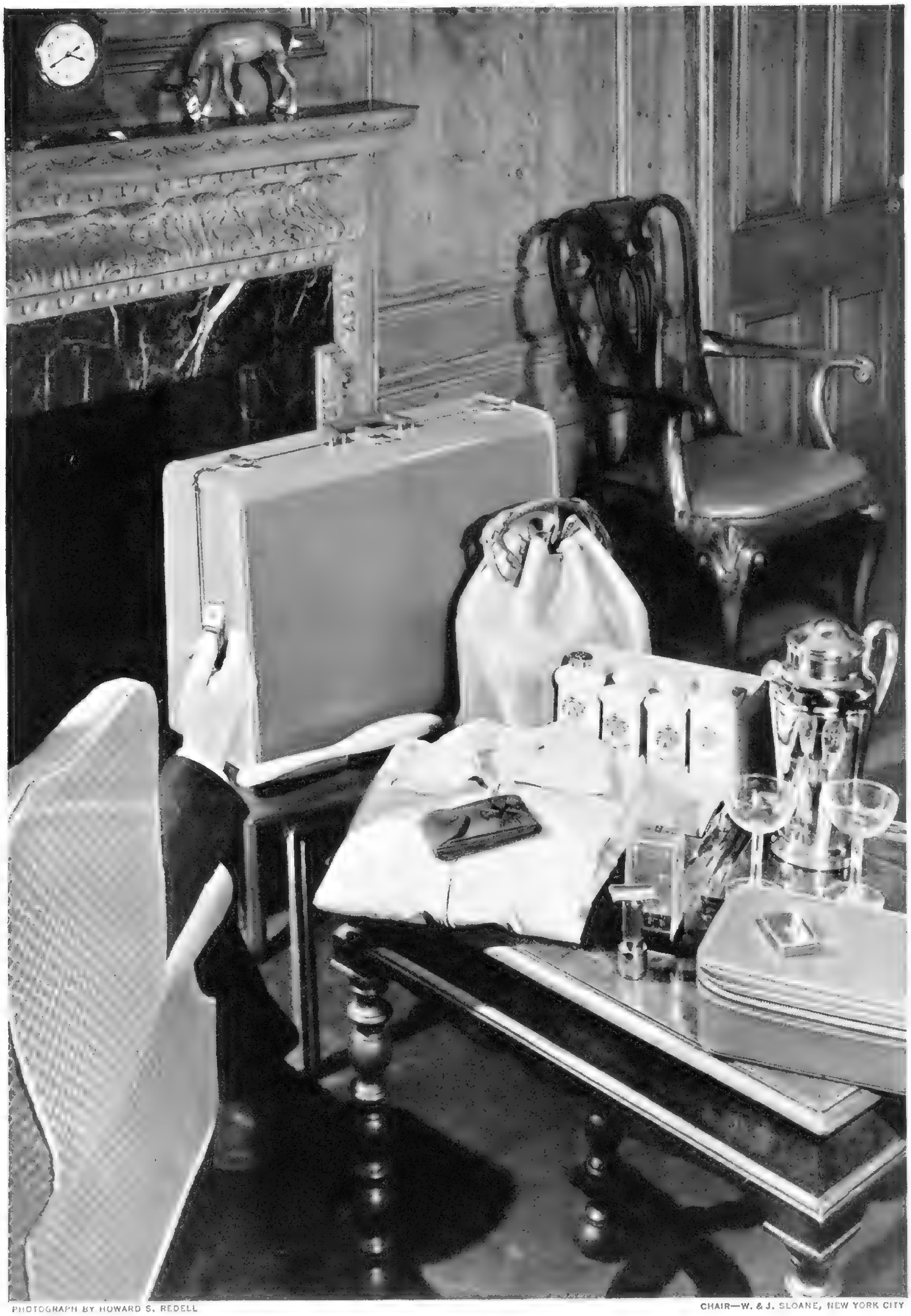
"Jimminy cripes!" yelled Ted, continuing to jump around and beat his chest. "Ain't it great to be young and fulla vigor! Yowee!"

"Not at 6 o'clock in the mawnin'," drawled Durst.

Williams was used only as a

Continued on page 100

Mr. & Mrs. George Vanderbilt photographed at Palm Beach. His natural tan Shetland jacket with brown overplaid is combined with a tan rayon shirt and dark brown slacks. Her slack suit is tan gabardine.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD S. REDELL

CHAIR—W. & J. SLOANE, NEW YORK CITY

dadenda for june twenty-first

If you're still undecided about a Father's Day gift, some item on this layout may turn the trick. The square gold wristwatch (reminder that it's later than you think) may be just what he's honing for. Other nominations include: The leather suitcase, conveniently tapered, which holds two suits and adequate accessories, while the cowhide pouch carries incidentals. The wooden-handled clothes brush has a shoe-horn. A processed cotton jacket will protect him comfortably outdoors. Tooled billfold with transparent compartments for cards showing his various aliases. Jars of early apothecarian pattern which hold choice masculine toiletries. Cocktail in a period design, and glasses on a propeller-handled tray. A razor (not electric) for rugged individualists, which vibrates through a spring motor. Dependable windproof lighter, shown atop an oilskin-lined utility case, saddle-stitched. Resting on the mantle are: Williamsburg Colonial electric clock and a grazing (ceramic) antelope.

(For sources of gifts shown, send stamped self-addressed enevelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.)

Ted Williams: Evangelical Swatter

Continued from pages 73-98

pinch hitter at first, but kept pestering Manager Shellenback to let him pitch as he had been signed as a chucker. On the first trip to Los Angeles, three Padre pitchers were sent to the showers in one of the games and San Diego was trailing 9 to 3 at the start of the seventh. Shelly figured this was the time to try Williams. Ted got 'em out in the seventh, but in the eighth the first man up doubled. Then came a homer, another double, and another homer! That was Ted's last as well as his first turn on the mound in professional baseball. Toward the end of that first season, in 1936, he got a chance to play regularly when Chick Shivers, the left fielder, quit to take a football coaching job in Georgia. From then on Ted played in the outfield with Durst, who is now the San Diego manager, and Vince DiMaggio. Ted's batting average that year was only .271.

He was a wild young colt and it was hard to get him to obey orders, not because he was ornery, but because he wasn't used to discipline, and couldn't see the sense of running to get in shape, throwing to the right bases, chasing flies and practicing on ground balls. From the first, he just wanted to hit. When an opposing pitcher took the mound, Ted would say, "Hot dog, there goes my lamb." With all his devil-may-care ways, he could always outfigure a pitcher, and by the end of his first season he could demonstrate the batting stance and swing of every good hitter in the league.

At the end of 1937, during which Ted hit .291, Lane sold Williams to the Red Sox for a reputed 35,000 dollars and three players—Al Niemiec, a second-baseman now with Seattle; Dominic Dallessandro, left fielder now with the Cubs, and Outfielder Spencer Harris, who is now with Seattle. A row broke out between Lane and the Williams family on the grounds that Lane had told Williams' parents that he would not be sold for three years, and that when he was put on the block the boy would get part of the sale price.

When Lane said no dough for the Williamses, Ted said he would not go to Boston. Eddie Collins, General Manager of the Red Sox, flew to the Coast, and eventually the boy got a check for 2,500 dollars from the Red Sox, of which Lane is believed to have had to put up a share.

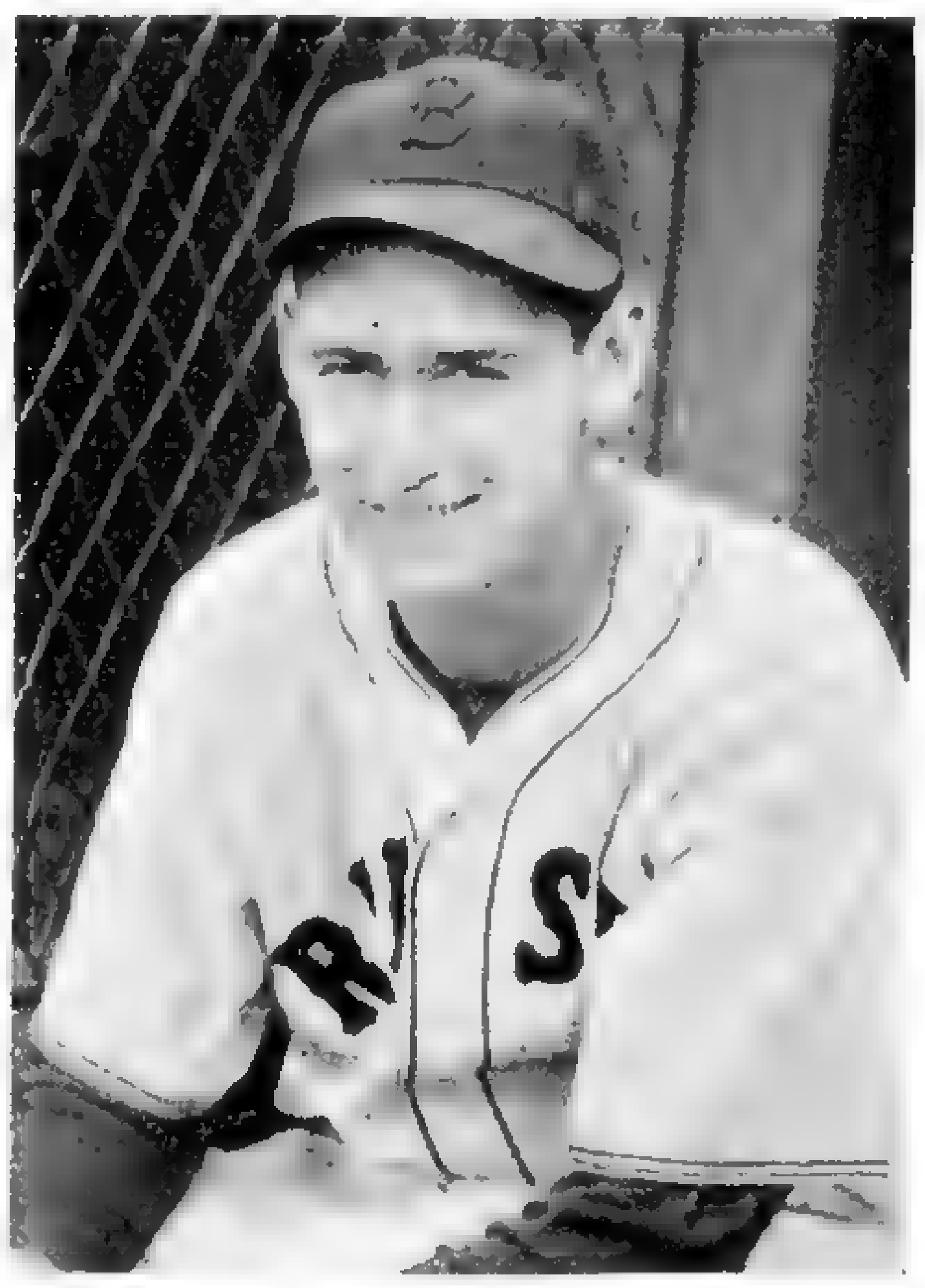
Ted reported at Sarasota in 1938, but failed to stick. When Manager Cronin barked an order at the gangly nineteen-year-old, Ted came back: "Okay, sport!"

"Who is this fresh punk?" yelled Cronin. "Get him back to the minors where he belongs."

Ted was heartbroken when the Red Sox pulled out and left him waiting for a train to Minneapolis. But as some of the departing gang jeered at him, he came back: "Yah-h-h, I'll be back . . . rattling them off the fences."

It was in the one hundredth year of baseball that Ted Williams at a salary of 4,500 dollars had his first major league season in 1939. In his first year in the big show, only his team mate Jimmy Foxx, and Hank Greenberg led him in homers—Foxx with 35 and Hank with 33 to Ted's 31. Ted had his troubles, like all other ball players, during slumps, and got in bad with the baseball writers during some such flare-up. Then there was the publicity about his remark to his uncle: "I wish I was a fireman like you. No worryin'. No nothin'. You don't have to do anything but sit around all day."

But it grew mostly out of his youth, and his zeal to reach the top in his game. Disappointments throttled him momentarily, but not for long. That's the way he played ball, too.



Ted Williams

Once when the count was three-and-two in a game in Detroit, Rudy York, then catching for the Tigers, chided him: "It's a tough spot; you won't hit here, Lamb."

"Watch me," shot back Ted, and on the next pitch socked one over the double-decked pavilion in right center.

The next time he came up, Rudy said to him: "Pretty lucky last time, Lamb. Whaddya gonna do now?"

"I'm gonna bust it outa the park again," said Ted, and hit another homer.

After his homer in the All-Star game, Ted remarked: "Those National Leaguers brought that on themselves, razzing me for striking out the time previous."

Ted's brilliant finishes, like that All-Star game and his final drive in Philadelphia last year for his .406, are the result of his boundless confidence. He fears no pitcher, believing he can hit anything they choose to dish up. When he was playing his last game in the Coast League against the Missions, he wanted to top things off right. That day a terrific wind was blowing against the batters, and Wayne Osbourne, Missions pitcher, said, "If that guy thinks he can hit a homer against this gale, he's gonna have to furnish his own power."

Osbourne lobbed over a slow ball, and against that driving wind, Ted lambasted the pitch over the fence, across the street and against a high wall 425 feet from the plate. He had hit plenty of homers of 450 feet or more on the Coast, but western fans consider this prodigious blow the most terrific ever made in the Coast League.

Ted is quick-tempered but also quick to cool off. Intensely loyal to his friends, he won't stand for any criticism of them. Because of his desire to be a good influence on youngsters, he has refused thousands of dollars to give his endorsement on cigarette and liquor ads. However, he endorsed a breakfast food for 500 dollars and says he would have done it for nothing "because things like that are good for kids." He has never drunk or smoked, and in his vocabulary he didn't have anything more profane than "jimminy cripes" until he picked up a few choice words in the big leagues.

Last year he wanted to buy his mother a new home in San Diego, but she preferred to go on living in the old place where Teddy was raised from the age of two. Ted then had the house done over and refurnished. He told his mother to give away the old furniture, and seven poor families of San Diego shared in it.

Ted, who was not over-paid for his work for Boston last year even though granted a handsome bonus, wanted to play ball this year in order to earn enough money to pay for an operation on his mother that the doctors say is necessary. It was his mother, and not Ted, who placed the situation before the draft board. After having put his home in order with his earnings from this year's baseball campaigning, he plans to enlist this fall. Few, if any, will toss a brighter future into the holocaust.

The tragedy is a little tougher on Williams than on most of the other big stars for the very simple reason that he has come to the top so fast that he has not yet had time to make much money out of the game. Others have had top salaries knocked out from under them, but Ted was checked before he got the salaries his outstanding ability warranted.

Ted hates to dress up and when he started in the Coast League he swore he would never wear a tie or go out with girls. He is beginning to weaken, as now he occasionally will wear a tie and they say he has a very attractive gal friend in Minnesota, where he usually spends the winter in the little town of Princeton, hunting and fishing. Naturally when he is tramping through the woods he continually grips his gun or fishing rod like a bat and takes practice swings. He keeps in perfect physical condition and helps develop his "Popeye" forearms and powerful wrists by daily doing from fifty to one hundred push-ups off the floor. He can follow fifty ordinary push-ups from the hands by twenty-five more in which he pushes up from his fingertips.

Ted's only desire is simple. He just wants to be known as the world's best baseball batter. He doesn't go for frills and once when a newspaper man asked him how he liked a special feature article he had done on him, Ted said. "Aw, never mind that stuff. Just tell 'em what I do in the ball park."

When Ted was going great guns last year and booming down the stretch for his .406, a newspaper man in New York said, "Say, I never saw so much publicity for any one guy." Ted snapped back, "Yeh? And you never saw so much hitting from one guy, either." Then he cut loose with one of those laughs that carries six blocks. He thought he'd gotten off a pip.

Late in the season in Boston he clouted out a double and when he pulled up at second, Umpire Ernie Stewart, who was stationed near the bag, said to him: "Ted, you're the best hitter I ever saw."

"No foolin', Ernie, ya really mean it?" Ted replied. "Say, but that ain't nothin' to what I'm gonna be. Wait till I get stronger and bigger, about two hundred pounds; I'm gonna be a lot better. When I'm twenty-five or twenty-six, say, there's no tellin' what I'll be hittin'." Whether the precocious Ted ever reaches his full stature as a hitter depends entirely on the war. ##

The Boston Terrier

Champion Mosholu Brown Bomber, owned by Mrs. Madeline C. McGlone. Born in Boston and proud to be one of the true American-made breeds, the Boston terrier is the result of a cross between the English bull dog and the white English bull terrier. Sixty years ago a dog named "Judge" made a place for himself in Back Bay Canine Circles. He was a cross between the two above mentioned English Bulls and was destined to be the ancestor of today's Boston. The new breed was given a temporary identifying name of Round Head until 1891 when the Boston Terrier Club of America was organized and the more dignified and appropriate name of Boston Terrier given this delightful dog. The American Kennel Club recognized the Boston in 1893 and since then much has been accomplished in developing and standardizing today's Boston. He is brindle, often dark, in color, with white markings. The "American Gentleman" can boast a superb disposition and acute sensibility, and his dark soft eyes behold no world other than the one shared with his master.

—Chase Herendeen

CHAMPION
MOSHOLU BROWN BOMBER

Color Photograph

by HENRY WAXMAN

"MALLARDS AT SUNRISE"
WALTER E. BOHL

Darrel Austin: The Young Master

Continued from page 64

with shock and humiliation. Imagine! And Mrs. Austin, later describing the emotion they felt, declared: "We were never so insulted in our lives!" Which explains, partly, why the Austins do not cultivate artists and the arty generally. The admiring artist's "insult" would not have been tempered for the Austins had the name of any other artist been substituted for that of Picasso.

Did Darrel Austin also, like Venus, rise from the waves, full-bodied and unfathered in his art? He acknowledges neither master nor influence and he proclaims the impossible as truth because he possesses, to its intensest degree, the artist's unwillingness to share with anyone else his creative ecstasy, or credit for the finished performance. The story of his life can provide only a partial answer to this question, yet his art seems to be exclusive and original because it mirrors a private universe and because the process of transposition to the canvas seems to be partly unconscious. He does not always "know" what he does, but you do not have to forgive him, for he knows what he has done when he has finished.

Austin's high opinion of himself and other qualities and characteristics that seem idiosyncratic represent merely the drive to compensate for a boyhood and youth of struggle, hardship and neglect. Against those, including his teacher, who dismissed him as of small calibre he donned a mental armor to make himself impenetrable to attack, and now that he no longer needs that armor it has grown into his skin and he cannot divest himself of it.

Darrel Austin was born in Raymond, Washington, in 1907 and when he was two the family moved to Portland, Oregon, in which place he has spent most of his years. His father, Albert, was a marine engineer who had formerly been a cowpuncher and *his* father was a cavalryman in the U. S. Army who was transferred from Custer's regiment on the eve of the battle which was a massacre.

There is nothing in the artist's family history to indicate which way this twig was going to be bent. His school career was undistinguished. He made good grades and attended a Saturday sketch class for several months.

Instead of attending high school he enrolled at the Polytechnic in order to learn printing and make-up, as well as the finer shades of typography. He was making his living during his middle teens, working at layouts, lettering and commercial art. His art education was begun under the most trying of circumstances.

He reconciled need and desire in the following manner. He arose at four in the morning. He had to take four trolley cars to reach his art class at the University of Portland. On the trolleys he sketched, arriving at his class at five. For three hours, alone and undisturbed, he painted. By the time his fellow-students were tramping into class he was at his job in the print shop, and after five attended an evening sketch class in the city.

His art teacher was Emil Jacques, a Belgian Academician who had come to rest in this cultural desert. Mentally and physically he was a strong character and a fine draftsman, and he was an excellent teacher in that he made you work. The words are his student's. That there was more than a formal relationship between teacher and student is shown by the fact that when Jacques was appointed to teach art at Notre Dame, Austin went along and registered as a special student with Jacques, maintaining himself by executing layout ideas for an advertising agency in South Bend, and when the Notre Dame term was ended, Austin drove his teacher back to Portland and resumed the status of student at the Far Western university. (At Notre Dame Austin became intensely interested in Catholicism and took a private course with Father O'Hara, head of that university. His first paintings, done at Notre Dame, were based on his then intense study of the Bible and on its Catholic exegesis.)

Now Austin is at great pains to indicate that his debt to Jacques is slight, if not non-existent. Although teacher and student went together on landscape painting expeditions and they worked together on other occasions, Austin inclines to stress those early morning hours when he was all alone in the class. He admits that he tried to imitate his teacher, but such work did not come out right. The use of the palette knife in the place of brushes was the student's own accidental discovery. According to the academic technique, the brush is for painting, the knife for scraping paint from canvas. The day Austin discovered the new use for the palette knife was probably the most important of his life, whether he knew it or not.

In three places—two catalogue notes and one article—I have read the pointed statement that Darrel Austin disliked the painting of Emil Jacques, his teacher. The fourth time I heard the statement from Austin's lips. I am quite ready to believe, without extensive argument, that Austin did not, and does not, like the painting of Emil Jacques. To have Austin express his admiration of the work of any other painter is too dazzling a reward to anticipate this side of Paradise. I have met other distinguished students of obscure teachers, who, even if they could not refrain from privately expressing their low opinion of their instructors, at least did not make a point of putting that opinion into print. Why does Austin make so sharp a point of his low opinion of Jacques' work?

There are many things Austin has forgotten and some things he must have forgiven, but what a man like Austin can neither forgive nor forget is a low opinion, of his paintings and of his potentialities. The sad fact is that Jacques did not believe that Austin would become any kind of artist, not because Austin was driving ahead in a hostile tradition, or driving ahead against tradition, but simply because he didn't seem to be going anywhere. But it was in Jacques' class that Austin met someone who matched him in his faith in himself. That fellow-student was Margot Helser, who has since acquired a reputation of her own as a children's story writer. In 1933 Margot Helser became also Mrs. Darrel Austin. By that year Austin had not yet done a single painting he would want to keep. Of course his standards were high.

The two church mice pooled their resources and started living in a studio. Mrs. Austin designed and executed stained glass windows for churches and worked longer at her easel than he did at his. He was busy about this time doing lettering for department store ads, as well as related chores. Gradually the realization overwhelmed him that he *could* paint. He had driven down to San Francisco in the hope that there he might be able to improve upon the instruction available to him in Portland. He was about to put his name down for a course at the California School of Fine Arts when he looked up and became aware that there was an exhibition of students' work on the walls. He deigned to glance at it, turned around and walked out without registering. No, *they* couldn't teach him anything.

Conveniently, the federal government began bestirring itself on behalf of American artists and Austin was attached to a project, painting easel pictures and working on a series of four panels for the University of Oregon medical school. For some reason or other this job was never completed. He also made designs for all the furniture, textiles, wrought iron and so forth for the government hostel

Continued on page 105

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Shoe shine man: Should there ever be a shortage of diplomats, the State Department could do worse than call upon this office building Talleyrand, if not for actual service, at least for advice. In a small way he has the entire building terrorized and he knows it.

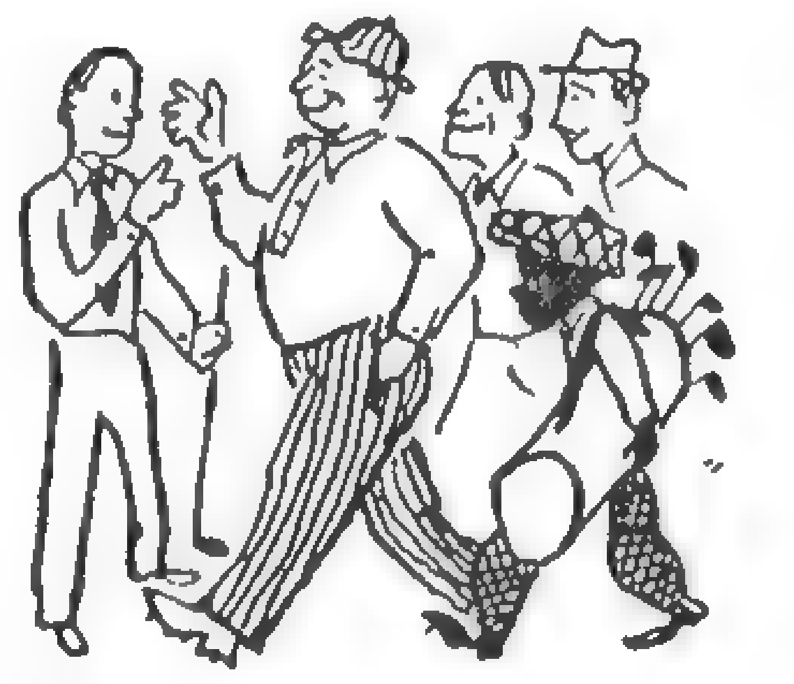
He is short and squat and old and of Neapolitan extraction. He moves slowly and creakily, swinging the box in which he carries the instruments of his trade as though it were filled with dangerously packed high explosive. He breathes heavily and gives off, in addition to a shimmering wave of halitosis combined with garlic, an air of virtuous senility that elicits sympathy from even the most cynical.

To executives, to secretaries, even to office boys, who should know better, he is supposed to represent the man in the street, the common touch, the pulse of the nation. A stock broker on the tenth floor will ask him anxiously how business is and will tell him earnestly that stocks are on the way up. In exchange he will give the broker a bad shoe shine for twenty-five cents plus the information that Mr. Grabiner, the radiator manufacturer on the sixteenth floor, says business is moving into a bad period.

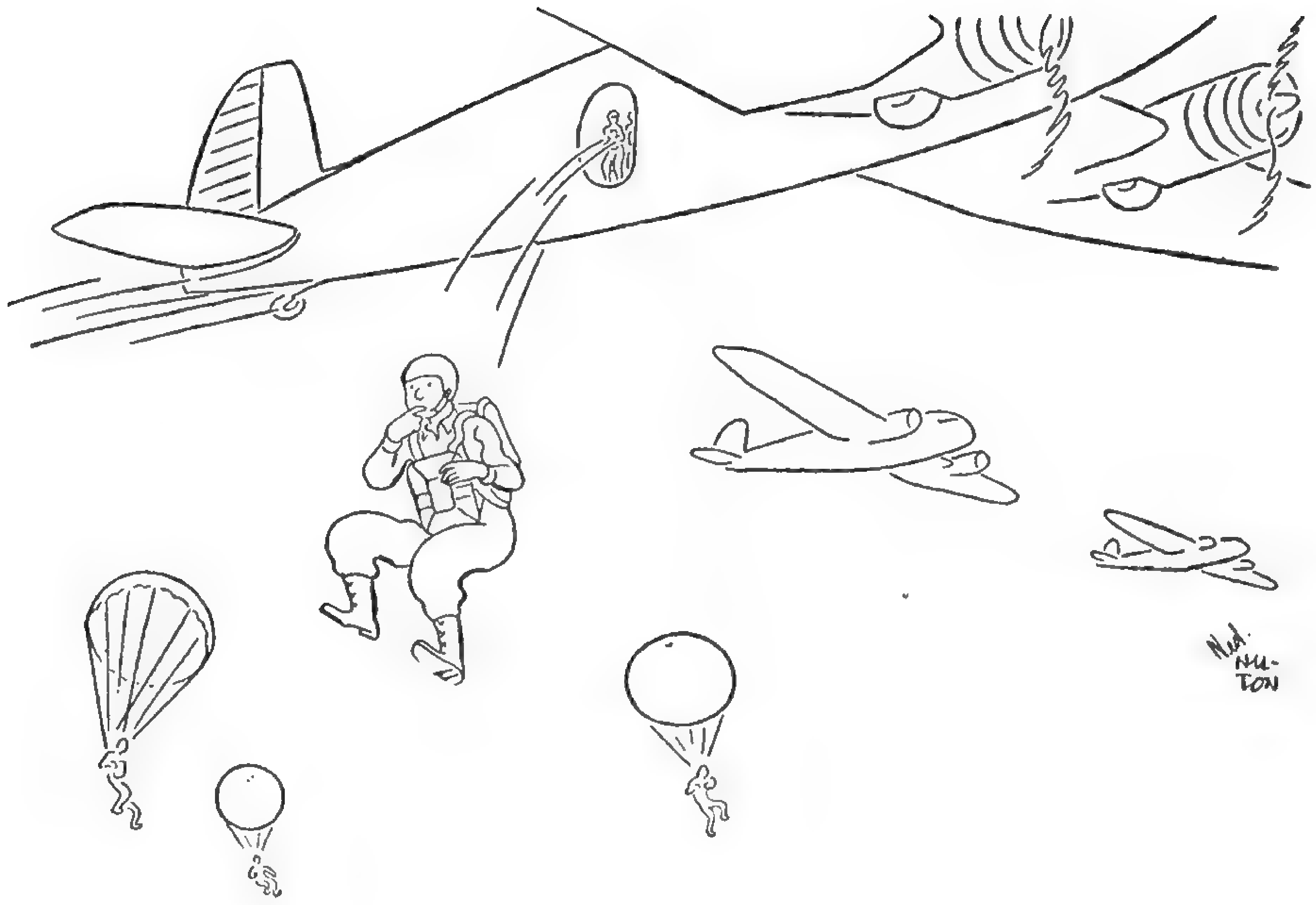
When he reaches the sixteenth floor he will do his daily bit toward shortening the life of Mr. Grabiner's shoes and tell him that the broker on the tenth floor says stocks are due for a sharp drop. Mr. Grabiner will tip him lavishly, afraid that even a hint of parsimony will cut off this daily supply of highly significant misinformation, and, as soon as the shoe shine man leaves his office, will jump to the phone to put into motion a stock market transaction that will end disastrously.

While he is working on your shoes, his face set in layers of unspeakable sadness, the shoe shine man will tell you about his carefree youth at the bottom of the mountains somewhere in Italy, about his wife's ulcers, his son's partial blindness, his own arthritis, his general miserable lot. When he is finished you are so close to tears you can scarcely find your way to the pocket in which you keep the large coins.

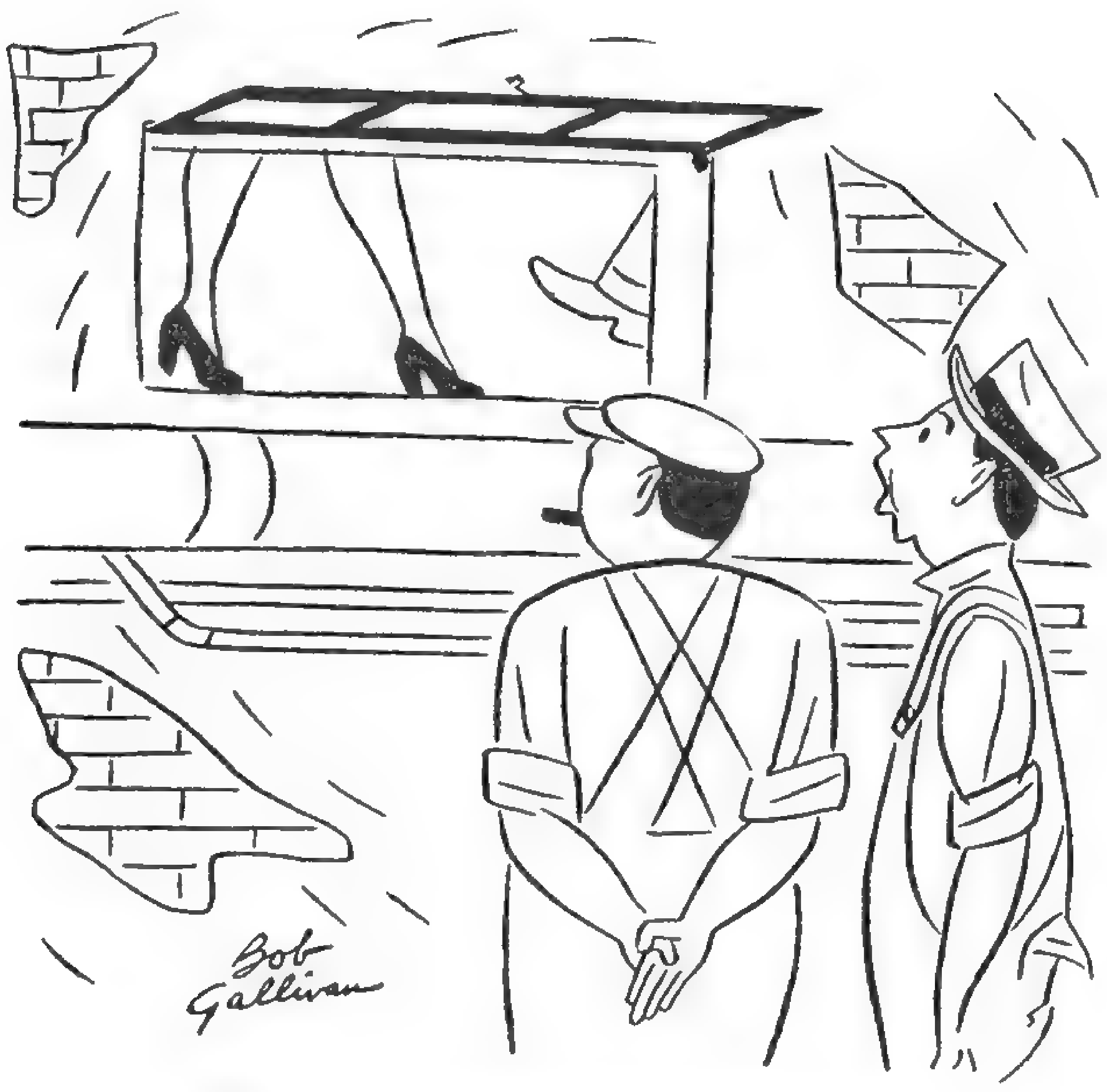
At night, while you are lying awake in bed, wondering where you will get the money for next month's rent, the shoe shine man is sitting before the fire in his comfortable stucco house in Queens, sipping a glass of good red wine made from the grapes he grows in the orchard on his own farm near Croton, while he pores lovingly over his small but fine library of bank books.



Who can remember the good old days when making a hole in one was a better topic for conversation than finding an abandoned golf ball in the rough?



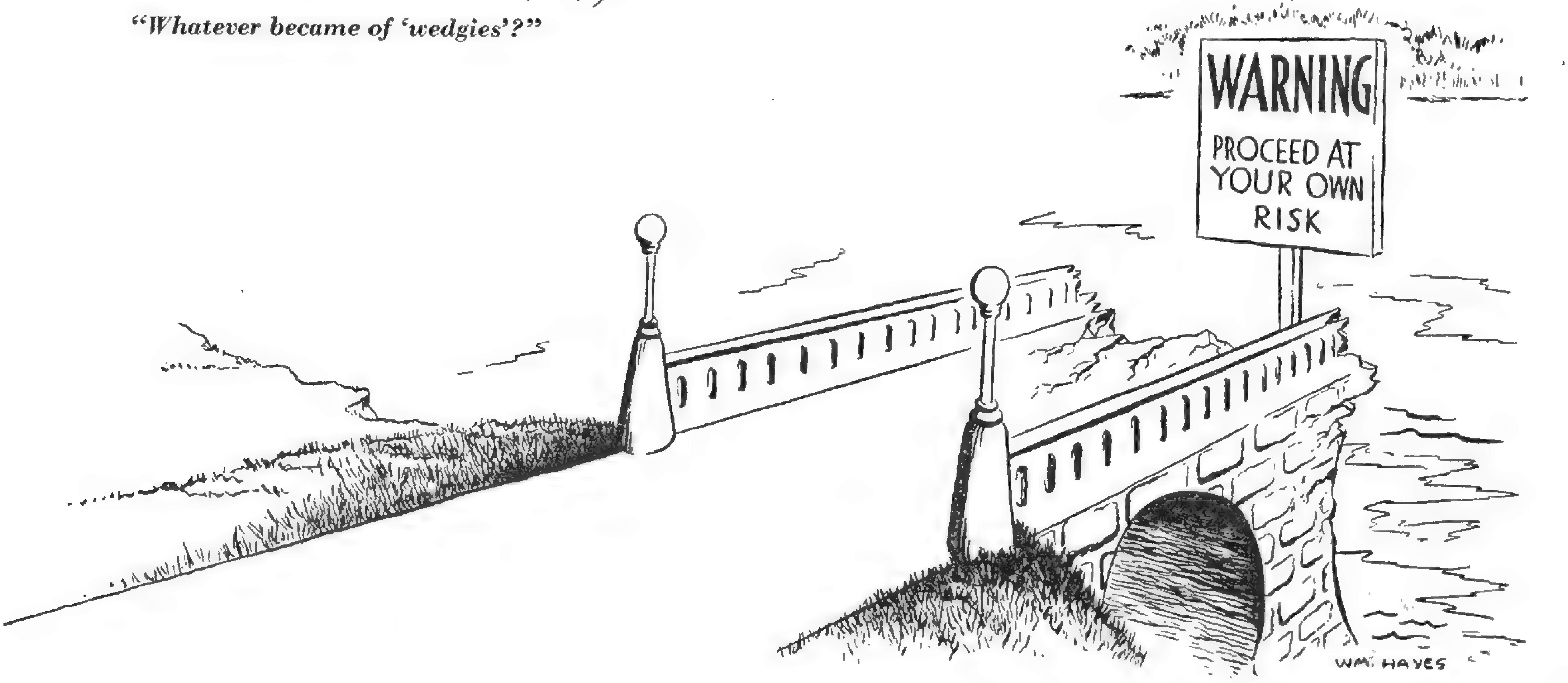
"Let's see now—according to Life Magazine I should land on my feet"



"Whatever became of 'wedgies'?"

Unmilitary Secret

A type of girl we never will adore
Is she who says: "I think we've
met before."
And then, when we in vain for
details press,
Just smirks at us and lisps:
"Come on now—guess!"


WARNING
PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK

Darrel Austin: The Young Master

Continued from pages 64-103

on Mount Hood, Oregon, and suggested also ideas for sculpture and other forms of decoration, but his ideas were not properly executed. However, he was painting more easel pictures he wanted to keep, and Mrs. Austin inspired him to go on.

Around 1937 he had an opportunity to pit himself, in his own estimation, against recognized masters. There was running concurrently in Portland, in the same building, an exhibition of project paintings, in which he had an entry, and an exhibition of the modern French, which included, he believes, Renoir and such-like. He barely restrained himself from challenging the man in charge with the question, "What have the modern French got that I haven't got?" But he knew that his painting was the best in both exhibitions, and decided to go on from there.

He didn't know how pictures were sold. He sensed that they had to be taken to the metropolis, which is New York, where they could be seen by persons in the habit of acquiring them and paying for them. He started out for New York, not with his pictures, strangely enough, but with a compact batch of his wife's water colors, illustrations for the Grimm brothers' fairy tales, and stopped off at Los Angeles.

There he showed the water colors to likely persons, including interior decorators, but nothing happened. He chanced one day to talk about his own pictures and was urged to show them. A crate of his paintings shipped down from Portland created immediate interest. He was given his first one-man show at the Putzel Gallery in Hollywood in January, 1938, and a number of persons, including Fannie Brice, bestirred themselves on his behalf, and the show was a sellout, though the proceeds were not overwhelming.

New York was still to be conquered, for Austin regarded his Hollywood success as a merely provincial accolade. The Austins stayed on in Hollywood on the chance of Mrs. Austin getting a job in the movies. The job didn't come through and they left for New York, arriving in the Spring of 1938, when they commenced their siege, with the results previously noted.

The Austins have organized their creative careers in the most interesting manner. She became a successful children's story writer with the publication of *Moxie, Bunty and Henty*, written, at a publisher's suggestion, to go with her own drawings. *Barney's Adventure* is another one of her tales. Her most successful work is *Peter Churchmouse*, a producer of royalties years after its original publication. An interesting division of labor is involved in the promotion of their careers. It was early established that there was going to be only one artist in the family and that was to be Darrel Austin. Her art is limited to the illustrations for her stories. He types her scripts and learned to type for that purpose alone. She keeps the file cards on his paintings, gives them their titles, manages his correspondence with reference to his pictures and so on. He represents her in her dealings with publishers. This arrangement makes it possible for her to praise his paintings, for him to "sell" her stories. She manages the financial aspects of his art; he, of her books. Each is the other's hobby.

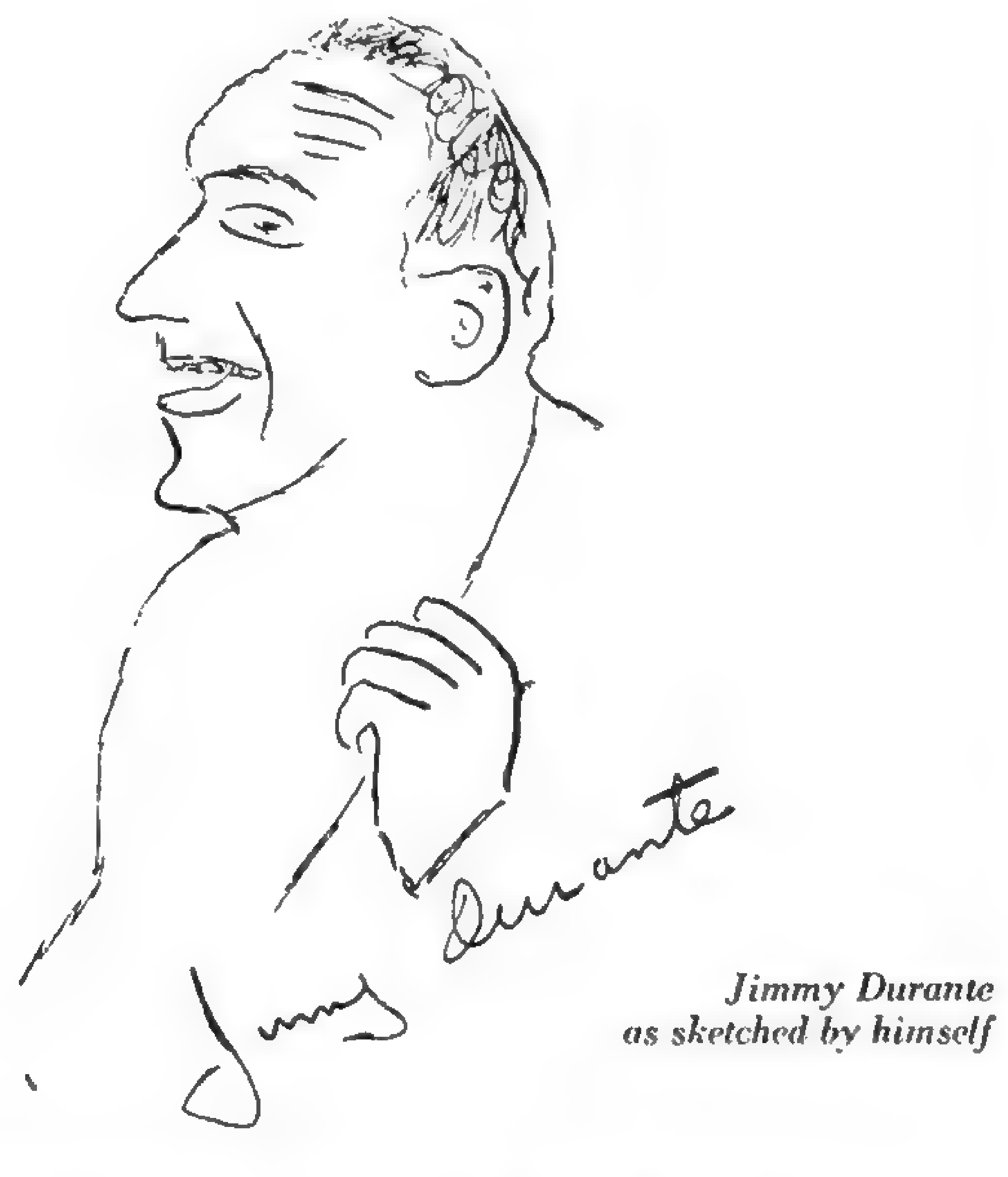
This would be putting each of the Austins on a parity, but it must have become clear to the reader that in their domestic economy, the indisputable genius weights the balance. Darrel Austin is her hobby, and then so much more. There is an air about him, like that of the inviolate saint condescending for a time to mortality. I was given an intimation of the special nature of this artist before I was privileged to meet him, for in arranging the interview, the dealer, Mr. Klaus Perls, explained that he would have to get in touch with Austin after sundown; he didn't "*dare*" to telephone him during daylight hours because "he *might* be painting." The rude clangor of the telephone must not be permitted to shatter the passionate, trance-like concentration in which masterpieces are conceived.

The Austins have no friends. They have consistently refused invitations to the homes of wealthy and fashionable lion hunters, because, curious as it may seem to the worldly, the lion hunters have nothing the Austins want. They already possess the comforting sense of the unchallenged preeminence of his art. Being solemn about his work, he has no sense of humor about anything else, and having no sense of humor (so far as I could ascertain) he can neither give nor take, in the pleasant commerce of social life. Since his art is the only thing that exists in this world, what else is there to talk about? They live poorly because they always have lived poorly and do not crave rich foods, or raiment or furniture, or the bulwark of possessions. By not going about and by not meeting people, except when absolutely necessary, they guard themselves against even the remote possibility of being assaulted by an objective view of Austin's art. For Austin's peace of mind, Mrs. Austin's "That's beautiful!" will suffice, for some time to come.

Yes, his pictures are beautiful in a way peculiarly and exclusively his own. He has made himself the exquisitely sensitive recorder of a private universe, a lunar, ocean-floor universe which imposes its strange subject matter and logic upon the beholder through the force of the artist's unconscious absorption in that universe. He is not the conscious master of every stage in the painting of his pictures. His mind works on dissociated levels. He cannot always tell how he obtained certain effects, sometimes almost magical, necromantic effects, because when he was achieving them his mind was not under what we might call daylight control. Only when he has snapped out of the almost hypnotic state in which he has been able to perform the early stages of a painting is he capable of regarding what he has accomplished, critically.

The world in which his mind and paintings dwell is a green and watery world in which the prevailing light is lunar. It is a subterranean world in which all animate forms are under some end-of-the-world spell, preliminary to final engulfment. The animals—of the tiger and catamount variety—are not savage, but only meditatively feline, symbols of masculine power held in reserve. All women are one, in the image of his wife. There are the apples of temptation and the ladder signifying escape and the slightly mocking male figure playing the lute, again signifying temptation, and the white flower held in the woman's hand, which is purity. Spherical forms are scattered throughout the paintings, sometimes as apples, sometimes as tinsel ornaments and at least once it is a spherical moon held in the hands of a wood nymph. It is a low-pressure, sea-weedy world in which men have ceased to fight, women to love and beasts to prey, but in which all trifle with the potentialities that have seeped out of them. It is a world intensely felt by the artist and therefore a genuine world. It is a world aesthetically conceived and that is what makes the paintings worth looking at twice—which may be a form of understatement.

So, you see, the quality of a man's work is not always negated by his faith in it. ###



Jimmy Durante
as sketched by himself

A portrait of Jimmy Durante

by Jimmy Durante

Favorite Comedian: Walter Hampden in *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Chief Ambition: To play a real character in a legitimate show about Broadway life.

Pain in the Neck: The extra dull night-life in Hollywood.

Pain Elsewhere: A sour face in the audience.

A Sample of My Humor: I go in a restaurant and a sign says watch your hat and coat. I watch my hat and coat, and what happens? Somebody steals my soup!

Another Sample: My pal says to me what should I do—I come home from work and see the boss sitting on my wife's lap. Boss or no boss, I tells him, be a man—walk right in and ask for your supper.

Favorite Recreation: Commuting with nature.

Greatest Crisis: The time in *Jumbo* when the elephant washed his hands within two inches of my head.

About that Portrait: I know I'm not good looking, but what's my opinion against thousands of others?

Go When the Going Is Good

Continued from page 60

clarity of the atmosphere will identify a weather breeder for you. If you can see great distances clearly and with no obstruction by hazy atmosphere, the chances are that it will rain soon. At night, your ears and your nose will tell you the trend of the glass. Sounds will travel long distances and remain unusually distinct if the glass is falling: odors are keener and more perceptible. There are hundreds of such things that will tell you what the weather is doing and what it is going to do.

But there are other elements that enter into the elimination of "fisherman's luck" from your plans. If you know in advance what the fish are apt to be doing, where they will be and on what they will be feeding, then you have a much better chance of finding good fishing.

All fishermen are conversant with the seasons and the laws governing the taking of fish. The state and federal authorities will be glad to give you any information you want along that line. A letter to the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington or to the Conservation Department at the capital of the state in which you want to fish will bring you such data as you will need. If there are questions in your mind about the best fishing locations, most of the outdoor magazines maintain Where-to-Go Departments. A postcard inquiry will bring you a list of the good fishing locations and places to stay by the day, week or month. But there is more to it than that.

Nearly all fish participate in annual migrations or changes in habitat. For instance, let us consider the trout in the famous streams of the Catskills. During the winter, these fish are concentrated in the "winter holes" of the larger streams and rivers. As soon as the ice goes out in the spring there is a partial redistribution of the trout as they move, usually upstream, to take up their summer residences. A secondary migration takes place a little later on when the trout move up out of the big rivers. They travel in large schools, making their leisurely way up the Beaverkill, the Willowemock, and the Neversink.

This migration begins early in April and continues for several weeks, sometimes lasting as long as the latter part of May. As the schools move up from pool to pool, individuals drop out of the procession and the schools become smaller. To be specific, in the early season the lower Beaverkill or "Big Beaverkill" is bountifully supplied with trout. By May 15th, the lower river has lost its migrating schools and all that remains is the annual supply of individual fish that have dropped out to take up their summer homes in the lower pools and runs. Because it flows through a colder valley, the migration dates are later in the Neversink. One season I followed the progress of a large school of big trout in the Neversink. In the course of a week they moved upstream about six miles.

Late in the season, when the lower waters of the streams have grown warm and the spawning season approaches, there is still a third migration, usually of schools of large fish. They migrate slowly, moving only at night and feeding mostly at night; consequently, they are difficult to locate. However, if you are lucky enough to find a school of these big fellows, you have a treat in store for you. There seems to be no set time for these migrations and they evidently are governed by water temperature and flow.

Fairy story: Once upon a time there was a golf pro who was asked to give lessons to a very rich man. The pro watched the v.v.r. man swing a few times and remarked: "I couldn't take your money. You're absolutely hopeless, and nothing I could do would possibly help."

Movements of bass are just as well regulated as those of trout. In the winter they are in deep water, either in hibernation or semi-hibernation, sometimes burying themselves in the mud. With the spring, they move into the shallows where they spawn, generally in water temperatures approximating 67° Fahrenheit. When the bass season opens, a large percentage of them are usually living in the shallows. At this point, the habits of small-mouth bass and large-mouth bass deviate. Large-mouth do not object to high temperatures and they will be found in the shallows, around the weed beds, stumps and logs, all summer long. But the small-mouth like temperatures in the high sixties. Thus, they will move to deeper water with the advent of summer, only coming to the shallows during the feeding periods.

We all know that the best fishing for lake trout or togue is when the ice first goes out of our lakes in the spring and, again, with the arrival of the frosty nights of early fall. Atlantic salmon, the sea trout of New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the school fish off the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts all have their migration periods. Local inquiry will tell you what you need to know.

Another item of importance in planning a fishing trip is to have some knowledge of the probable dates of the various insect hatches in the fishing waters under contemplation. The emergence dates of insect hatches remain fairly constant. The famous "shad fly" hatch of the Beaverkill takes place about May 12th of each year. The "coffin fly" or large May-fly drake has its emergence from May 28th to June 7th in the trout streams of the Catskills, Poconos and central Pennsylvania. In these localities, the "Quill Gordon" hatch takes place on or about April 22nd and while this hatch is drifting you will often find the finest dry-fly fishing of the year. The "fish fly" (May fly drake) hatch of Michigan comes in early July closely followed by the Caddis hatch, during which the Michigan night fishermen come into their own. About this time comes the helgramite hatch in the streams of Yellowstone Park when the trout run wild in a feeding orgy that lasts all day.

There is evidence that the moon has a lot to do with fishing. Discarding all of the superstitions about the moon and its effects, there are some cold, hard facts to consider.

For generations, the belief has been common among fishermen that fish feed more actively during the dark of the moon (new moon) and the first quarter. Let us see just how this idea works out in actual practice. From time to time, reports of record catches of fish are sent to me—huge catches, such as 200 brook trout in three hours, 101 small-mouth bass in four hours, and so on. (I hasten to add that all but a few of these two catches were returned to the water unharmed.)

I suppose that in the last seven years I have looked over the details of two hundred such catches. With only *three* exceptions, each and every one of the phenomenal catches that have come to my attention was made during the dark of the moon and between the hours of eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon; right during the hot, midday hours of June, July and August, when most anglers knock off for a nap in the shade. In the dark of the moon, the moon is directly overhead in the middle of the day and directly underfoot at midnight. "South moon under" is what the Georgia and Florida market hunters used to call it and that was when they made their big monthly kills of fish and game.

Early morning and late evening are always good times to fish in fresh-water streams and lakes. Yet, strangely enough, almost *no* record catches are taken at dawn and dusk when the great majority of fresh-water fishing is done.

Another belief, having to do with the moon, is that fish feed more actively when the moon is closest to the earth—"in perigee" is the astronomical name for it. Conversely, it is believed that the fish are least active when the moon is farthest away from the earth—"in apogee." This belief also has an underlying basis of scientific fact. While the effect is not as pronounced as that of the dark of the moon, it is there, none the less.

There is more, much more, that we have to learn of the weather and of the habits of fish. Even so, we have enough accurate information to enable us to plan our trips intelligently.

Suppose you are planning to spend a week in northern Vermont. Being a fresh-water fisherman, you probably will want to get some trout and bass fishing.

The almanac shows that a stormy period is scheduled for the Eastern states from June 24th to 27th. In Vermont, most of your fishing will be done in lakes so you won't need to worry about high water. Usually a spell of stormy weather does more harm to lake fishing *before* it arrives than when it is present. The almanac shows that a spell of fair weather immediately follows this stormy period, probably giving you a week of pretty fair fishing weather in all.

There having been no hot spells in June (at least, none are scheduled in the almanac) the trout fishing should still be reasonably good. The trout, and the bass, will move out of the shallows as soon as hot weather arrives but the water in the northern Vermont lakes warms slowly in the spring.

Experience has shown that the annual hatch of May-fly drakes should emerge during the last week in June. Both the trout and the bass feed actively to that hatch of insects and the hatch lasts for about a week as a rule. So much for the food question.

As to the moon, the dark of the moon is scheduled for the 13th and the first quarter for the 21st. But the moon is in apogee on the 13th—farthest away from the earth. In addition, the almanac predicts unsettled weather with thunderstorms for the entire period. On the other hand, the moon is in perigee on the 28th and full moon is set for the same day. The sun and moon being about in line during full moon, you should get good fishing around midday. The chances seem best for the week beginning Saturday, June 27th, and ending Sunday, July 5th.

Thus, for northern Vermont you can apply the rules of weather, moon and the habits of fish. "Fishermen's luck" has been eliminated, at least in part. Your day-to-day rules will see you through during your week at camp. You can apply the same formula to any section of the country.

Of course, there is no such thing as a sure-fire guide to good fishing.

Too many factors enter into the problem to allow any guarantees for a full creel every time you go. But, of this much you can be sure. If you follow the rules and plan your fishing trips intelligently, you are almost certain to find the best sport that each day, week or month of the fishing season has to offer you. In other words, go when the going is good. #

But Fish Waive the Rules

Continued from page 61

number of anglers will inform you. Maybe there's something in these precepts—but only if the water is low and clear. When the water is slightly colored it's a broken axiom.

My old guide, Indian Charley, who isn't any more of an Indian than I am, disproved both of these precepts to my entire satisfaction, time and again. And I have personally disproved them, too.

I nearly fainted the first time I saw Charley boldly and noisily wade within twenty feet of a submerged log in the waters of Kettle Creek. He skillfully flipped a small minnow through the brisk April air, dropped it neatly just beyond the log and jerked it through the water. I was amazed when he took a fifteen-inch brown trout out of that water. I watched him repeat the performance several times that day. After a little practice I was even able to do it myself.

At lunch, when we discussed the matter, Charley only grinned. "A little color in the water and the trout don't mind," was his considered opinion. "Noise? Well, they didn't scare, did they? Of course I wouldn't be so careless if the water was clear and I was using a fly. Folks forget that even a trout has courage. He's apt to be a mite careless, too, when he's downright hungry. Me, I've been catching trout this way for thirty year."

And there you are! Charley is the best fisherman I've ever known—if you judge him by the contents of his daily creel. Once, on a bet, I saw him take a nice trout on a dry fly on the opening day of the season—when it was so cold that there was ice in the little pools and when there was a spit of snow in the air. "It can be done," he said. "Won't catch many, but it can be done when it's this cold. Trout are like folks; you can eat strawberries on New Year's, can't you? Well, why wouldn't a trout enjoy a fly when there's ice all over some of the pools?"

Use a light-colored fly on the dark days and a sober-colored fly when the sun is bright—how often does the fly fisherman, just launching an honorable and happy career, hear this sage advice! If they follow it, they are going to miss some grand and exciting fishing.

I followed the precept for years. Then once, on a dark and rainy afternoon, I lost my fly box and didn't discover it until I tried to replace the little Red Palmer I had been using and had just snapped off. When I discovered my loss I made the usual appropriate remarks anglers, for generations, have made under identical circumstances. I had fished three miles of difficult stream that afternoon and the task of finding the fly box would be an almost impossible one. It was a dark, gloomy day, with a fine drizzle of rain. I hopefully took off my battered old fishing hat and examined the band but found only one fly in the band, an old and disreputable Black Gnat. I was more than sorrowful; the darned thing would be useless on a dark day and with the water slightly colored. But, there was nothing else to do: so I tied on that almost denuded Black Gnat and started to cast again, low and depressed in spirit. My depression was of very short duration, happily. On about the fifth cast I found a husky rainbow who vigorously expressed a distinct liking for the Black Gnat. A nice fish, a scant fourteen inches but full of fight.

I had a glorious two hours after that. I not only caught my limit but I caught three extras, releasing them unharmed, after exciting battles. No single fish was in excess of fourteen inches and there wasn't one that was under twelve inches.

That afternoon taught me something. Since then I've changed flies, regardless of color combinations, in all sorts of light. It has added to my creel, stimulated my interest in fly fishing and given me thousands of exciting minutes.

I know some dry fly fishermen who persist that the best way to take trout is to use the smallest fly possible. And they invariably have heavy and impressive creels, too.

For years I accepted that precept and probably missed some good trout in the interval. One day, fishing the Jordan River, up near Tupper Lake, I could see three great brook trout lazily fanning the water beneath an undercut bank. They ignored my wide choice of small flies floated precisely past their indifferent noses.

As nearly as I could judge they never even rolled a slightly inquisitive eye at my offerings. It had been an indifferent day and my creel was shockingly light. Long before this I had learned that one of the secret joys of angling consisted in an amusing variety of experimenting a curious angler could carry out when standardized methods failed. So I decided that this was an ideal time for such an unethical experiment.

I investigated my fly box and creel. I chuckled as I found a No. 6 (English) Red Sandy salmon fly, a long, cumbersome, gaudy affair. I grinned as I tied it on, reflecting that I'd probably scare the three stubborn brook trout to death. God knows they had never before laid eyes on a native fly the size of the Red Sandy or one with its gory appearance! I cast quarteringly up stream and let the fly settle in the sluggish current in a manner calculated to swing the fly right past the lair of the trout. As it reached the undercut there was a confused and concentrated plunge through the water and I struck just in time to snag a three-pound brook trout which gave me a quarter of an hour of the most exciting sport I had ever had—and the biggest brook trout I had caught up to this time. I rested after I had netted and admired my fish, which, for sheer beauty surpassed anything I had ever caught. I smoked a reflective and soothing pipe.

1
2
3
PLAY BALL
Bill O'Malley

Almost carelessly, when I again started to fish, I again cast the Red Sandy up stream. At the undercut I again tangled with a fighting fish, the blood brother of the one I had first caught. I was so surprised that I lost my balance and sat down in four and a half feet of ice cold water with what must have been a resounding splash. I couldn't hear it because my head was under water. I hung on to the rod, however, and the spirit of I. Walton must have hovered over me for the trout was still on when I struggled to my feet. I managed to net this fellow, almost an exact match for the first. I didn't get the third trout as my immersion must have frightened him away. That taught me a lesson. Every once in a while now I change to a large fly when the trout won't take the little fellows. Usually I tie on a bass fly. Very often I am able to take trout in this way, especially just as dusk falls.

It takes experience to debunk fishing superstitions. Maybe some treasured superstitions are inflexible and have the merit of truth. It just happens I have exploded some of them, to my benefit and to my enjoyment. Happily, there isn't any such thing as an infallible or uniformly successful method of angling. At least I haven't discovered one. I hope I never do! If such a method existed, the fun would be gone. The element of the unexpected—that's what we all hope for when we start to fish our favorite streams and lakes. We like a little of the uncertainty.

I respect the superstitions of angling. But, it's been real fun exploding some of them.

I suggest, hopefully, that you refuse to accept the next superstition you hear. Go ahead, do your fishing just as you intended to, anyway. If you do this, I'll predict that you probably have a delightful experience awaiting you.

It's worth trying, isn't it? ##

There Must Be a Losing Coach

Continued from pages 26-108

after time, but always being in it when State passed into his territory. Late in the quarter he intercepted a pass and broke loose. The State safety man downed him deep in State territory. Held for three downs, the Wildcats placekicked for three points, the first score of the game. Swede saw his father dancing like a boy at the Wildcat bench.

In the fourth quarter Warbuck dropped two more of Flint's stinging passes. Either one, if completed, would have meant a State score and would have put them in the lead. Swede found himself watching Andy Jones on the bench across the field. With another year, Andy Jones could polish his team up. He had material. With a chance, he might become another Warner or Sutherland—or even a Rockne.

"Jones!" Coach Hough barked. "Warm up!"

Swede ran up and down before the bench, bringing his knees high. The loudspeaker said, "Jones warming up for State," and then, in answer to the expectant hush from the crowd, it added that Jones was the son of the Wildcat coach. The crowd knew this, but wanted to hear it said. Coach Hough stood up, lean and solid and hard and tough, and Swede paused before him.

"How are you?" The ice-blue eyes were steady.

"Okay."

"Look, Swede." It was the first time the coach had called him by his nickname. "I don't want to put you in there today, but you can hang onto Flint's passes. Do you want to go in?"

"Yes," Swede said. He had no choice.

"It's only a game—but the game's like that. You understand?"

"Yes."

The coach spatted him on the rump and Swede ran onto the field, feeling tight inside. He'd never known before that Happy Hough's ice-blue eyes could be other than hard.

State made yardage as the Wildcats anticipated a pass. Then when the defense had pulled in, Flint called the seventy-one play. That was the Flint-to-Jones play, already becoming famous.

Swede dropped into position, counting for rhythm. The shift; flanker to the left. At the count of nine the ball snapped from center. Swede put a glancing block on the Wildcat tackle and drifted diagonally three steps to his left, then spurted to his right past the Wildcat back assigned to him on pass defense, catching the man flat-footed. Running downfield, he saw that Lincoln had smelled out the play and was cutting for him. Swede put on all the steam he had for thirty steps, and then looked back over his shoulder. The pass was leading him, and still high. Lincoln was alongside now. The ball had too much lead.

And then somehow, right then, everything seemed to freeze. The ball was motionless, seams showing. In this curious frozen moment, Swede wondered if he really should call on that reserve that always came to him in a pinch. It was a mysterious surge of energy that briefly lifted him above what he was capable of doing. It was this thing that had made him sure, deep inside, that he'd become All-American. But now in this moment his father was on the Wildcat bench, and the fate of that pass was the fate of his future.

His father was praying that Swede should miss that pass. Coach Hough had put Swede in the game for the purpose of catching the pass. Swede hadn't stopped to realize fully until this moment just how hard and merciless the game of football was. He'd only known the rising fire within him that wouldn't be downed. He'd seen himself All-American, and going on to be another Warner or Sutherland—or perhaps even a Rockne. But he hadn't known there would be this moment.

He was still running; the ball was spinning; Lincoln was stride and stride with him. The ball was out of reach.

Then almost automatically he took an extra stride faster than he could possibly run, leaped higher than he possibly could leap, and when his wide-spread fingers felt the sharp sting of the ball Lincoln was a full step behind. The single step made the difference, and Lincoln's desperate tackle grazed Swede's heels as he went over the line for six points and the game.

At the final gun, Andy Jones arose from the bench and started across the turf to congratulate the winning coach, which was the formality. The crowd was pouring out of the stadium, flowing over the edge and onto the field like molten metal from a huge ladle. The flood swept over the Wildcat goalposts, bearing them down; waving autograph cards, it engulfed the State players on their way to the field house. A mob was around Coach Hough, shaking his hand and laughing at his slightest word. Coach Andy Jones came alone across the close-clipped turf, picking his way among the eddies of the human flood, unnoticed, a heavy man beginning to sag with the pressure, eyes straight before him and with the howl of the wolves in his ears. The crowd around Coach Hough jostled him as he picked a way through.

"Congratulations, Happy," he said, shaking hands. "Your boys played a great game."

"Thanks, Andy," Hough said. "I was just lucky."

Those were the formalities, and with them over Andy Jones turned away to face the wolves alone.

The shadows were long and cool as Swede came out of the field house. Marta was waiting. She'd been crying. Swede knew she was thinking: "I hope you're satisfied!" She'd been against him in the old argument with his father. She was hurt, now. It hurt her to see Andy Jones defeated.

"That was a great catch, Swede," she said.

"Thanks." There was nothing more to say. "Well, goodbye."

"I'll drive you home," she said.

He didn't know how to refuse the ride. They picked their way among the thousands of cars all trying to get out at once.

"Mother will have dinner ready. Steak for you," Marta said when they reached the car. "Let's sit here awhile until the jam smoothes out."

Swede knew he couldn't face his father. He said, "There's a banquet for the squad tonight. So if you'll drop me at the hotel."

She took his big hand, looking up at him understandingly, her fine eyes still red from crying. "It's all right, Swede. We want you home with us for dinner. We all understand."

Swede said nothing. He didn't understand.

"That professorship's still open in Texas. Andy's going to take it."

Swede swallowed. His throat was tight. It was hard to see his father beaten.

She said, "I really think he's glad, in a way. It's a weight off him. He laughed at me for crying. I think he's really happy in a way."

"If he'd had another year here to build a squad—"

"No; he doesn't feel that way, now. He had good boys, and he knows it. And the fullback—Lincoln—there's a coach's dream. I believe Andy knows it now. He knows that he just isn't cut out for a big-time coach. You either are or you aren't. Now he knows. That's something, to know. But you see he couldn't give up until he'd had his chance—until he *did* know. Now he'll be happy as a professor. If he'd taken the job last year, he'd always have known he should have been a great coach. It would have continually gnawed at him."

Swede nodded miserably. They sat there while the cars crawled slowly past like grains into a giant funnel.

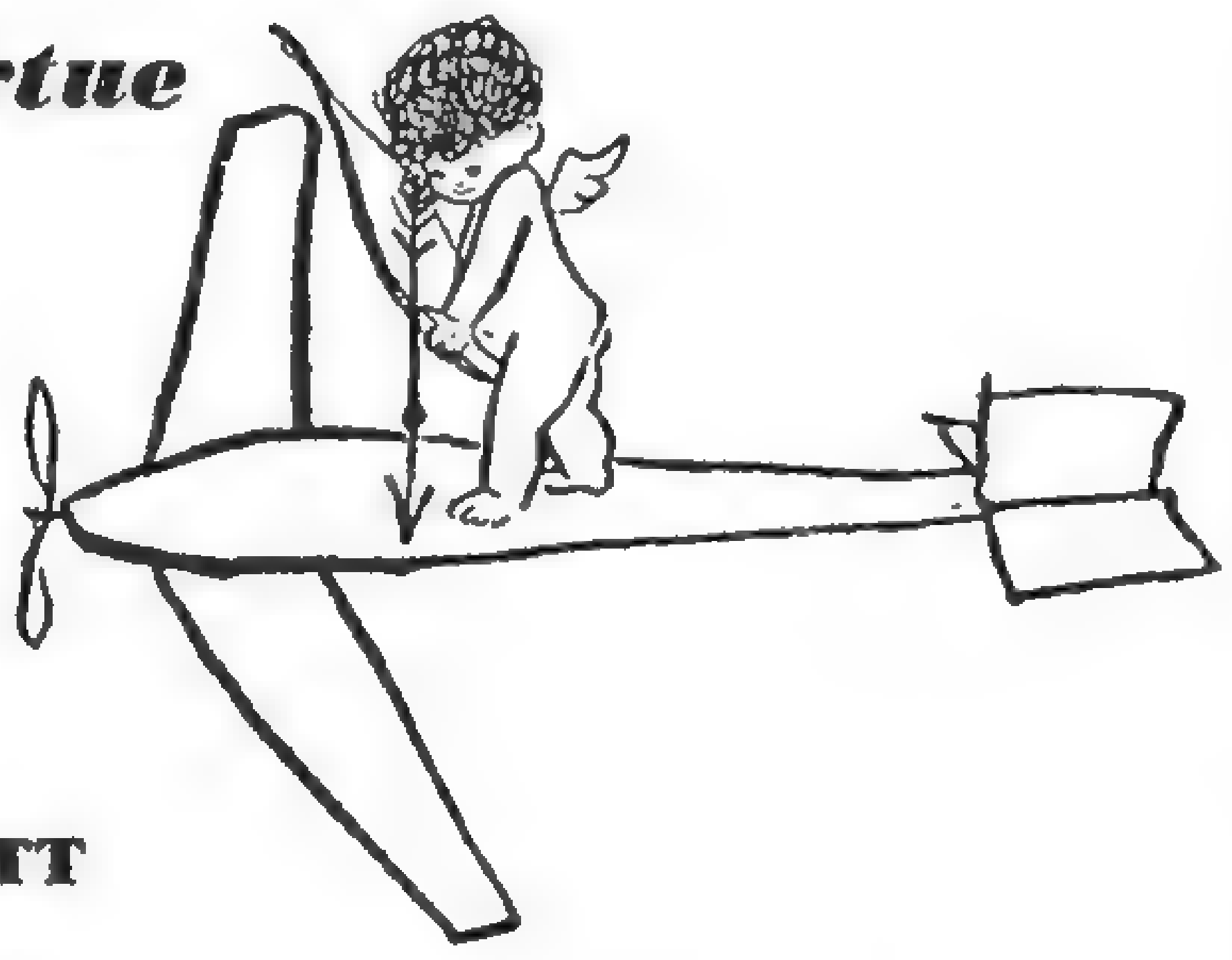
"It's the toughest game of all," Marta went on. "One coach always has to lose, and every coach must always win. That's *why* it calls you, Swede. It's a challenge. You're like Andy was twenty years ago. You can't ignore the challenge. You've got to meet it. You've got to know. You'll never be satisfied until you've made the try."

That was it, Swede realized. He'd never reduced it to so many words.

"I'm running off at the mouth," Marta said. "But you see, I'm trying to reason things out for myself. There was a moment when you were after that pass, when things seemed to stand still, and I realized what I'm trying to say now. Swede, if you hadn't made that last try for that pass, I wouldn't have been waiting for you. Shall we go home?"

"Yes," Swede said, "let's go." He realized he was hungry, and happy at the prospect of having dinner again at home. #

Fifth Column Infiltrates Virtue



by HARRISON PLATT

We did not choose the time that gave us birth.
But now we're here and grown, they say to wait;
"This is no time to start new work, to mate,
When all around there's only war and dearth."
But can we wait to see a better earth?
Will glands, will heart, will moving blood abate,
And pause, and wait? If we come very late,
Let's take the little left for what it's worth.

It's sad to die—or live—unused, unkissed.
Our choice is: nothing, or one sunny day
Before our time goes down in final mist;
One warm, still day before the bombers come,
Before our time-rasped nerves begin to fray,
Before the guns move up and start to drum.

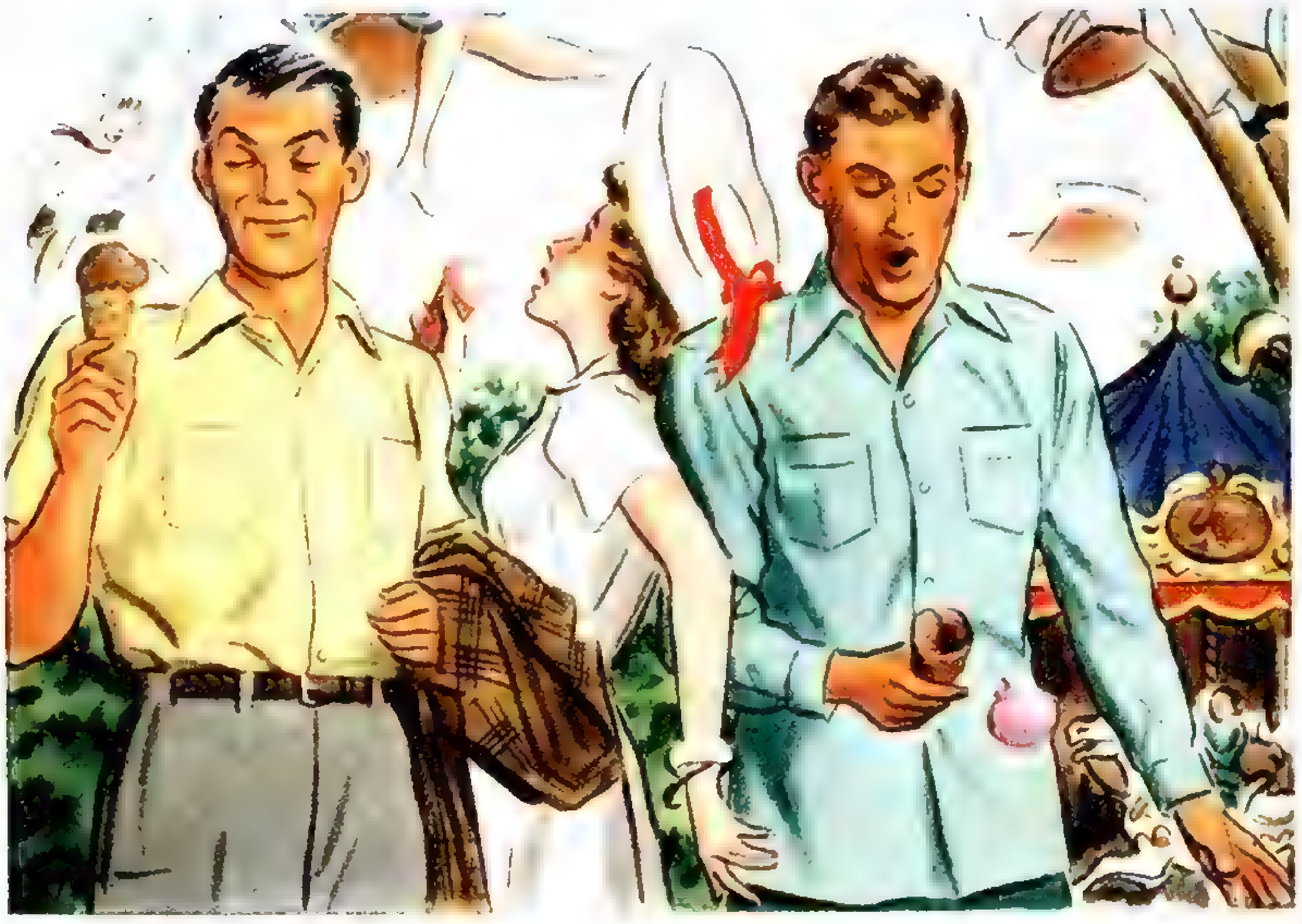
READ THIS ONLY IF YOU'RE 2-A 3-A OR 4-F

THE best-dressed men this summer, as far as you and I and all of us go, are the men in uniform.

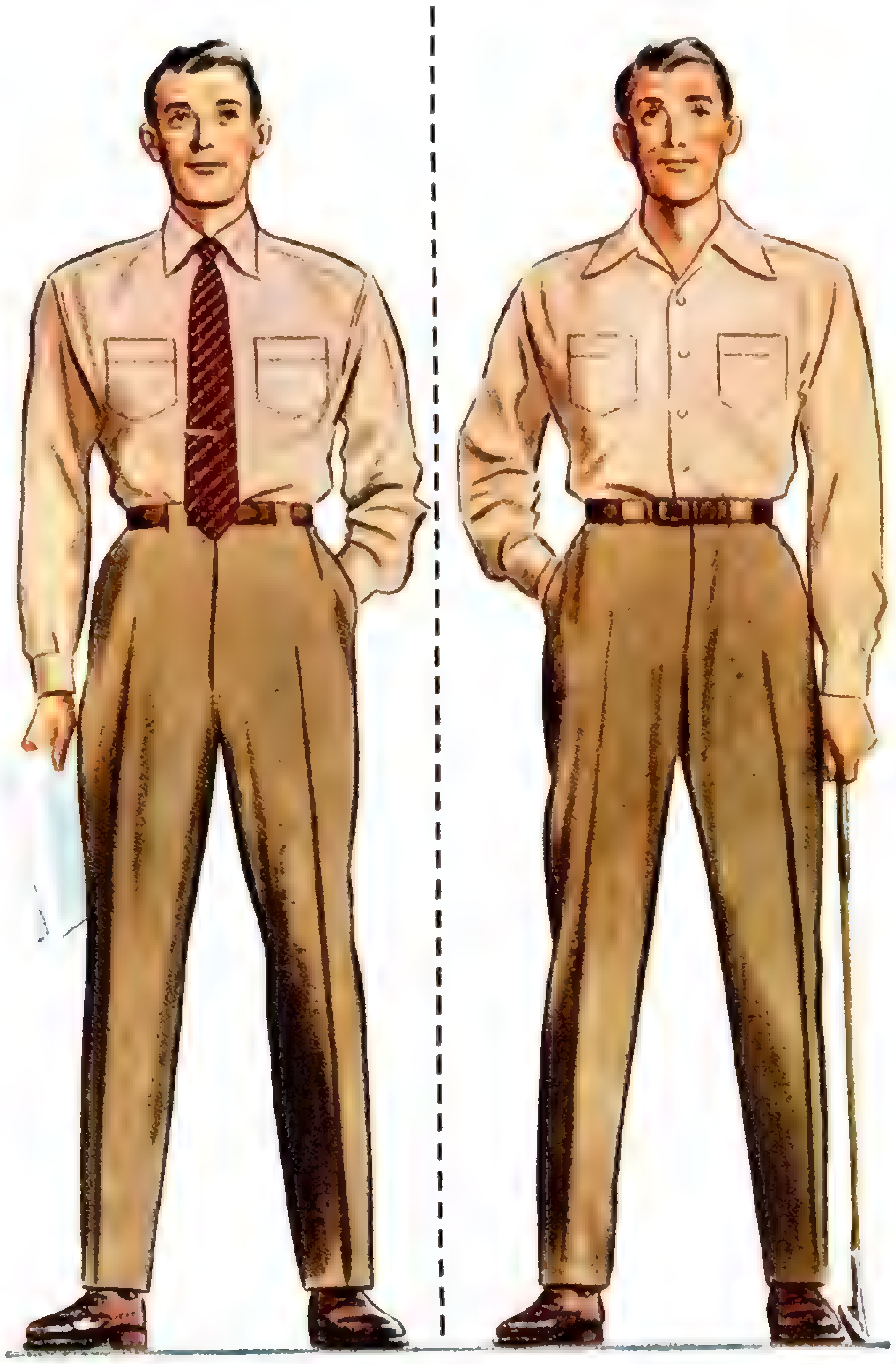
But if you're in civvies and have time-out from all-out, you can wear the handsomest sports shirts Arrow has ever made.

They're not flashy, these shirts, but just doggone sensible. Without frills, without wasted fabric, *they're cut to exact sizes just as your regular shirts are* (instead of small, medium, and large). They fit you right—which means they look better and feel better!

Fabrics and stitching have the "finish" Arrow is famous for. Go to your Arrow dealer's today, get some of these Arrows, and be dressed right for your spare hours. *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.*



FITTING AND PROPER. These two Arrow Sports Shirts (Burke and Dormie) fit you perfectly—because they come in *exact* collar and sleeve sizes! And they're in the spirit of the times—good-looking, utilitarian, no waste material. $2.25 up.



BEFORE

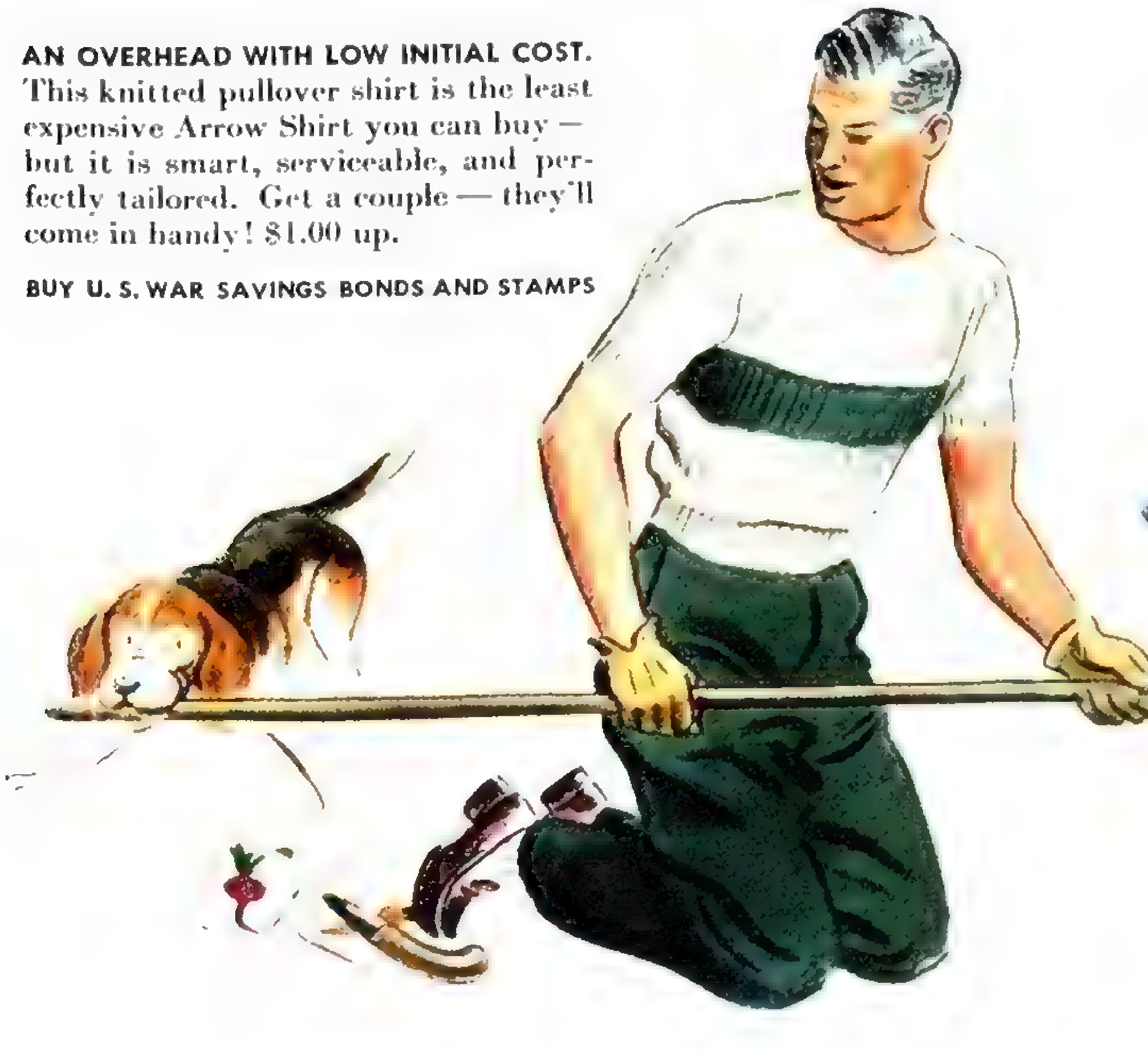
Wear Arrow's sensational **DOUBLER** Shirt to the office. It has a smart Arrow Collar and smooth "Mitoga" figure-fit . . .

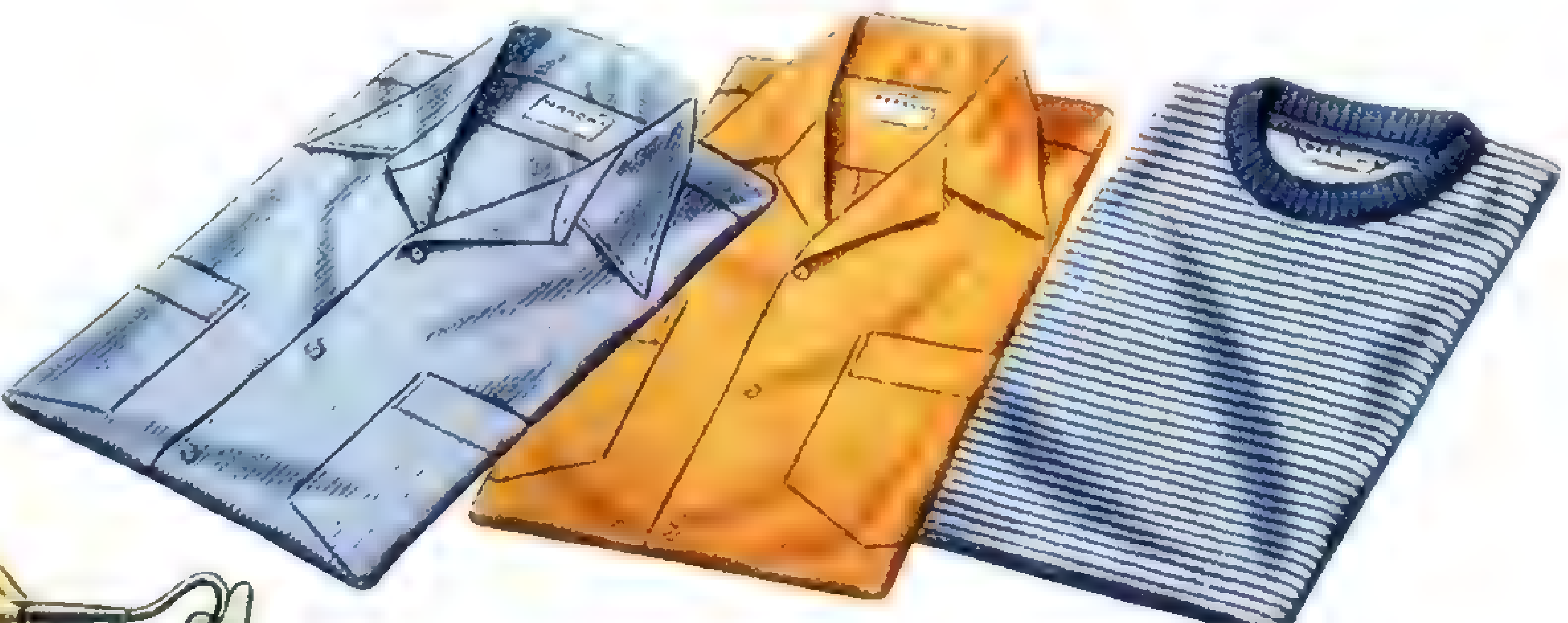
AFTER

Take off the tie when you get home, open the top button—and lo, a swell sports shirt. White and fancy. $2.25 up.

AN OVERHEAD WITH LOW INITIAL COST. This knitted pullover shirt is the least expensive Arrow Shirt you can buy—but it is smart, serviceable, and perfectly tailored. Get a couple—they'll come in handy! $1.00 up.

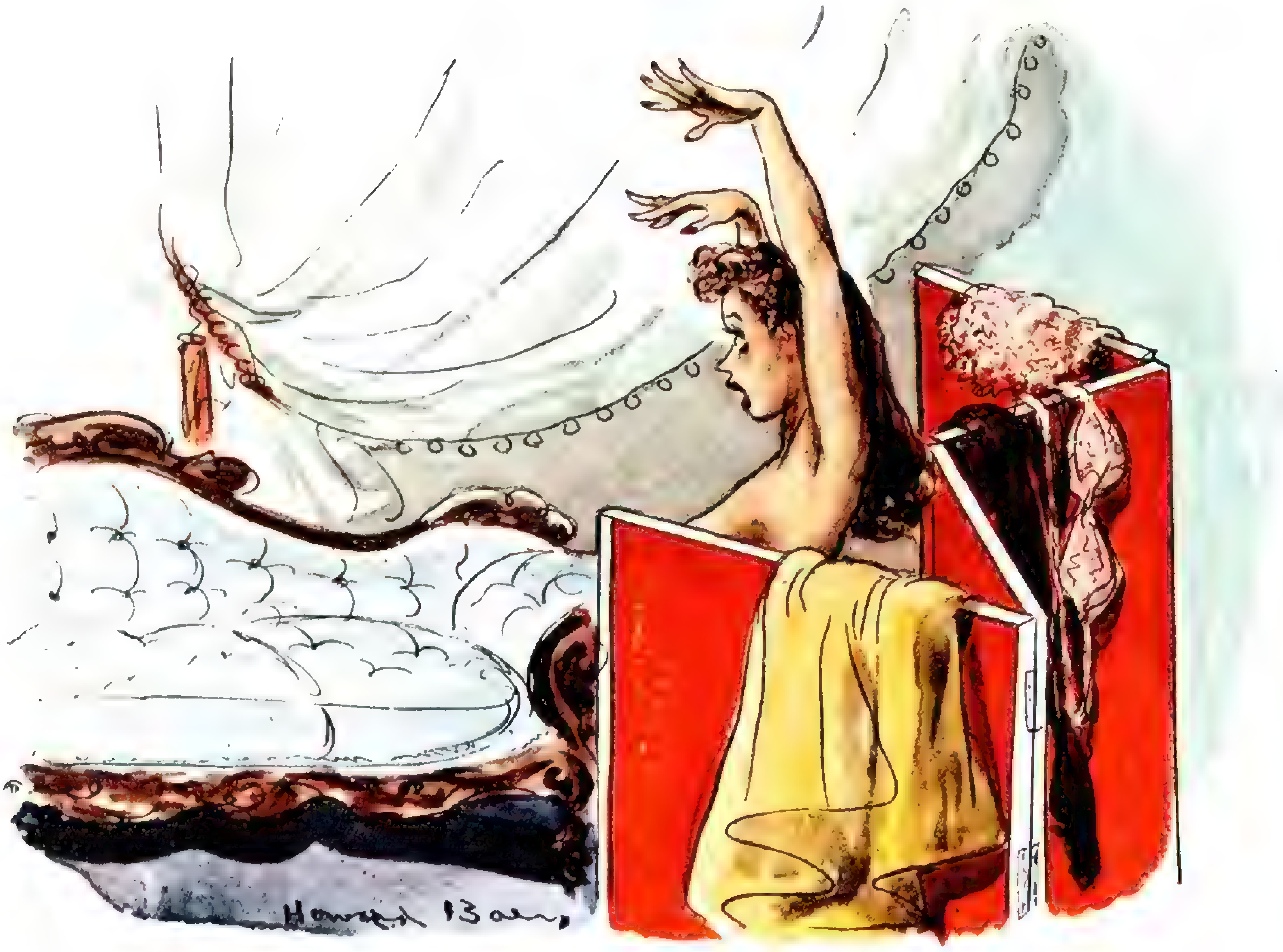
BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS





ARROW

SPORTS SHIRTS

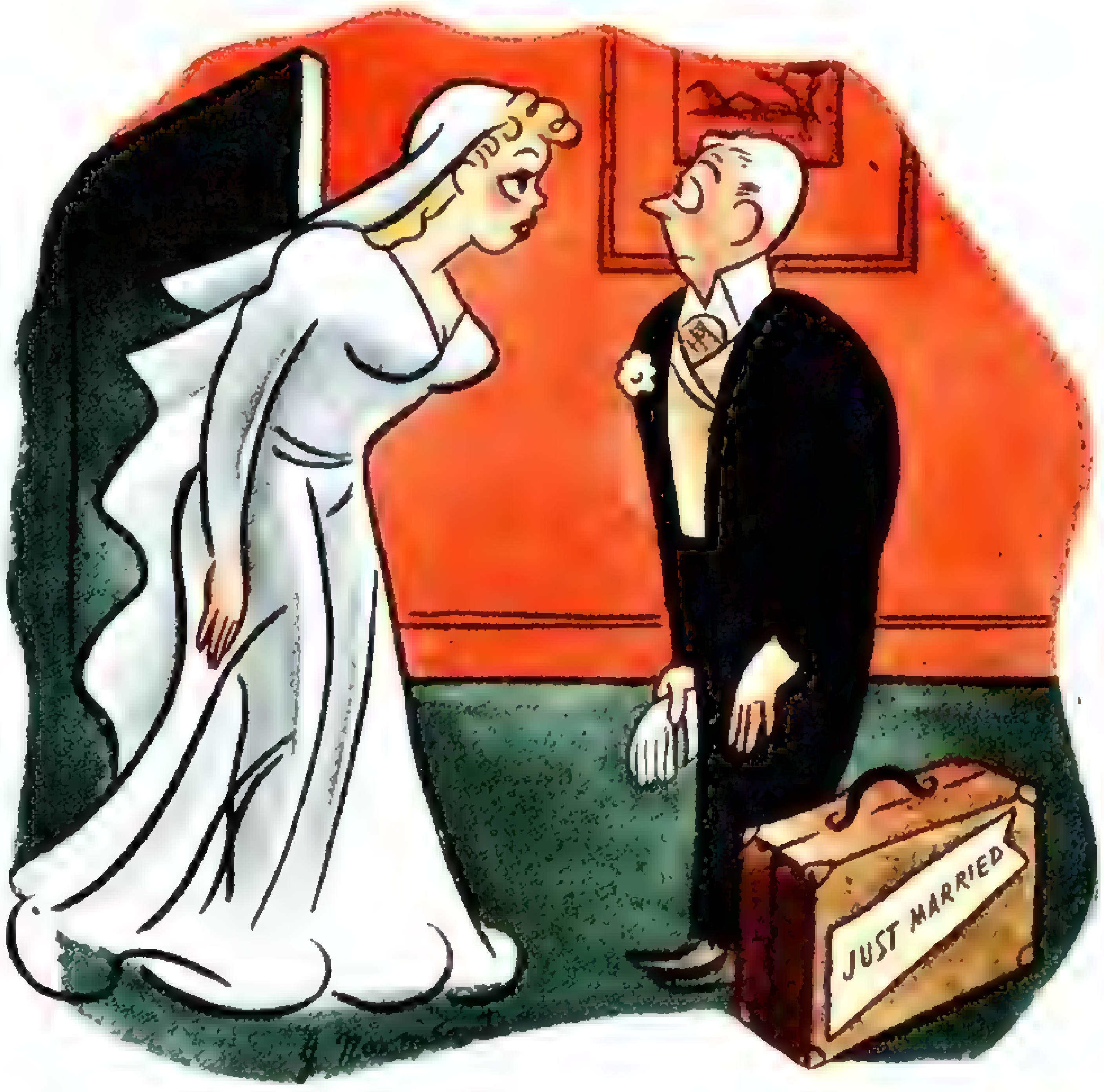


"Well, the important things about him are, he's this tall and he spends money like water"

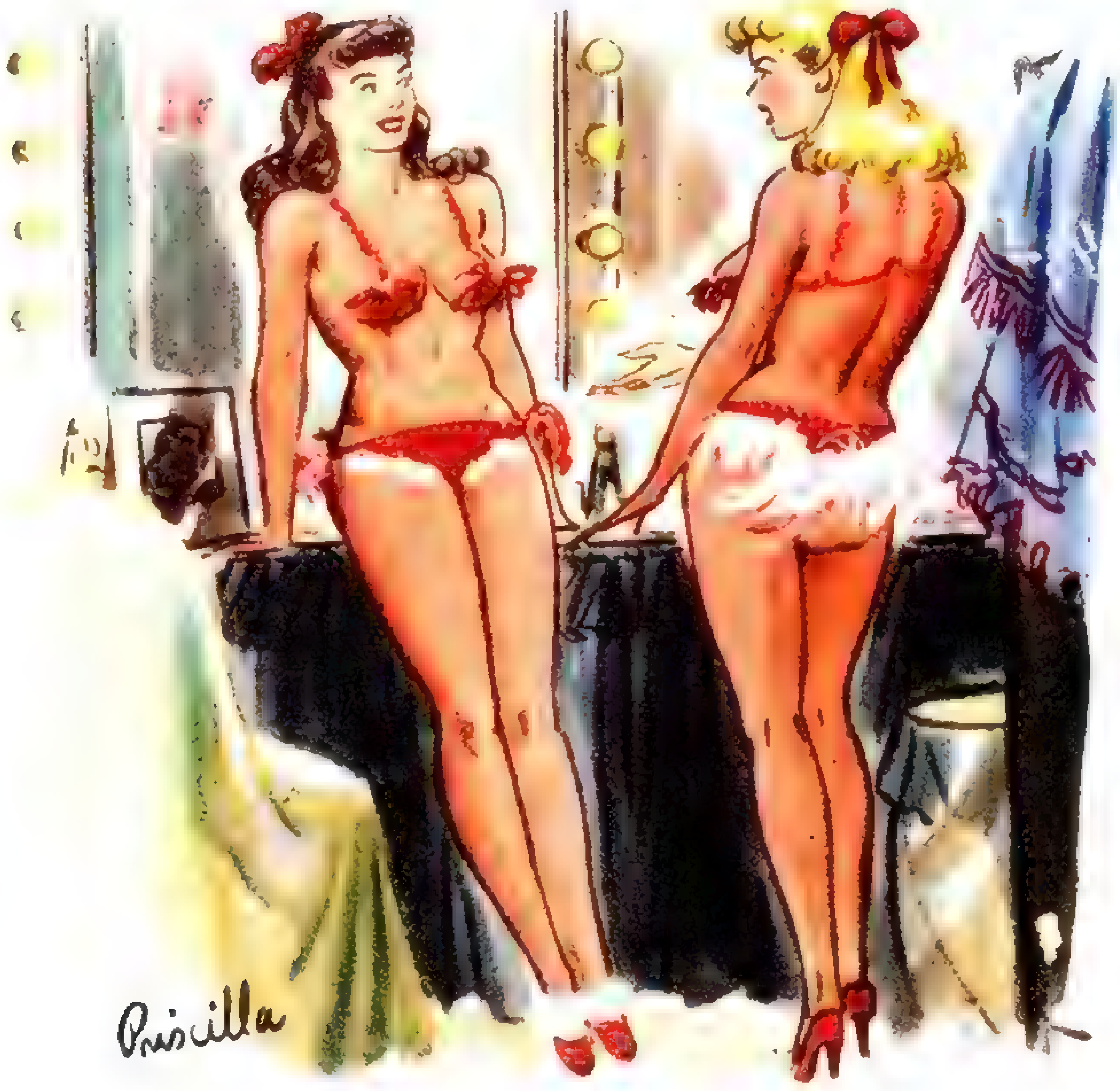
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

Evolution

The fellow who was always running out of gas when he had a pretty girl in his car now has a son who is always remembering that a test black-out has been ordered.

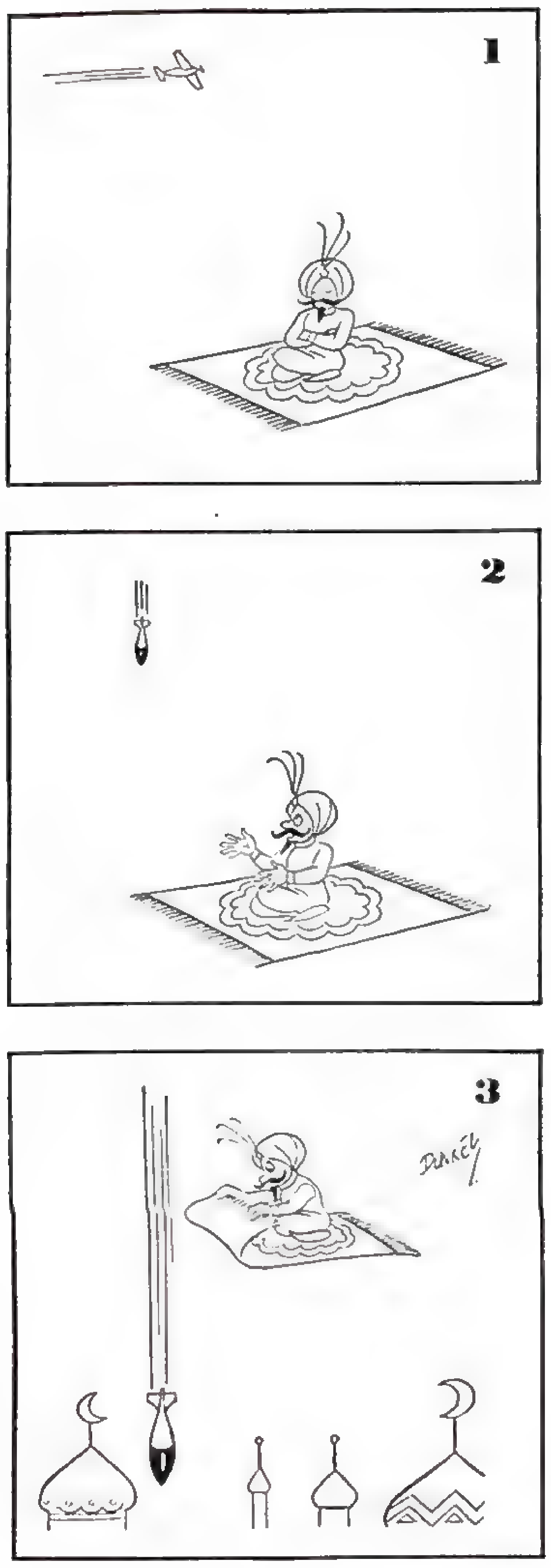

JUST MARRIED

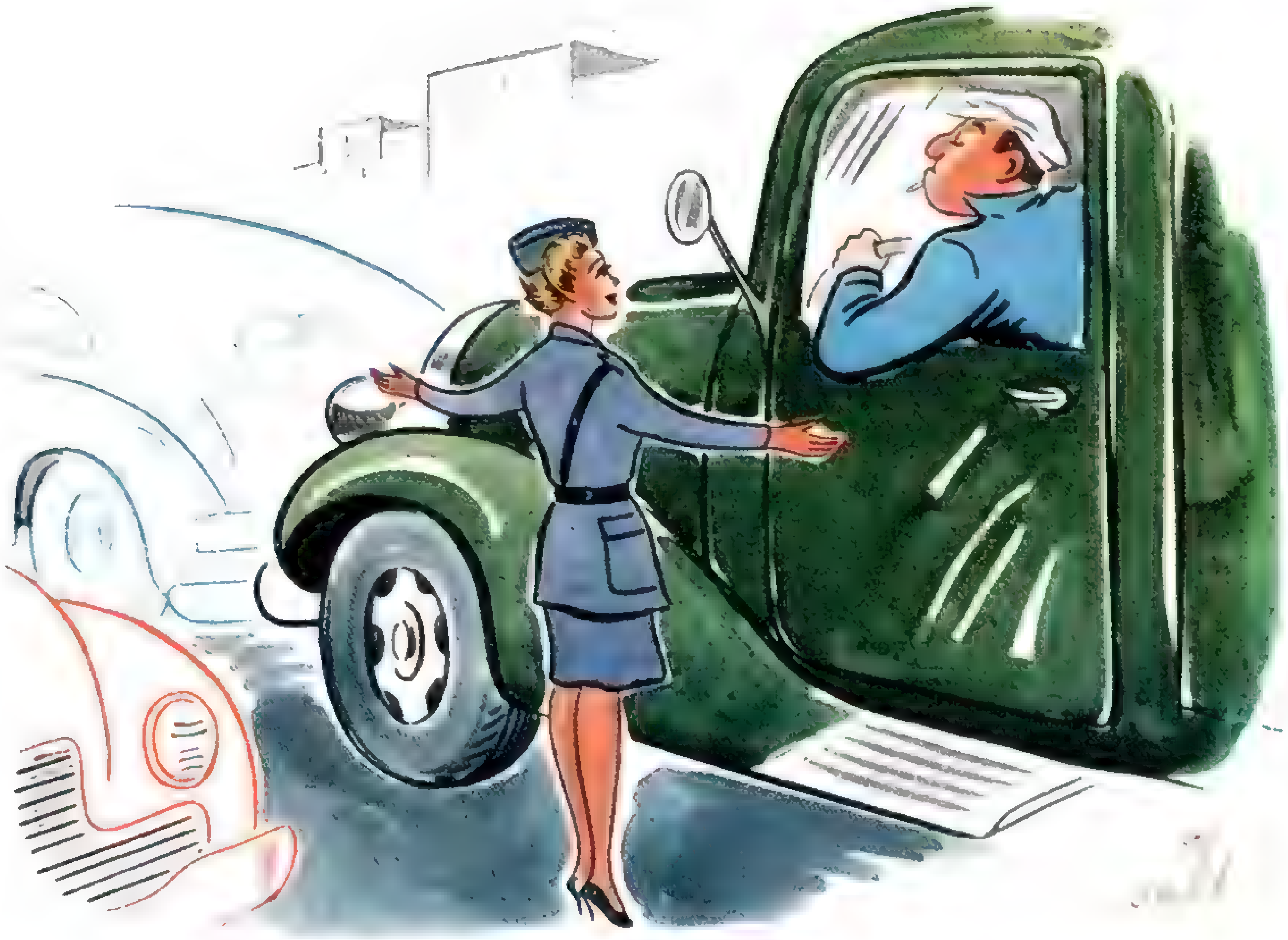
"What shall we do first—change the beneficiary of your life insurance?"



"He's different—he says his trouble is his wife understands him"

Radio is a wonderful thing. It is a medium whereby forty million listeners can daily get inside, exclusive don't-tell-this-to-a-soul information from ace commentators.

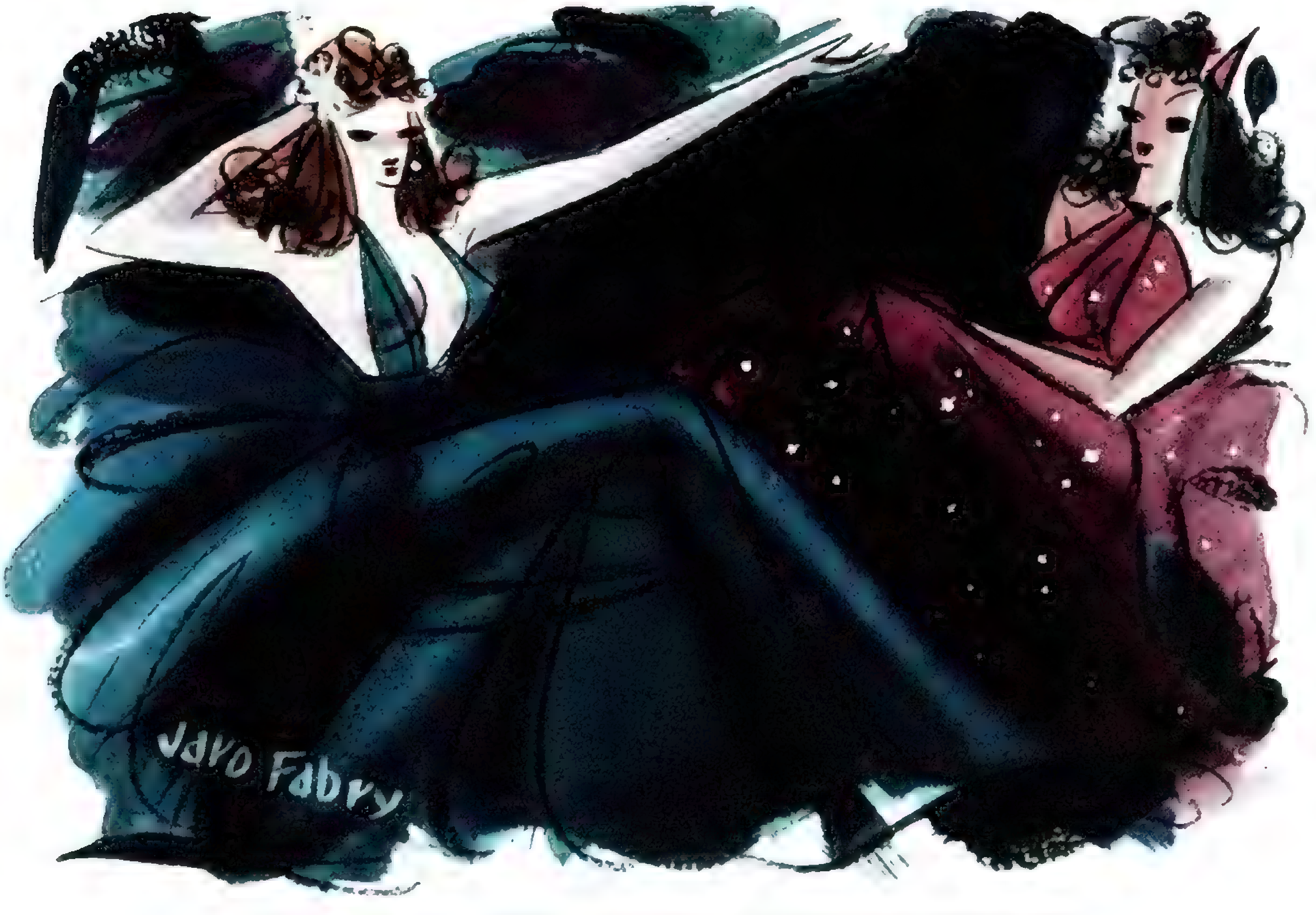




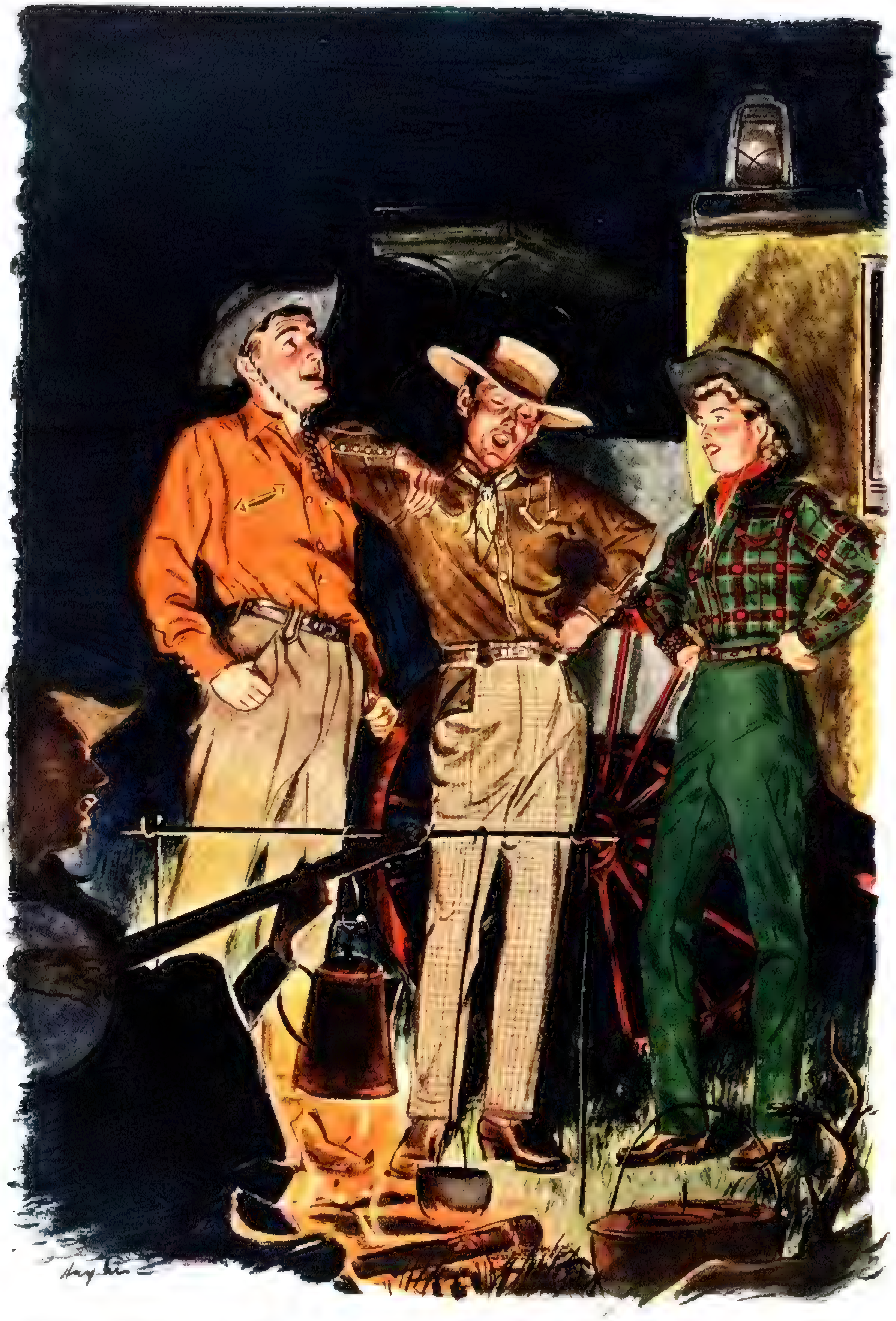
"Hello, Butchie"

Tennis Miracles

Tilden's amazing tournament record. Wonderful! . . . Johnny Doeg's untouchable serve. Something to remember! . . . Budge's feat of winning four major championships in one year. Superlative! . . . But yesterday we saw the miracle of miracles—a tennis-dress ad in which the model actually looked as though she had had a racquet in her hand before.



"Now, remember, Babe—you'll have to give an 'A' performance to get in a 'B' picture"



east out west

"Yippie-ki-yo!" . . . No, this ain't no amateur hour, folks, it's just the visitin' Easterners singin' off their heads after a fish fry. And partner, they're rigged up in the fanciest darn dudes I've seen since Gene Autry's last movin' picture! The first one there wearin' the hot lookin' shirt with the trick pockets is Slim from Scarsdale. His lightweight worsted frontier pants is the neatest things a-ridin', and his tooled leather belt is the kind you peel your eyes for out here. Slim's buddy's got a brown gabardine shirt, tan Vaquera tie, and his checked frontier pants is slick as a whistle . . . cut narrow with brown flaps at the pockets and even belt loops to match! Yep! In the west, men are still men, but the gals roll their own too . . . look at the Calamity Jane in a tartan cotton shirt . . . why those green whipcord trousers fit like grandmaw's mustard plaster! . . . Wahoo! . . . Who me? . . . Hell no! I ain't no native of Wyoming . . . I'm just a Harvard man working here for summer board!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Suds Smite the Spot

Continued from page 69

isn't bad for a bit over nine years.

To appreciate what all this means, let's take the beer taxes paid to the federal government last year, amounting to 348,876,726 dollars. That was enough to buy about 1,000 four-engined bombers, or 3,488 fighter planes, or 43 destroyers, or 58 submarines, or 5,194 medium tanks, or to equip 1,392,000 soldiers. (The next time a Dry Congressman sounds off, kindly shove these figures into his trap.)

The most distinguished partakers are U. S. soldiers, sailors and marines—officers and men. Beer is sold in all post canteens, wherever located, along with the many other little luxuries made available when the men are off duty. Camp commanders are well satisfied with the helpfulness to morale provided by this normal, social enjoyment. Tavern keepers in the vicinity of camps are also well patronized, and the brewing industry is seeing to it that these retailers toe the mark as regards the conduct of their places.

"Keep the slate clean" is the watchword of a strict checkup campaign which the brewers are conducting, and anybody who fails to co-operate and live up to a posted code of ethics is given the bounce out of his business. If you know of any such offender whom they haven't caught up with, they'll thank you for reporting him to the United Brewers Industrial Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York City.

Men in our armed forces and in those of our Allies are mighty appreciative of a drink of good American beer. Boy, it tastes like home! For cargo space reasons it goes to them mostly in cans. A ship loaded with tanks, guns, and other bulkies always has space for small fillers-in such as cartons of beer cans which don't break and can be stowed in the chinks. On land, too, these compact parcels are easy duffel. In Libya the British evolved a way of expressing their enthusiasm for "your American tinned treats for the thirsty." After consuming, they refilled with pebbles and odd bits of metal, plus explosive, transforming them into hand grenades. The Heinies never knew that beer could contain such a wallop.

Offhand I had supposed that canned beer for the general public was a thing of the past, but I find on inquiry that we'll continue to get some for a while yet, due to the fact that the industry as a whole is run on a long-range basis, buying its supplies well in advance. The existing stock of especially made cans is large, each printed with its brand name, etc., and hence of no practical use except for what it was made for. When these are gone, they're gone.

But, heaven knows, we'd rather give up the tins than the beer. Good King Gambrinus never had any cans, did he? Moreover, we have increasingly discovered the convenience of the quart and half-gallon bottle sizes, bountiful yet totable. So from now on, you alleged masters of your domiciles had better start carrying the baby to practice up for lugging home the evening beer supply. (If this labor fatigues you so that you need a sample of what you brought, and the bottle is a big one, recap it promptly after pouring your glass and be sure you immediately put it in the refrigerator.)

As to raw materials for the making of the beer itself, the industry is sitting pretty, since these, aside from hops, consist of premium barley, corn, and rice used as malt adjuncts—all of them now in the surplus class and hence not depriving any war industry nor robbing our national market basket.

Ah, but isn't there a hint of sweetness in beer, derived from sugar? There *is* a touch of sweetness, but its origin is corn. The only breweries that ever used cane sugar or beet sugar were located in cane or beet regions where to ignore these proud products would have seemed like a smack in the eye to the chamber of commerce.

The inclusion of rice in our list of ingredients may seem odd to the layman unacquainted with the progress of ingenuity in catering to American palates. We in this country keep and drink our beer colder than they ever did in the Old World. A typical European beer would get cloudy and lose its entire foam under such conditions. As for some of the famed beers of pre-Hitler Munich, we'd think them almost "puddingy," reminding us of the olden days of beer testing in Central Europe where the tester would pour some beer on a bench and then sit thereon, wearing leather breeches. If the breeches stuck to the bench, it meant that the beer had body enough. Somehow our palates nowadays just don't favor those cling-pants types. We are worshipers of the delicate golden quaff, suds whose flavor seems to soar up the assuaged one's nostrils.

Science, science, science is what the modern brewmaster lives and breathes, controlling his hot and cold temperatures as he malts, mashes, worts, puts in and takes out the hops, ferments with specially bred yeast (in alemaking the yeast works from the top down; in lager, from the bottom up), and ages the result. Even the water, besides being strictly pure, has to have the right personality; any characteristics it lacks for ideal suitability have to be added to it. This is done so cleverly that Mother Nature herself would be fooled.

But no matter how artful a wizard the brewmaster may be, he isn't the final arbiter. *That* person is the brewer himself, who never becomes so engrossed in balance sheets, distribution charts, etc. as to forget that flavor is the crux of popularity. You'll find invariably that he's an out-and-out gourmet—not only a fastidious and sagacious orderer of a meal in a restaurant, but also as a damn good cook in his own right. When *he* checks on flavor, it's checked—with a palate which has probably been three or four generations in the making.

Lunching with a savant of this sort the other day at the Union League Club I gained a closeup notion of the point of view that produces premium quality. I was able to appreciate that, just as a group of musicians respond to the leadership of a great conductor, so do a brewmaster and his men respond to the direction of inspired leadership.

As the result of such connoisseurship we have beers which gladsomely harmonize with food. For example, clams, oysters, shrimp and other sea food take on tones of triumph when fine beer is their obbligato. And what it can sing to the Béarnaise Sauce that drapes your Chateaubriand Steak!

As for salads, it's the only beverage that goes without clashing.

In fact, beer plays its part as a seasoning ingredient in any well-ordered kitchen. What, you've never met Beer Soup? Or Breast of Veal in Dark Beer? Or Chocolate Beer Cake? Well, that's your tragedy. (If you write me for any of these recipes I can supply them to you.) But I'm certain you haven't grown up to puberty and everything without devouring your share of Welsh Rabbits constructed with ale or beer. A thrifty feature of beer cookery is that it is achieved with beer which has stood open at room temperature, and hence provides a swell use for left-overs from last night's party.

Speaking of which, is there anything to beat the sociability of Brews in the Night? You know that sense of inner emergency when friends drop in after the theatre, or the card game has gone hungry—or maybe the Mr. Air Warden has come back from patrol duty and is staging a raid on the refrigerator. Beer! Hurrah!

Out comes that cool bottle. Instead of being grasped around the waist as though it were the Missus, it is held by the neck so as not to conflict with its chill. Poured rapidly into the waiting glass, then more slowly to finish, giving it a good head. Sipping it, you chuckle at the thought of the pessimists who told us there weren't going to be any more luxuries.

Alarming, though, to imagine what existence would be like without beer. Limburger and Liederkranz would languish. Dill pickles would droop. Marinated herring would perish with loneliness. The pretzel bowl wouldn't have a pass made at it. Chowder and marching clubs would disband.

It's as clear as the beer in your glass that if America of the future is to have good living it must have good brewing. ##

The open-weave fiber hat, big foulard tie, striped Shetland suit and wedge heel leisure shoes are popular in California.

IN ALL THE WORLD
there is no
finer Scotch
FAMOUS FOR 315 YEARS
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
Haig & Haig Ltd.
EDINBURGH SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
Five Star
8 years old
Pinch
12 years old
HAIG & HAIG
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY—86.8 PROOF
The Oldest name in Scotch
SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

Her Uncle vs. His Father

Continued from page 30

today—beyond all my expectations—I have received a letter from Lord Driver. He is entering his son at St. Ambrose's."

"But how can he come here?"

"In his absence, my dear, on his country's service. The Drivers have always been a military family. I looked them up in *Debrett*."

"What do you think of it?" Mr. Priskett asked with anxiety.

"I think it's rich. Have you arranged a boat race?"

"There, Priskett," Mr. Fennick said proudly, raising his glass of audit ale. "I told you she was a girl of ideas."

(2)

Directly he heard his landlady's feet upon the stairs the elderly man with the grey shaven head began to lay his wet tea leaves around the base of the aspidistra. When she opened the door he was dabbing the tea leaves in tenderly with his fingers. "A lovely plant, my dear."

But she wasn't going to be softened at once: he could tell that: she waved a letter at him. "Listen," she said, "what's this Lord Driver business?"

"My name, my dear: a good Christian name like Lord George Sanger had."

"Then why don't they put Mr. Lord Driver on the letter?"

"Ignorance, just ignorance."

"I don't want any hanky-panky from my house. It's always been honest."

"Perhaps they didn't know if I was an esquire or just a plain mister, so they left it blank."

"It's sent from St. Ambrose's College, Oxford: people like that ought to know."

"It comes, my dear, of your having such a good address, W. 1. And all the gentry live in Mewses." He made a half-hearted snatch at the letter but the landlady held it out of reach.

"What are the likes of you writing to Oxford College about?"

"My dear," he said with strained dignity, "I may have been a little unfortunate: it may even be that I have spent a few years in chokey, but I have the rights of a free man."

"And a son in quod."

"Not in quod, my dear. Borstal is quite another institution. It is—a kind of college."

He was usually in the end too much for her. Before his first stay at the Scrubs he had held a number of positions as manservant and even butler: the way he raised his eyebrows he had learned from Lord Charles Mansville: he wore his clothes like an eccentric peer, and you might say that he had even learnt the best way to pilfer from old Lord Bellew who had a penchant for silver spoons.

"And now, my dear, if you'd just let me have my letter?" He put his hand tentatively forward: he was as daunted by her as she was by him: they sparred endlessly. This time it was his victory. She slammed the door. Suddenly, when the door had closed, he made a little vulgar noise at the aspidistra. Then he put on his glasses to read.

His son had been accepted for St. Ambrose's, Oxford. The great fact stared up at him above the sprawling decorative signature of the President. Never had he been more thankful for the coincidence of his name. "It will be my great pleasure," the President wrote, "to pay personal attention to your son's career at St. Ambrose's. In these days it is an honor to welcome a member of a great military family like yours." Driver felt an odd mixture of amusement and of genuine pride. He'd put one over on them, but his breast swelled within his waistcoat at the idea of having a son at Oxford.

But there were two snags. It was apparently an old Oxford custom that fees should be paid in advance, and then there were the examinations. His son couldn't do them himself: Borstal would not allow it, and he wouldn't be out for another six months. Besides the whole beauty of the idea was that he should receive the gift of an Oxford degree as a kind of welcome home.

A peer could always get credit, and if there was any trouble after the degree had been awarded, he could just tell them to sue and be damned. No Oxford college would like to admit that they'd been imposed on by an old lag. But the examinations. A funny little knowing smile twitched the corners of his mouth: a memory of the Scrubs five years ago and the man they called Daddy, the Reverend Simon Milan. He remembered the tall, lean aristocratic parson with his iron-grey hair and his narrow face like a lawyer's which had gone somehow soft inside with too much love. He knew where he could find Mr. Milan: he was employed in a boarding house near Euston Square, and for a few drinks he would do most things—he would certainly make out some fine examination papers. "I can just hear him now," Driver told himself ecstatically, "talking Latin to the warders."

(3)

It was autumn in Oxford: people coughed in the long queues for sweets and cakes: and the mists from the river seeped into the cinemas past the commissionaires on the lookout for people without gas masks. A few under-graduates picked their way through the evacuated swarm: they always looked in a hurry: so much had to be got through in so little time before the army claimed them. There were lots of pickings for racketeers, Elizabeth Cross thought, but not much chance for a girl to find a husband: the oldest Oxford racket has been elbowed out by the black markets in Woodbines, toffees, tomatoes.

There had been a few days last spring when she had treated St. Ambrose's as a joke, but when she

Bicycling is again becoming popular in this country, and will be a great thing for promoting Morale. After the first bike-ride since childhood the average adult is anxious to stand up for Democracy, Freedom or on no provocation at all.

saw the money actually coming in, the whole thing seemed less amusing. Then for some weeks she was acutely unhappy—until she realized that of all the war-time rackets this was the most harmless: her uncle paid income tax, and they even to some extent actually educated people. The saps, when they took their diploma-degree would know several things they hadn't known before.

But that didn't help a girl to find a husband.

She came moodily out of the matinee, carrying a bunch of papers she should have been correcting. There was only one "student" who showed any intelligence at all, and that was Lord Driver's son. The papers were forwarded from "somewhere in England" via London by his father: she had nearly found herself caught out several times on points of history, and her uncle she knew was straining his rusty Latin to his limited limit.

When she got home she knew that there was something in the air: Mr. Priskett was sitting in his white coat on the edge of a chair and her uncle was finishing a stale bottle of beer. When something went wrong he never opened a new bottle: he believed in happy drinking. They watched her come in in silence:

"Good evening," Elizabeth said: Mr. Priskett looked at Mr. Fennick and Mr. Fennick frowned. "Is Mr. Priskett out of pills?"

Mr. Priskett winced.

"I've been thinking," Elizabeth said, "that as we are now in the third term of the academic year, I should like a raise in salary."

Mr. Priskett drew in his breath sharply, keeping his eyes on Mr. Fennick.

"I should like another three pounds a week."

Mr. Fennick rose from the table; he whistled ferociously in the top of his dark ale; his frown beetled. The chemist scraped his chair a little backward. And then Mr. Fennick spoke.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on," he said and hiccupped slightly.

"You've been correcting the English papers."

"Unless you allow me to think, to think rapidly and deeply, there won't be any more examination papers," Mr. Fennick said.

"Trouble?"

"I've always been a Republican at heart. I don't see why we want a hereditary peerage."

"*A la lanterne,*" Elizabeth said. "This Lord Driver: why should an accident of birth . . .?"

"He refuses to pay?"

"It isn't that. It's right that he should have credit. But he's written to say that he's coming down tomorrow to see his boy's college. The old fat-headed sentimental fool," Mr. Fennick said.

"It just needs brain. I'll meet him at the station with a taxi, and take him to—say Balliol. Lead him straight through into the inner quad, and there you'll be just looking as if you'd come out of the Master's Lodging."

"He'll know it's Balliol."

"He won't. Anybody who knew Oxford couldn't be sap enough to send his son to St. Ambrose's."

"Of course it's true. These military families are a bit crass."

"You'll be in an enormous hurry. Consecration or something. Whip him around the Hall, the Chapel, the Library, and hand him back to me outside the Master's. I'll take him out to lunch and see him into his train. It's simple."

Mr. Fennick said broodingly, "Sometimes I think you're a terrible girl, terrible. Is there nothing you wouldn't think up?"

"I believe," Elizabeth said, "that if you're going to play your own game in a world like this, you've got to play it properly."

It really all went off very smoothly. He found Elizabeth at the barrier: Something about him worried her: it wasn't his clothes or the monocle he never seemed to use—it was something subtler than that. It was almost as though he were afraid of her, he was so ready to fall in with her plans. "I don't want to be any trouble, my dear, any trouble at all. I know how terribly busy the President must be."

When she explained that they would be lunching together in town, he even seemed relieved. "It's just the bricks of the dear old place," he said. "You mustn't mind my being a sentimentalist, my dear."

"Were you at Oxford?"

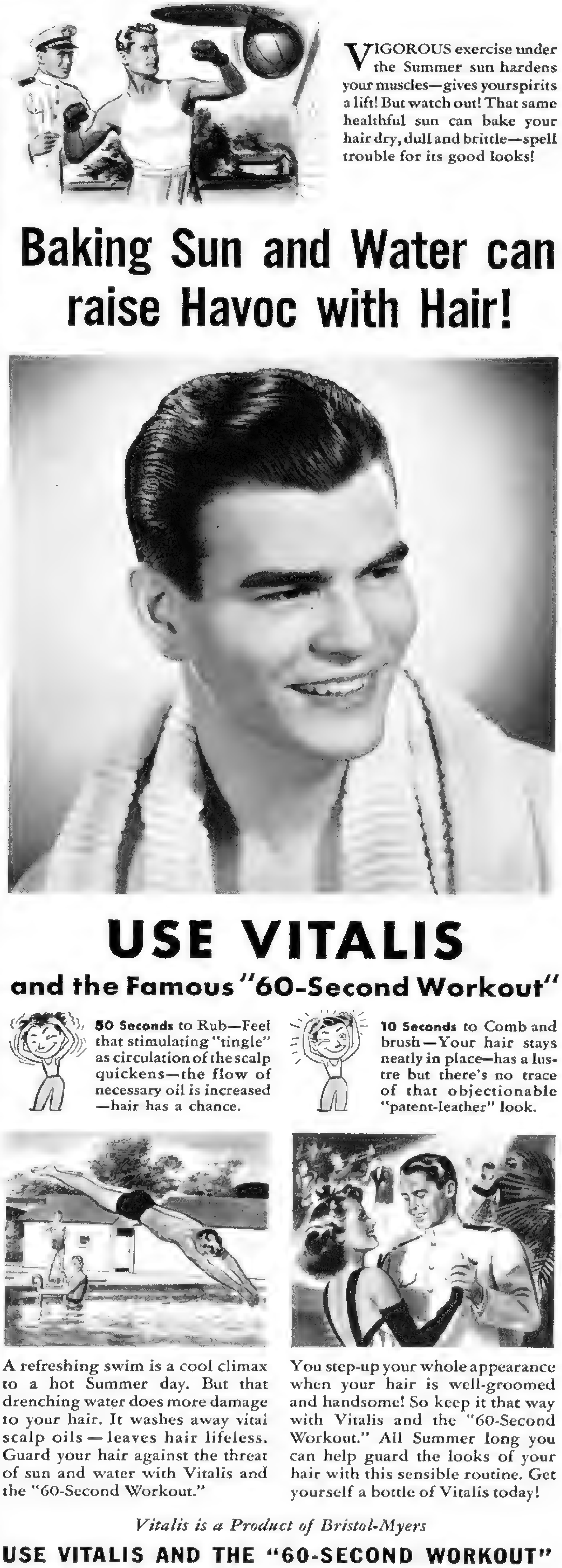
"No, no. The Drivers, I'm afraid, have neglected the things of the mind."

"Well, I suppose a soldier needs brains?"

He took a sharp look at her, and then answered in quite a different sort of voice. "We believed so in the Lancers." All the way up from the station he was silent, taking little quiet sideways peeks at her, appraising, approving.

"So this is St. Ambrose's," he said in a hearty voice just beside the porter's lodge and she pushed

Continued on page 118



VIGOROUS exercise under the Summer sun hardens your muscles—gives your spirits a lift! But watch out! That same healthful sun can bake your hair dry, dull and brittle—spell trouble for its good looks!

Baking Sun and Water can raise Havoc with Hair!

USE VITALIS

and the Famous "60-Second Workout"

50 Seconds to Rub—Feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

10 Seconds to Comb and brush—Your hair stays neatly in place—has a lustre but there's no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A refreshing swim is a cool climax to a hot Summer day. But that drenching water does more damage to your hair. It washes away vital scalp oils — leaves hair lifeless. Guard your hair against the threat of sun and water with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

You step-up your whole appearance when your hair is well-groomed and handsome! So keep it that way with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." All Summer long you can help guard the looks of your hair with this sensible routine. Get yourself a bottle of Vitalis today!

Vitalis is a Product of Bristol-Myers

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

FOR *Father's Day*

DOBBS *Hats*

Leisure Hats*

DOBBS Country Comfort*

Typical hat for golf and leisure wear. Crushable. With new saddle stitched crown-tip and brim-edge $3

A NEW IDEA FOR SUMMER WEAR

DOBBS Sportsman

The right hat to wear with slacks or light summer suits. O. K. for town, too. Made of the new fine-textured Burton's All American Poplin. $3.50

Here's How to Give Father a SMART DOBBS HAT . . .

Give him a Dobbs Gift Certificate and a jolly jeep-size hat in this dandy Handicase. Then he can choose the right hat for himself.

* TRADE MARK

NOTE: If Dad prefers one of the new Smart Dobbs Straws they are $3.50 to $15

DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

Retail Store: Park Ave. at 53rd

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Her Uncle vs. His Father

Continued from pages 30-117

him quickly by, through the first quads towards the Master's house on whose doorstep with a B.A. gown over his arm stood Mr. Fennick posed like a piece of garden statuary. "My uncle, the President," Elizabeth said.

"A charming girl, your niece," Driver said as soon as they were alone together: he had really only meant to make conversation, but as soon as he had spoken the old two crooked minds began to move in harmony.

"She's very home-loving," Mr. Fennick said. "Our famous elms," he went on, waving his hand skywards. "St. Ambrose's rooks."

"Crooks?" Driver said with astonishment.

"Rooks. In the elms. One of our great modern poets wrote about them. 'St. Ambrose elms, oh St. Ambrose elms,' and about 'St. Ambrose rooks calling in wind and rain.' "

"Pretty. Very pretty."

"Nicely turned, I think."

"I meant your niece."

"Ah, yes. This way to the Hall. Up these steps. So often trodden, you know, by Tom Brown." He added thoughtfully, "She'll make a fine wife—and mother."

"Young men are beginning to realize that the flighty ones are not what they want for a lifetime."

They stopped by mutual consent on the top step: they nosed towards each other like two old blind sharks who each believes that what stirs the water close to him is tasty meat.

"Whoever wins her," Mr. Fennick said, "can feel proud. She'll make a fine hostess . . ." as the future Lady Driver he thought.

"I and my son," Driver said, "have talked seriously about marriage. He takes rather an old-fashioned view. He'll make a good husband . . ."

They walked into the hall, and Mr. Fennick led the way round the portraits. "Our founder," he said, pointing at a full-bottomed wig. He chose it deliberately: he felt it smacked a little of himself. Before Swinburne's portrait he hesitated: then pride in St. Ambrose's conquered caution. "The great poet Swinburne," he said. "We sent him down."

"Expelled him?"

"Yes. Bad morals."

"I'm glad you are strict about those."

"Ah, your son is in safe hands at St. Ambrose's."

"It makes me very happy," Driver said. He began to scrutinize the portrait of a 19th century divine. "Fine brushwork," he said. "Now religion—I believe in religion. Basis of the family." He said with a burst of confidence, "You know our young people ought to meet."

Mr. Fennick gleamed. "I agree."

"He'll be on leave in a week or two. Why shouldn't he take his degree in person?"

"Well, there'd be difficulties."

"Isn't it the custom?"

"Not for postal graduates. The Vice-Chancellor likes to make a small distinction . . . But, Lord Driver, in the case of so distinguished an alumnus I suggest that I should be deputed to present the degree to your son in London."

"I'd like him to see his college."

"And so he shall in happier days. So much of the college is shut now, I would like him to visit it for the first time when its glory is restored. Allow me and my niece to call on you."

"We are living very quietly."

"Not serious financial trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no, no," Driver assured him.

"I'm so glad. And now let us rejoin the dear girl."

(4)

It always seemed to be more convenient to meet at railway stations. The coincidence didn't strike Mr. Fennick who had fortified himself for the journey with a good deal of audit ale but it struck Elizabeth. The college lately had not been fulfilling expectations, and that was partly due to the laziness of Mr. Fennick: from his conversation lately it almost seemed as though he had begun to regard the college as only a step to something else—what she couldn't quite make out. He was always talking about Lord Driver and his son Frederick and the responsibilities of the peerage. His Republican tendencies had quite lapsed. "That dear boy" was the way he referred to Frederick, and he marked him 100 per cent for classics. "It's not often Latin and Greek go with military genius," he said. "A remarkable boy."

"He's not so hot on economics," Elizabeth said.

"We mustn't demand too much booklearning from a soldier."

At Paddington Lord Driver waved anxiously to them through the crowd: he wore a new suit—one shudders to think how many coupons had been gambled away for the occasion. A little behind him was a very young man with a sullen mouth and a scar on his cheek.

Mr. Fennick bustled forward: he wore a black raincoat over his shoulders like a cape and carrying his hat in his hand he disclosed his white hair venerably among the porters.

"My son—Frederick," Lord Driver said. The boy sullenly took off his hat and put it on again quickly: they wore their hair in the army very short.

"St. Ambrose's welcomes her new graduate," Mr. Fennick said.

Frederick grunted.

The presentation of the degree was made in a private room at Mount Royal. Lord Driver explained that his house had been bombed—a time bomb, he added, a rather necessary explanation since there had been no raids recently. Mr. Fennick was satisfied if Lord Driver was: he had brought up a B.A. gown, a mortarboard and a Bible in his suitcase, and he made quite an imposing little ceremony between the book-table, the sofa and the radiator, reading out a Latin oration and tapping Frederick lightly on the head with the Bible. The degree-diploma had been expensively printed in two colors by an Anglo-Catholic firm. Elizabeth was the only uneasy person there. Could the world, she wondered, really contain two such saps? What was this painful feeling growing up in her that perhaps it contained four?

After a little light lunch with bottled brown beer—"Almost as good, if I may say so, as our audit ale," Mr. Fennick beamed—the President and Lord Driver made elaborate moves to drive the two young people out together. "We've got to talk a little business," Mr. Fennick said, and Lord Driver hinted, "You've not been to the flickers for a year, Frederick." They were driven out together into bombed, shabby Oxford Street while the old men rang cheerfully down for whisky.

"What's the idea?" Elizabeth said.

He was good looking: she liked his scar and his sullenness: there was almost too much intelligence and purpose in his face. Once he took off his hat and scratched his head: Elizabeth again noticed his short hair. He certainly didn't look a military type. And his suit, like his father's, looked new and ready made. Hadn't he had any clothes to wear when he came on leave?

"I suppose," she said, "they are planning a wedding."

His eyes lit gleefully up. "I wouldn't mind," he said.

"You'd have to get leave from your C.O., wouldn't you?"

"C.O.?" he asked with astonishment, flinching a little like a boy who has been caught out, who hasn't been prepared beforehand with that question. She watched him carefully, remembering all the things that had seemed odd to her since the beginning.

"So you haven't been to the movies for a year," she said.

"I've been in service."

"Not even an Ensa show?"

"Oh, I don't count those."

"It must be awfully like being in prison."

He grinned weakly, walking faster all the time, so that she might really have been pursuing him through the Hyde Park gates.

"Come clean," she said. "Your father's not Lord Driver."

"Oh yes he is."

"Any more than my uncle's President of a College."

"What?" He began to laugh—it was an agreeable laugh, a laugh you couldn't trust but a laugh which made you laugh back and agree that in a crazy world like this all sorts of things didn't matter. "I'm just out of Borstal," he said. "What's yours?"

"Oh, I haven't been in prison yet."

He said, "You'll never believe me, but all that ceremony—it looked phony to me. Of course the Dad swallowed it."

"And my uncle swallowed you . . . I couldn't quite."

"Well, the wedding's off. In a way I'm sorry."

"I'm still free."

"Well," he said, "we might discuss it," and there in the pale autumn sunlight of the Park they did discuss it—from all sorts of angles. There were bigger frauds all round them; officials of the Ministries passed carrying little portfolios: controllers of this and that purred by in motorcars, and men with the big blank faces of advertisement hoardings strode purposefully in khaki with scarlet tabs down Park Lane from the Dorchester. Their fraud was a small one by the world's standard, and a harmless one! the boy from Borstal and the girl from nowhere at all—from the draper's counter and the semidetached villa. "He's got a few hundred stowed away," said Fred. "He'd make a settlement if he thought he could get the President's niece."

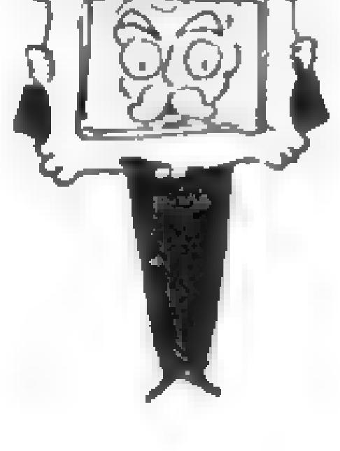
"I wouldn't be surprised if Uncle had five hundred. He would put it all down for Lord Driver's son."

"We'd take over this college business. With a bit of capital we could really make it go. It's just chicken feed now."

They fell in love for no reason at all, in the park, on a bench to save twopences, planning their fraud on the old frauds they knew they could outdo. Then they went back, and Elizabeth declared herself before she'd got properly inside the door. "Frederick and I want to get married." She almost felt sorry for the old fools as their faces lit suddenly up simultaneously because everything had been so easy, and then darkened with caution as they squinted at each other.

"This is very surprising," Lord Driver said, and the President said, "My goodness, young people work fast."

All night the two old men planned their settlements, and the two young ones sat happily back in a corner, watching the elaborate fence, with the secret knowledge that the world is always open to the young. ⌗



No Millenium

When we win the war, this world should be a better place to live in than it ever was before—but we still don't expect folks to look more than half as happy as those in the average advertisement illustration.

(FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 21)

For the man whose wife understands him—WEBSTERS

If he is a smoking man, Webster cigars are one of the finest treats a wife, son or daughter can choose for the special day that belongs to "Dad." • There's rare enjoyment for him in the ***pure-tasting flavor and mellow-mildness*** which have given Websters one of the greatest popularity gains in the history of quality cigars. And there's complete feminine approval in their delicate fragrance when smoked about the house. • Not even costly imported Cuban cigars can claim more carefully selected tobaccos. Websters' filler is Certified *one hundred per cent choice, long Havana.*

BOXES OF 25 AND 50
Special "Father's Day" wrapping . . . *wherever fine cigars are sold.*

Golden Wedding
Young man's choice!
BOX OF 25 . $2.25
BOX OF 50 . 4.50

Queens
Business man's favorite
BOX OF 25 . $2.90
BOX OF 50 . 5.75

Kings
Classic Corona shape
BOX OF 25 . $2.25
BOX OF 50 . 4.50

Fancy Tales
The after-dinner size
BOX OF 25 . $3.40
BOX OF 50 . 6.75

GREETINGS TO DAD
WEBSTER
ON FATHER'S DAY

WEBSTER
First in the Social Register

BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS

GIVE DAD... A GIFT WITH A LIFT

popcorn

The smart cheery color in belts by

PARIS

● Popcorn, the new, fresh golden, buttered all over styletone by Paris, gives Dad's clothes and spirits a cheery lift—adds a bright colorful note which he'll welcome • Illustrated, top to bottom: Saddle stitched cowhide Paris Belt in these popular colors: Popcorn (illustrated), Parchment and Suntan $1 • Paris Belt with sueded cowhide panel and contrasting edge. Colors: Popcorn on Suntan (illustrated), light grey on dark grey, natural on brown, and suntan on mahogany $1 • Luggage Leather Belt comes in Popcorn (illustrated), Suntan, Black, Brown, Ivory, Grey and Parchment $1 • Paris Aireo Garters—cool, light weight, comfortable 55c. Others $1 • A. Stein & Company Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto

FOR FATHER'S DAY... JUNE 21

Father of the C. Y. O.

Continued from page 29

wistfully of Bernie's promise as a pitcher. They recall feats when he played with Jimmy Callahan's Logan Square semi-professional club, the season after young Sheil was graduated from St. Viator College.

Despite the inevitable straitjacketing of the years and his duties, the Bishop still can do a few competent innings of work on the mound. It is his keen enjoyment to pitch against a team of athletically proficient divinity students who would have no compunction about straightening out one of his curves and whacking it down his throat.

He plays a middling fair game of golf when his crowded docket gives him an opportunity. He will score a few strokes more—or a few strokes less—than 100. The game is a combination of roadwork and batting practice to him. After each shot of appreciable distance he breaks into a trot as his companions puff and plod. His beaming face can't mask with false humility his pride at a long tee or brassie shot. He has mastered the talent of preserving grace after missing a two-foot putt.

It has been noted by those qualified to comment with authority that successful service as a prison chaplain makes a dynamic realist of a holy man. Protestant, Catholic and Jew clergy who labor behind the walls learn that their gospels must have action. Loyal on one side to the law of their churches, on the other to the law that has peopled the clink, the successful prison pastor absorbs an education that makes him a profound liberal.

So, it follows, as a general thing, that the prison chaplain often is regarded by secular authorities as a necessary nuisance who is difficult to deal with when miscarriages of justice are discovered. It also follows that the prison cleric, for his energies in behalf of the out-of-luck, inspires critical sniffs of the very nice reactionaries of all sects whose cloisters have not been patrolled by men with guns.

The Boss is blandly guilty on both counts. Although considerable of his labors have been among hard men and kids to whom a very solid poke in the features is Item No. One in their catch-as-catch-can catechism, and the Bishop, who has a fist the size of a satchel, is competent to administer such treatment, there is only one known case of his trading punches after his school days.

The incident was early in the days of the Catholic Youth Organization. An especially pugnacious and lawless youth was giving The Boss and numerous other citizens no little trouble.

The Bishop got the young man in a secluded spot. The surly kid ruled out all entreaties and arguments to behave himself.

"Where you've got yourself wrong," said the Bishop, "is that you think you're very tough. Well let me tell you something, I'm tougher than you are the toughest day you'll ever live. Take a slug at me. Anyplace except in the eyes or nose. I can't go around with a couple of shiners or a broken nose. But slug. Then I'll slug you. We'll see who carries the most punch."

The boy slugged. With skin turning purple under the boy's punch, the Bishop said, "Now it's my turn. Duck this one if you can."

He let fly a left at the husky youth. The kid went down.

"Now let's get together, son," the Bishop implored.

That suggestion, particularly at that time, appealed to the boy. The treatment of having brains batted into a kid, although not to be formally advocated by The Boss because of its suspected conflict with the doctrine of sweetness and light, probably is being administered through the boxing activities of the C.Y.O.

In the C.Y.O. headquarters gymnasium at Chicago there is conspicuously displayed a sign advising "It's more fun to fight with gloves."

Activity of the C.Y.O. in amateur boxing was severely censured by many Catholics, Protestants, Jews and infidels during the earlier period of this phase of the organization's work. Some rough and vigorous kids were among the pioneer corps of the C.Y.O. ringmen. And in due course of events, punching and prayers having failed to effect sudden miracles, several of those lads lost decisions to the law in extra-curricular pastiming. Although solemnly scared of making any cracks that might reflect, on second bounce, on the Catholic church, and wanting to give The Boss the break a right party deserves from believer and infidel, newspapers occasionally identified bad boys as having achieved some other distinction as C.Y.O. pugilists.

Eventually it came into the critics' consciousness that for every goat he roped The Boss had lassoed a thousand stray lambs and delivered them to society as assets.

And as for the criticism that instead of having brains batted into them the kids were having the brains batted out of them and were destined to become a pitiable group of slug-nutty young ex-pugs, The Boss halted that by having the late Packy McFarland get C.Y.O. boxing tutoring off to the right start. After Packy passed on, a veteran ring expert, Paddy Kane, was engaged to guide the welfare of the boxers.

Paddy is a quiet, competent little man. He is instructor, trainer and second. Above all, he's a team mate and loyal protector of the kids.

Now C.Y.O. activities have spread from religion and sport to education and social service and from a slow start in Chicago's

Useful Summer Gadgets

72 B. Fisherman's rule. For measuring fish taken from waters where restrictions prevail. Ruler collapses and automatically adjusts itself to fit fish as short as five inches—and still records twelve inches.

133 E. Hot weather thermometer. Adds twenty per cent to all temperatures automatically. When your friends complain of the heat, turn them green with envy by recording 115 in the shade when they can only get 96 at their house.

13 A. Jumbo highball glass. Holds three quarts and fits into hip pocket. Indispensable when you have promised the wife you'll only have one drink after your golf game.

slums during 1930 to busy posts in more than 100 U. S. cities, and in Canada, South America and Hawaii. Although there are approximately 1,000 on C.Y.O. boxing teams in Chicago, there are, by conservative count, more than 110,000 boys and girls, young men and young women, closely associated with the organization's performances in the nation's second city.

Possibly the most unexpected development of the C.Y.O. has been noticeable infiltration of youngsters from well-to-do families. As long as this hasn't curtailed operations among the needier youngsters, immigration from the upper income brackets of the populace hasn't bothered The Boss.

He reasons that the youngster from a financially favored family will benefit from learning unselfishness that the poor kid has taught to him early in the struggle for existence. Failure to employ properly this group morale principle accounts for the hoodlum mobs and gangs, Bishop Sheil discovered. Discreet direction of this smart kid tendency to play for the team, he firmly believes, will offset much juvenile delinquency which is accounted for by adverse economic and domestic factors.

It puzzles The Boss why unselfishness of the poor seems to get them into so much trouble. He had a narrow escape from being the beneficiary of the generous poor when he was in the last days of his service as a prison chaplain. A prisoner he'd helped told him that "the boys appreciated what he'd done for him and were going to give him as a gift something the richest man in town would be glad to get."

Father Sheil explained that in his line what he got was only for the purpose of passing it along, and suggested tactfully that the jail residents ease up on their plan to make any expensive presentation to him.

When it came to him via the grapevine that the zeal of the collectors for the gift extended to some generous and grateful prison alumni and that they were casing several tempting opportunities to supply contributions to the gift fund, The Boss ordered that word be passed around he was taking nothing as an expression of the lads' esteem. They compromised on a testimonial signed by prisoners and alumni.

The Boss's education in youth included service as chaplain at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the World War. There he had the unhappy job of bidding farewell to many who died during the influenza epidemic. As an outlet for his vitality he took a keen interest in the station's athletic program, and on that experience much of the C.Y.O. emphasis on sports as a common denominator of youth is based.

Emil Gollubier, athletic director of Chicago's Jewish Peoples' Institute, and in a spot to pass expert and impartial judgment, maintains that The Boss is a strong factor saving truly amateur athletics. Even among youngsters of sub-varsity years amateur athletics are becoming commercialized as advertising media, Gollubier observes, and sport as an expression and exercise of spontaneous youthful spirit is suffering. The desire to participate being virtually the sole eligibility rule in C.Y.O. athletics, its athletes are free from mercenary incentive.

Sports promotion came into the C.Y.O. picture by the kids' own suggestion. Plaudits of neighborhood crowds in the early boxing exhibitions by the C.Y.O. boys were observed by Bishop Sheil to have a definitely valuable effect on youngsters previously rated by the Bishop as desperate cases and by the authorities as incorrigibles.

There came back to the Bishop a thought frequently reiterated by Father William Bergin, who'd been his teacher for twelve years at St. Viator's high school, college and theological seminary. Father Bergin is a brilliant scholar whose students have included many distinguished Catholic intellectuals.

Father Bergin is a Tipperary man. He's now in his seventy-second year and as brisk physically as most men of forty. The venerable padre made a deep impression on Bernie Sheil the student, by informing his pupils, "I

Continued on page 122

Keep Smiling
NOBODY'S EVER LICKED HIM!
Jockey UNDERWEAR-"EASY TO LAUNDER"

NO. 3 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES

We've got the washing problem licked

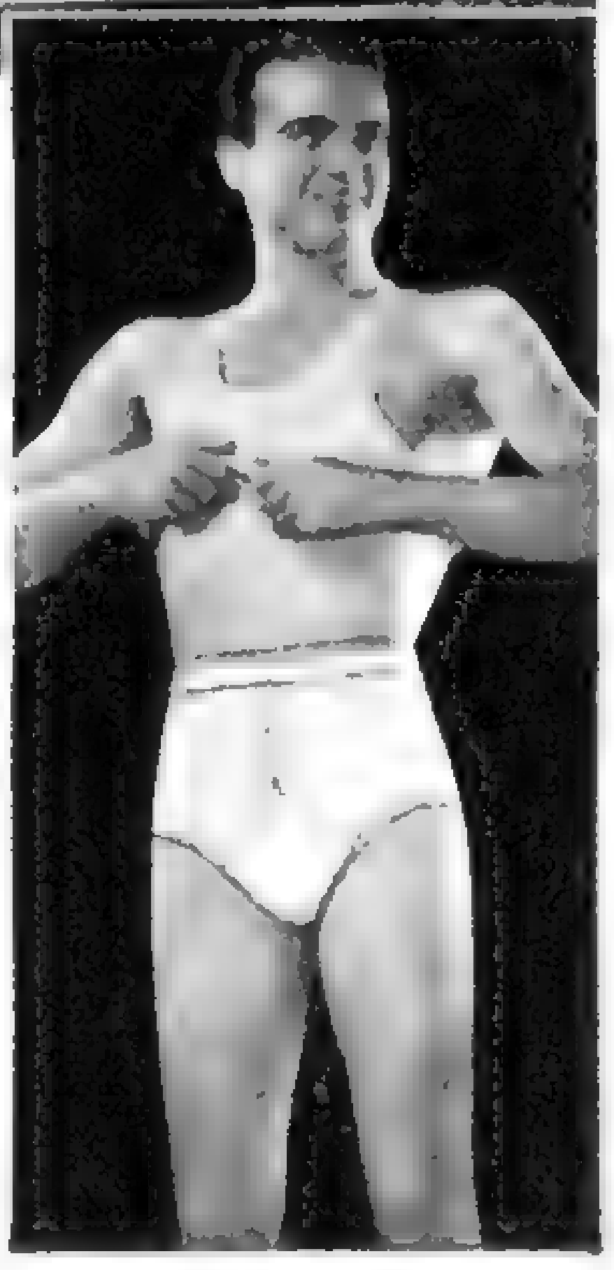
The Jockey dog has his own ideas about washing his master's face. We have our own ideas, too, about solving some of those washday problems for whoever heads up your family laundry: we make buttonless Jockey of knit fabrics that rinse out as quickly as stockings and need no ironing.

•

Those fabrics mould themselves to your body like a second skin and adapt themselves to every motion you make . . . because Coopers tailoring goes a step beyond the usual practice, and takes hip as well as waist measurements into consideration. Jockey's knit fabrics also let your skin breathe. And Coopers famous, Patented Y-front* construction provides mild masculine support . . . a conveniently angled opening that positively will not gap . . . and complete freedom from bunch, bind, creep and squirm.

•

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.

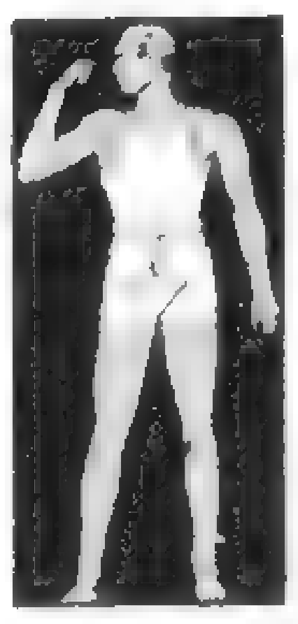


Jockey Short

* ⅄ —*The source of support*

Jockey
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

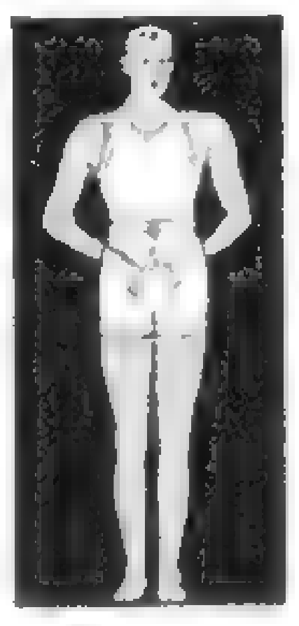
Coopers INC
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

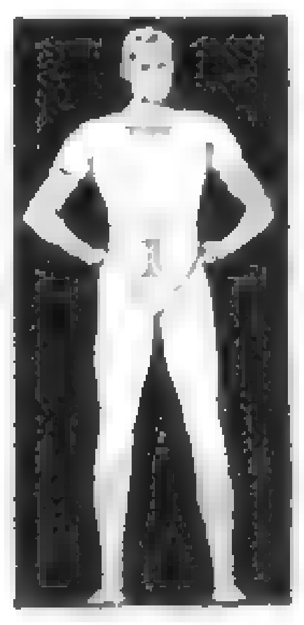


Jockey Midway
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.

•

Jockey Bellin
a trim, youthful waist for dress-up occasions.

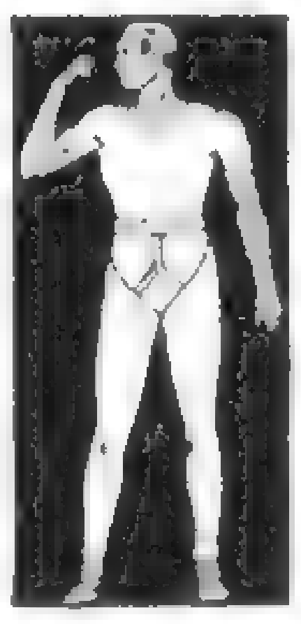




Jockey Over-Knee
Protects skin against scratchy tweeds.

•

Jockey Longs
Keeps leg muscles fit in cold weather.



Father of the C. Y. O.

Continued from pages 29-121

don't care who says what. Why does he say it?"

In his lectures he always emphasized the dignity of man as an individual.

It came back to Father Bergin's pupil, years later, that these youngsters the C.Y.O. might mold into Grade A citizens mostly were kids who'd been denied the satisfaction of dignity. Usually the only distinction made available to them was that dubious distinction of being a mob leader. Such distinction as might be won by a youngster in a ring and endorsed by the roar of the crowd could be the foundation for dignity of the youth founded on self-confidence.

Logic endorsed expansion of the C.Y.O. boxing program but the major impetus was given by the boys' own desire to determine their comparative ratings. With local and international competition being an ambition of the boys, with the gate possibilities appearing attractive, and with the C.Y.O. always needing money to handle a broadening and deepening program, the Bishop found himself a fight promoter by force of circumstances.

Contests of C.Y.O. teams annually average attendance of 10,000. From those fistic performances has come a net yield of approximately 5,000 dollars which isn't at all bad considering that the affairs have been staged at popular prices and the Bishop has insisted that the guest kids in international or inter-city matches be given top handling in travel and other accommodations.

But against a Chicago C.Y.O. budget that mounted to 372,086 dollars in 1941, an amount like the boxing net doesn't go far. The C.Y.O. expense for its first year, 1930, was 112 dollars.

Scope of the C.Y.O. work makes it plain that The Boss is no amateur at fund raising. How well the good man has done the painful and necessary task of getting those financially able to stand and deliver is testified to by the C.Y.O. book valuation on plant investment which is in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 dollars. Chief property items are:

The Lewis School of Aeronautics, the C.Y.O. Home for Youthful Transients, the C.Y.O. home for parolees, the West Side Community Center, The Mission of Our Lady of Mercy (popularly known as 'The Working Boys' home'), three Rita Club houses for young unemployed girls, C.Y.O. Boys camp, and Doddridge Farm.

Doddridge Farm was acquired from the Episcopalian diocese of Chicago in a deal The Boss and the late Bishop George Craig Stewart worked out. Bishop Sheil intended to use the farm as a home for European war refugee children, but before plans could be completed the U. S. entered war. The Boss has eight refugee children under his personal care. The Farm is being used now for outings, retreats and C.Y.O. conferences.

Up to the time Frank J. Lewis, Chicago chemist and contractor, became interested in the C.Y.O. and bequeathed to the C.Y.O. the million-dollar Holy Name Aeronautic Institute at Lockport, Illinois, financing of the C.Y.O. had been accomplished mainly by The Boss advising candidates suspected of being solvent that they were chosen to help kids get from behind the social and economic eight-ball. Selection of candidates was on a non-sectarian catch-as-catch-can basis. Although there was some squirming about blowing money on a long shot, The Boss got a few of the hopeful to dig down for a modest roll.

Medical and dental examinations and treatments accounted for 17,428 dollars of the C.Y.O. 1941 operating expense. Much more in professional fees should be credited to this work for youngsters. Doctors and dentists of the C.Y.O. staff discover many cases requiring more time than is permitted by the small size of the organization's professional staff and the vast field of its duties. Other dentists and doctors of all sects volunteer additional expert services to youngsters whose parents have trouble trying to pay the grocerymen. The Boss asks God to give these experts a break for services rendered, and the docs call the bills even.

The Bishop travels light, financially, himself. Jingling tender of small denomination is a "must" with him because of the taps that are put on him by urchin and adult panhandlers. He is an inconsistent protagonist of planned management in charity, being practically chalk-marked with the touch pushover symbol by bums of widely varying ages and intentions.

The C.Y.O. staff instantly recognizes the symptom of The Boss' fiscal shortage. He jumps from his desk, grabs his hat, then pauses apologetically. "I ought to have a quarter for carfare," he'll remark humbly. Somebody comes up with a dollar. They give him a surplus because they know he's a cinch to get tapped. Those who have been on the staff for some years are glad to have something to give. They remember the early days of the C.Y.O. when the staff went for six weeks without pay and The Boss was in a photo-finish with a nervous breakdown, trying to keep the C.Y.O. from folding as a failure of an overly-ambitious experiment.

Juvenile sandbaggers, whom he never recognizes as such, gang him as he comes into Chicago C.Y.O. headquarters at Congress and Wabash streets. Not long ago he was convincingly informed to his distress that a racket was being made of panhandling him. An older and sturdier brat had dominated the band and permitted "borrowing" from the Bishop only if the proceeds were split with the self-appointed No. 1 juvenile.

The Bishop hauled the kid in and gave him a sermon on the evil of being a hog and ruining a beautiful racket. To make the sermon register the Bishop made the kid kick back his cut to the rest of the mob. The Boss now is content that he has entirely corrected a situation that was a blot on Chicago's fair name.

It is not uncommon to see this august cleric perched on a peg at a soda counter with his companions being boys of various colors, of sub-teen age, and all engaged in earnest converse, much in the manner of executives around a directors' table or ordinary men settling important matters of state at a well-polished bar. He starts planting the "dignity of man" idea in kids when the idea can sprout and grow.

The man unconsciously does things that are superb press agentry. Luck—even tough luck—is with him that way. When he was a college student he pitched a no-hit game against a University of Illinois Big Ten championship team, but lost 1-0 on a base on balls and error. He was known as "The Little Iron Man" then. Now he is a rather husky specimen, being 5 feet 9 inches and weighing 175 pounds.

Although The Boss is most widely known for his work in establishing and developing the C.Y.O., an achievement of equally amazing character is the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council. In two years this enterprise, organized by The Boss and worked out with a young Jew, Saul Alinsky, and a tireless youth named Joe Meegan, brought a miracle of democracy to Chicago's internationally ill-famed Jungle.

The workers, the unions, the employers, the local businessmen, the priests of the groups of various national origins, the kids, all carried through the plan. Nobody was boss, not even The Boss. Peace, understanding and progress have come to a neighborhood where brawling, poverty and crime had made the going rough for the elementally decent and ambitious people of the community.

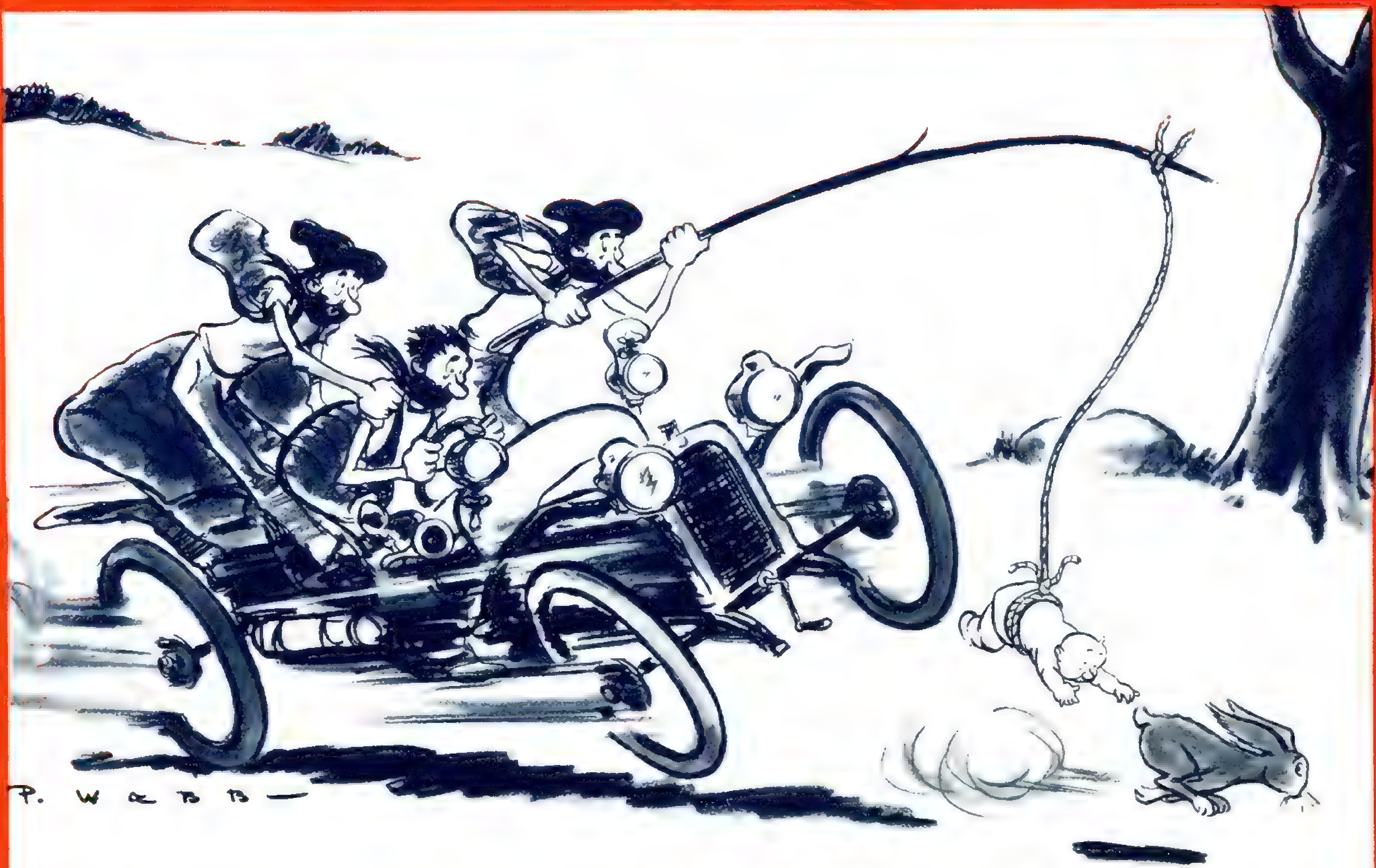
Kansas City, Kansas, adopted the "Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council" idea wherein the people of a once chronically troubled district work out their own American plan. It is getting under way at South St. Paul, Minnesota and Cleveland.

The Back of the Yards principle basically is the same on which The Boss founded the C. Y. O.; "give them a chance and they'll make good."

The Boss is a simple man. "Give them a chance" is about the scope of his sociology. The only time you'll ever see him fighting sore is when he's battling to get a break for the sucker. Even then the cases when he gets noticeably belligerent are not enough to be historic. He's a soft-spoken, smooth-operating salesman, no table pounder. But he sells them. #

Comfort and flattering lines recommend the low slope collar on summer evening dress shirts.

AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUGS
IGNITION ENGINEERED



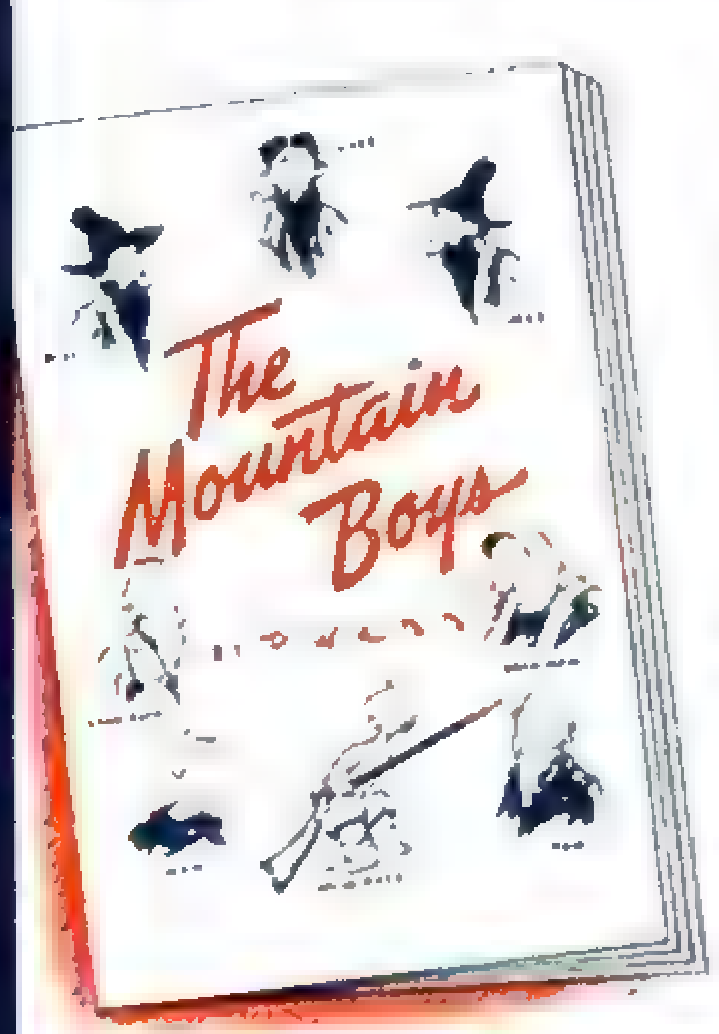
"GOSH, WILLIE — SINCE WE GIVE THE OLD CAR THET 'PLUG-CHEK' ONCLE RAFE AIN'T MISSED A ONE!"

HOW "PLUG-CHEK" HELPS PEP-UP SLUGGISH, GAS-WASTING ENGINES

Yes, the Mountain Boys know what to do when cars are hard to start, sluggish on the road. It's time for "Plug-Chek"—the new inspection service offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers. "Plug-Chek" helps spot gas and power-wasting plugs—quickly shows if your engine is spark weary and what to do about it. Simply cleaning and regapping your present plugs may cut dollars off your gas bills. Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today. And when faulty plugs need replacement, insist on ignition engineered Auto-Lites.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO

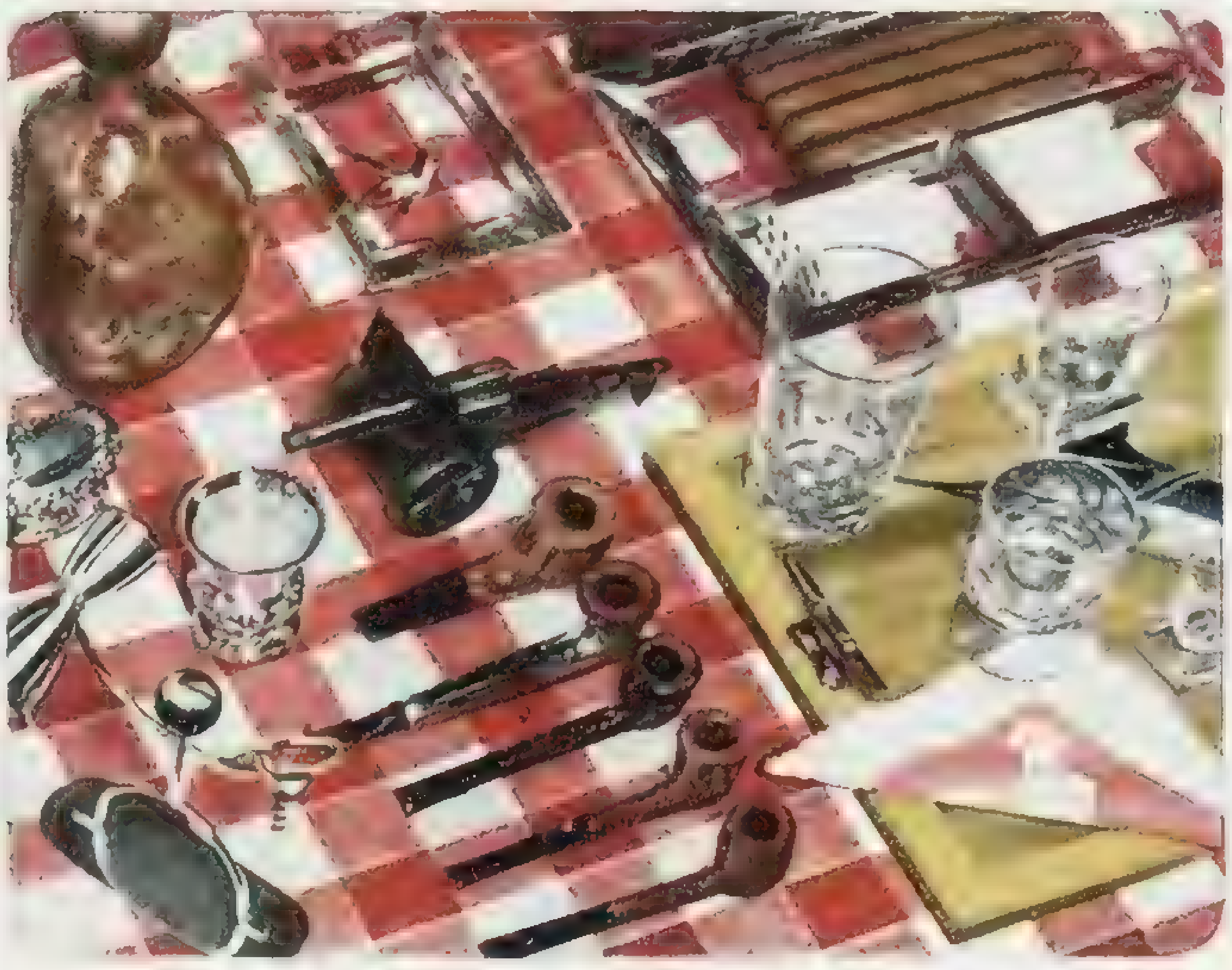
Get This Book of Laughs



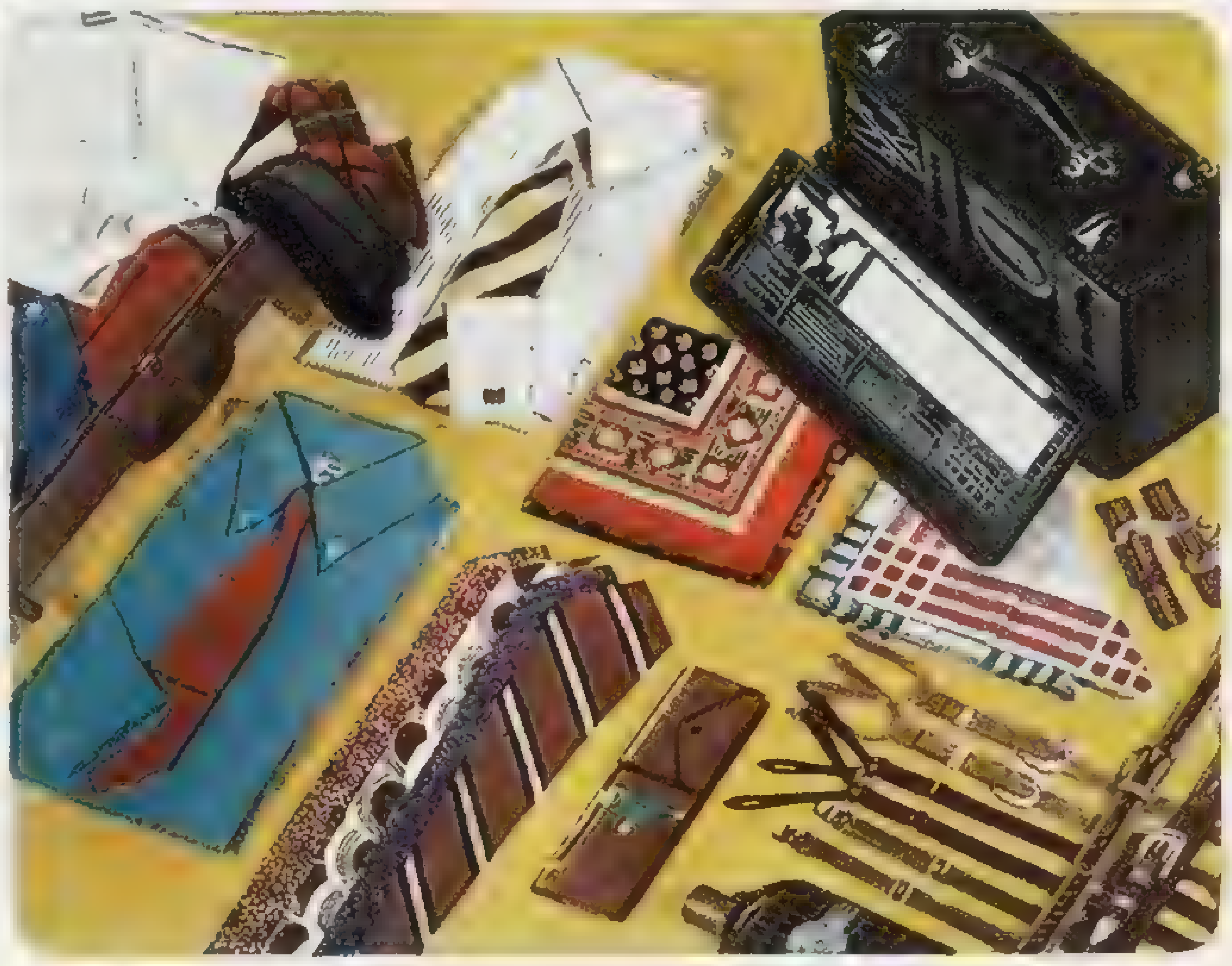
Just off the Press—24 pages of rib-tickling "Mountain Boys" cartoons by that sly humorist, Paul Webb. Ask for your copy when you drive in for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service at your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer's.

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

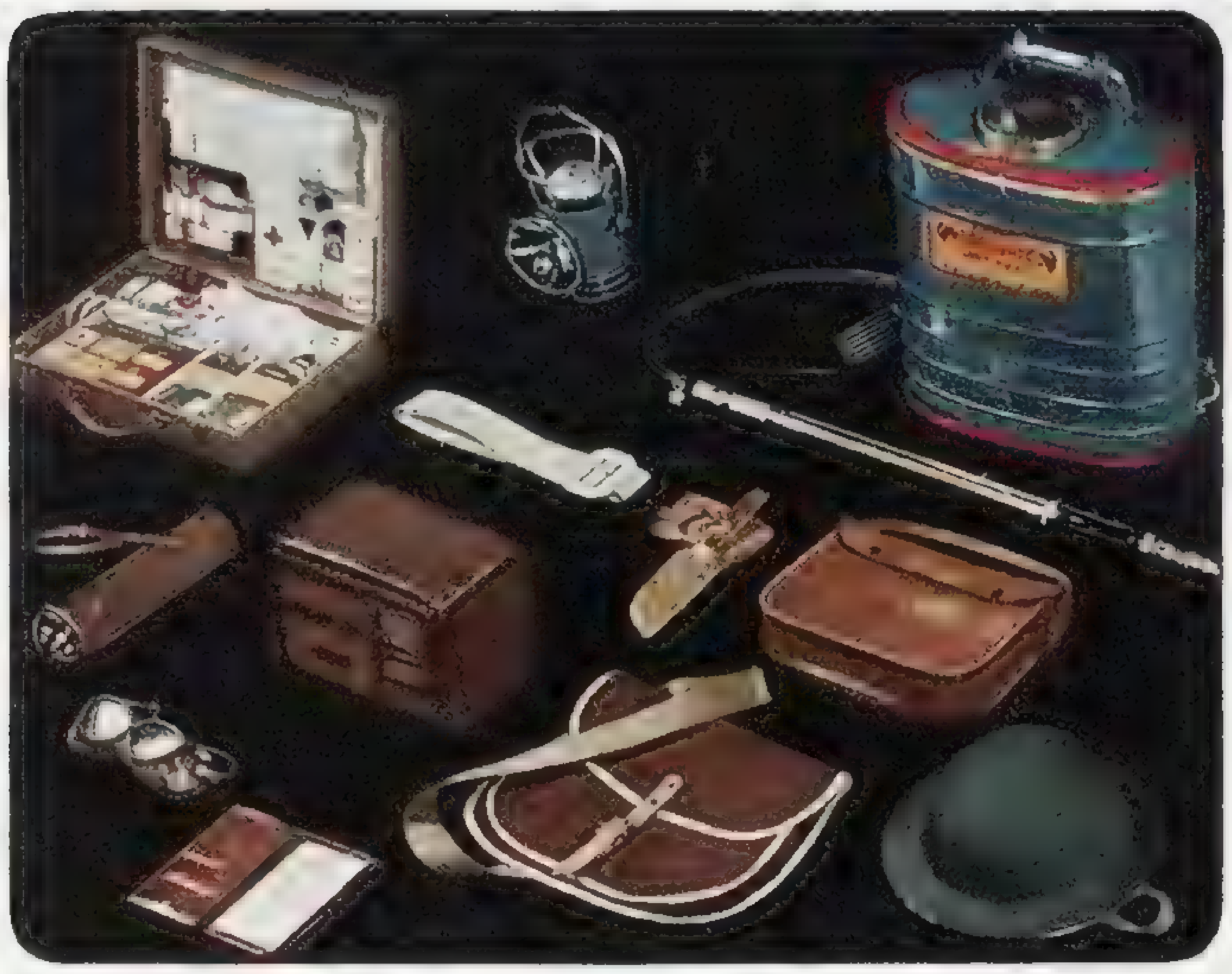
for the Fathers of the country . . .



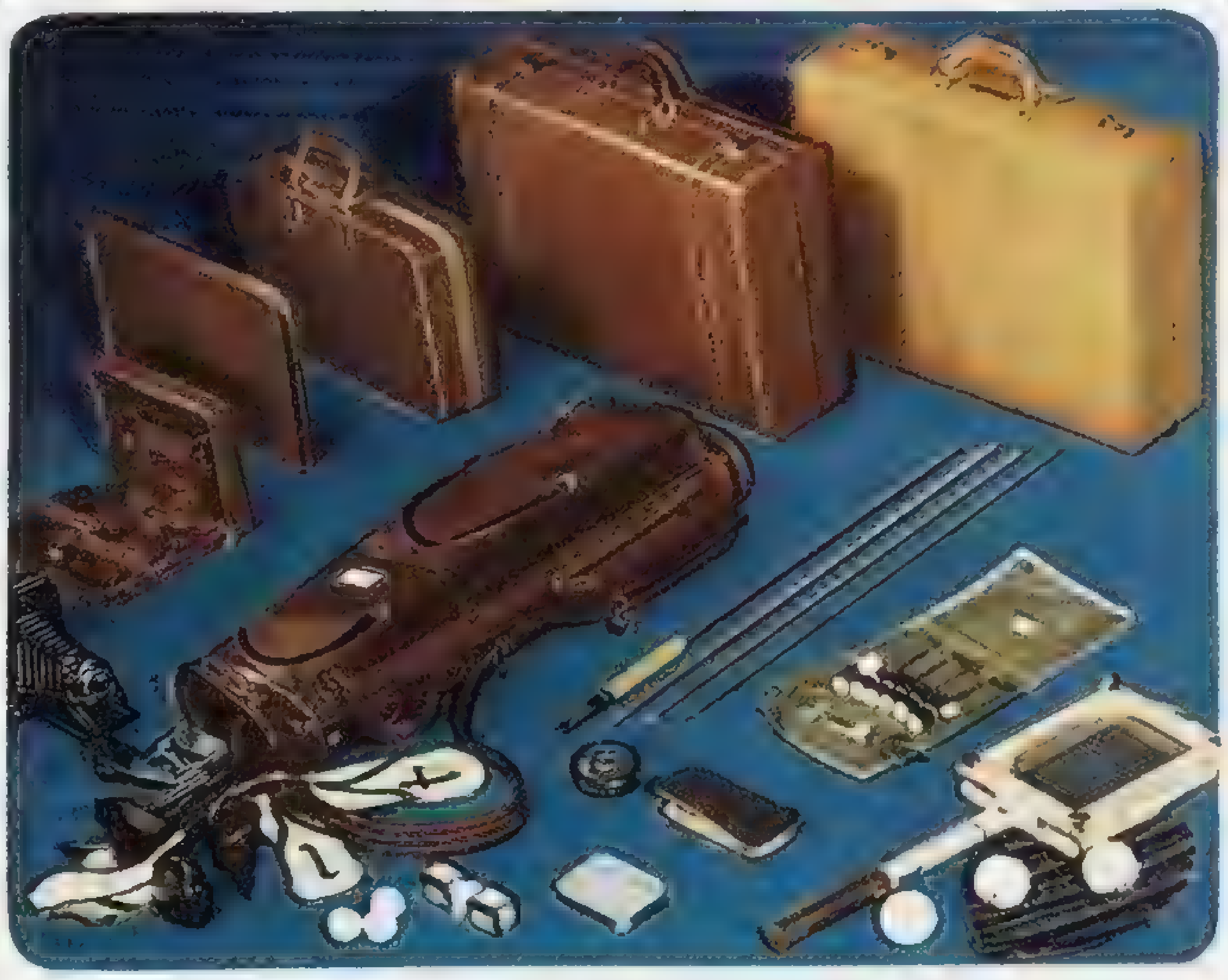
smoke and sip . . . It's an axiom that grown men like to play with electric trains. Similarly, when a man gets a toy cannon which really is a lighter, or a corkscrew and jigger set that looks like a little gymnast, he's bound to be happy. Another bright thought: Dad may satisfy his collecting urge by accumulating choice pipes. And he is a proud host as he passes the drinks in modern American crystal and the cigars and cigarettes.



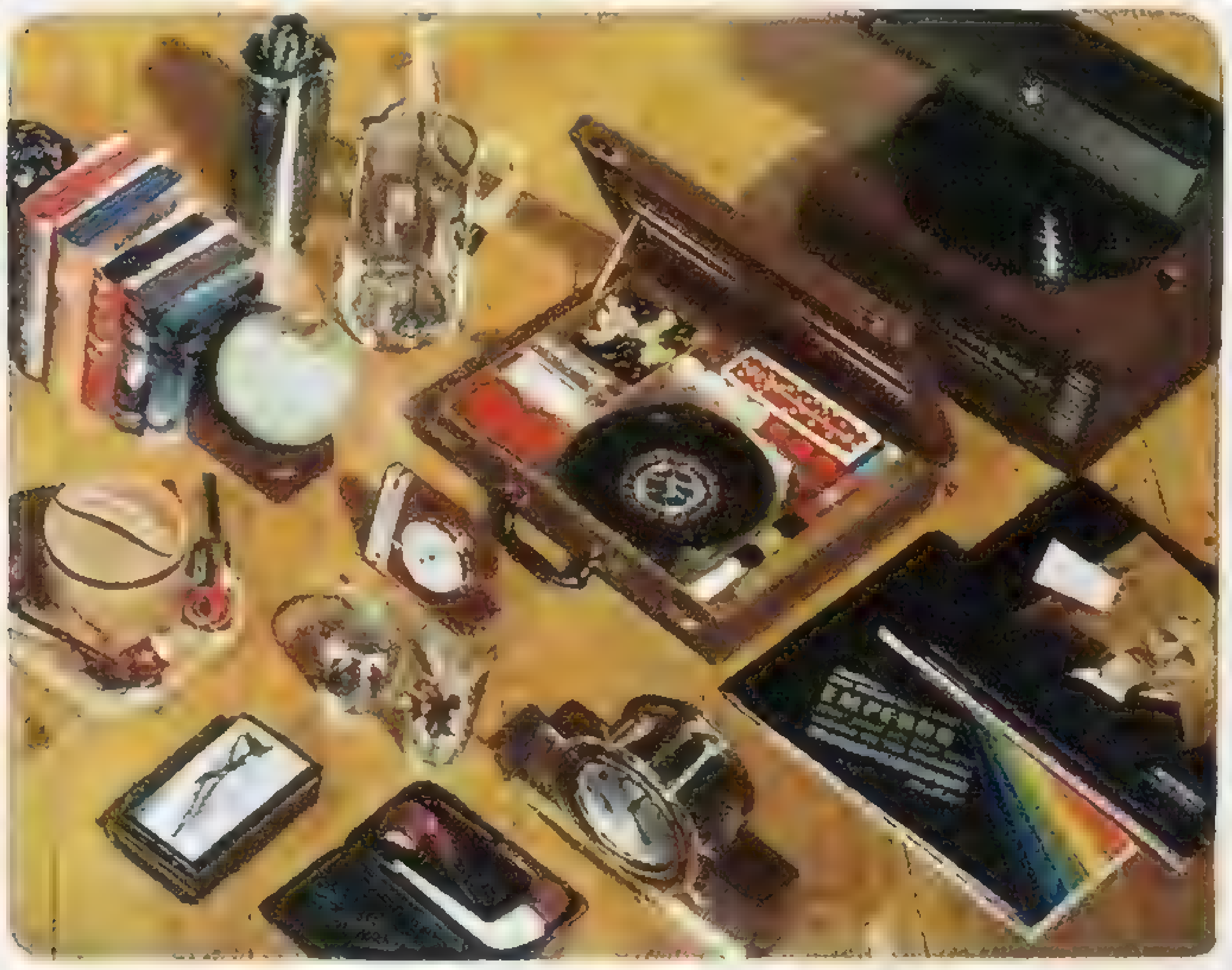
linen and leather . . . Oxford and broadcloth shirts lead in appearance and wearability. Neckwear and handkerchiefs should complement the shirts. He can't have enough underwear, pajamas and socks. In choosing luggage, check the closures—the suitcase shown has safety catches. Western themes and plastics are tops in belts and suspenders. The swank radio is a short-wave portable. The wallet has a detachable card book.



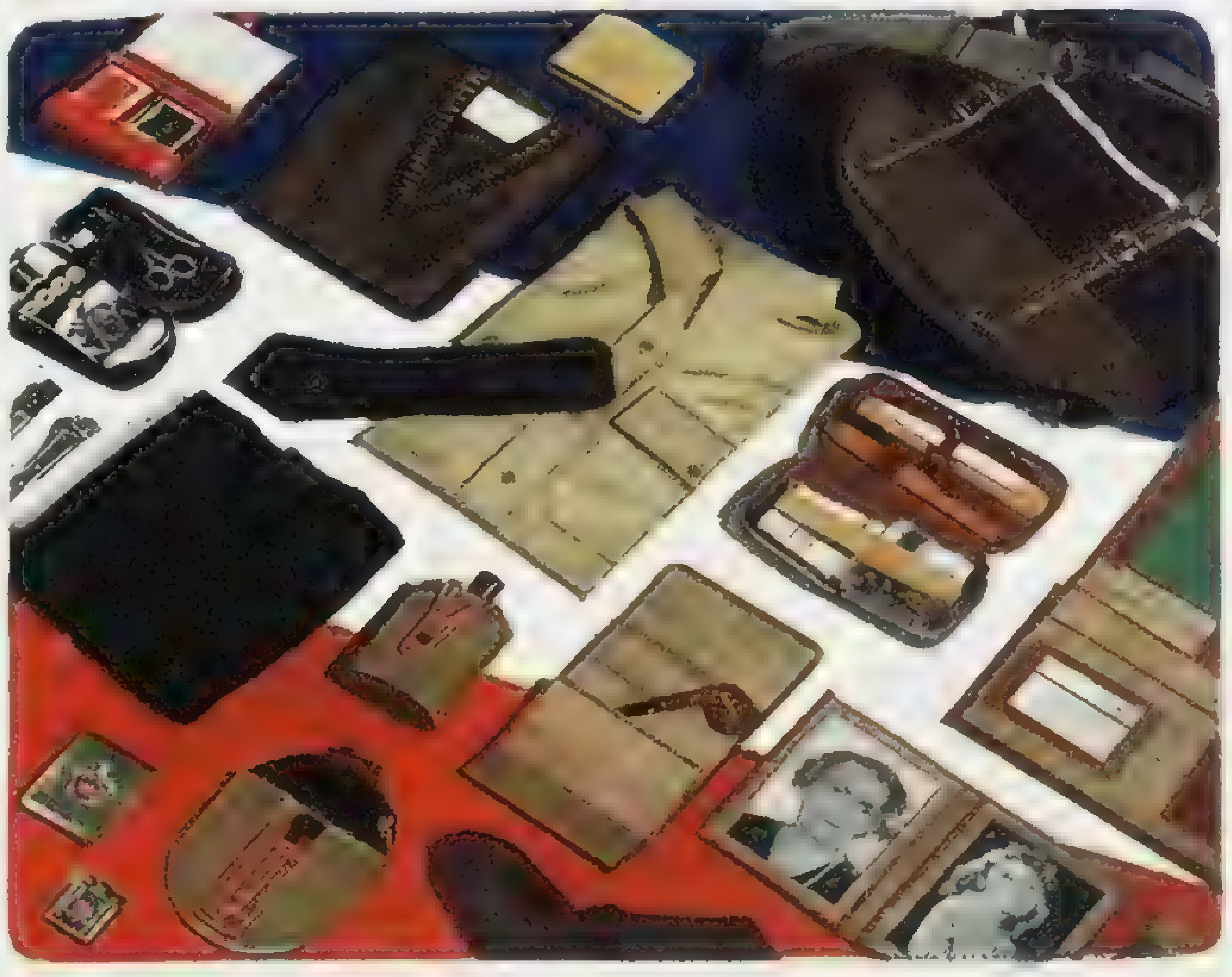
aid and defend . . . "Father, defender of the home" is this year's slogan for your old man. Accordingly, these gifts: Professional First Aid kit; versatile electric lantern; portable one-man extinguisher for incendiary bombs; luminous belt for blackouts; waterproof flashlight; radio for ARP headquarters; knife and hatchet set; leather or canvas warden bags; shatterproof goggles; billfold with memo pad; service helmet.



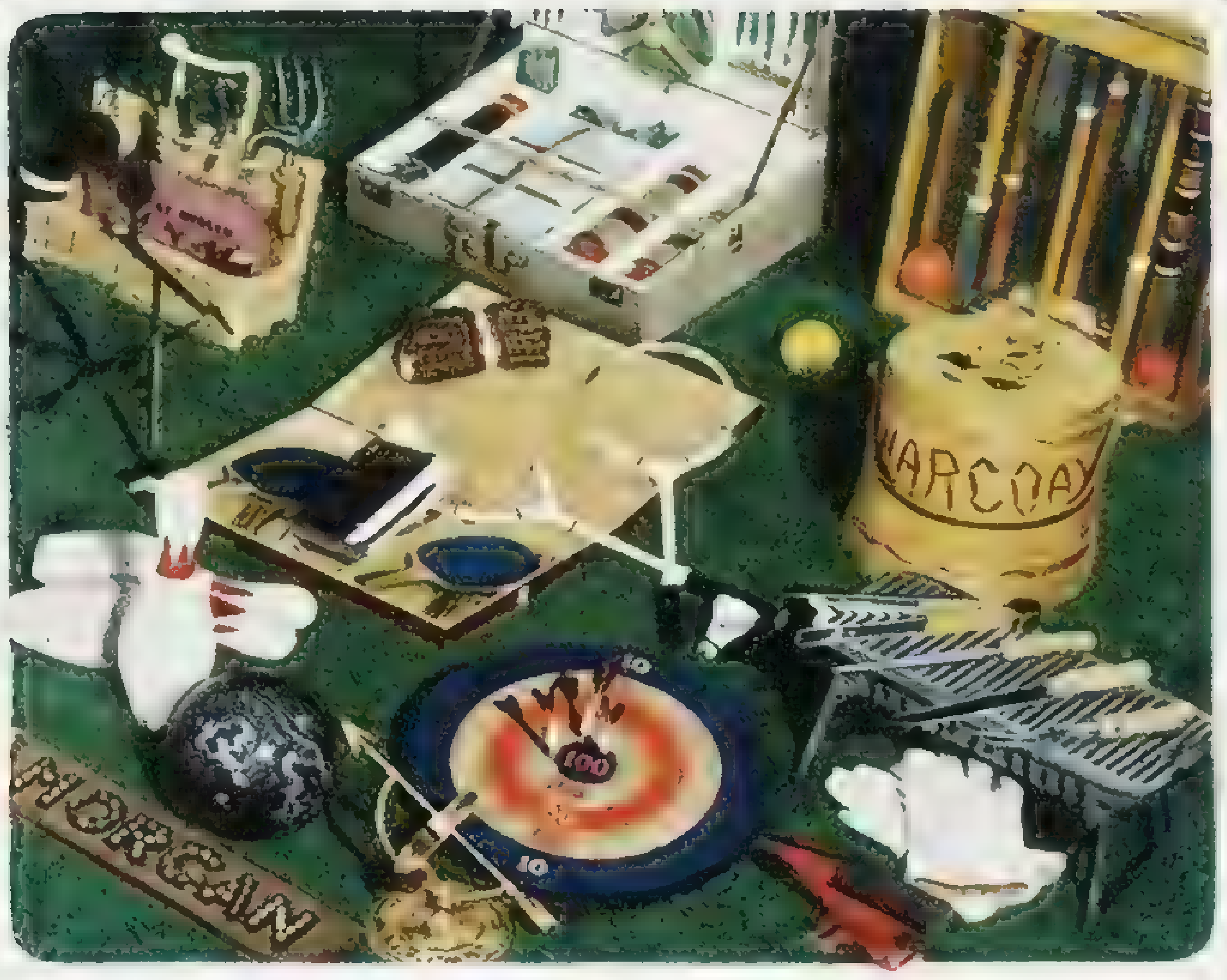
pack up and go . . . When father meets people in the lounge car, at the country club, on a fishing trip—you can be sure he's telling 'em what a great guy *you* are. And he'll like to point with pride at the suitcase, golf bag, or fishing rod that you gave him for Father's Day. You might also consider a camera with range-finder, a compact brief case, sailor's repair kit, a tennis racquet with press and golf and tennis balls.



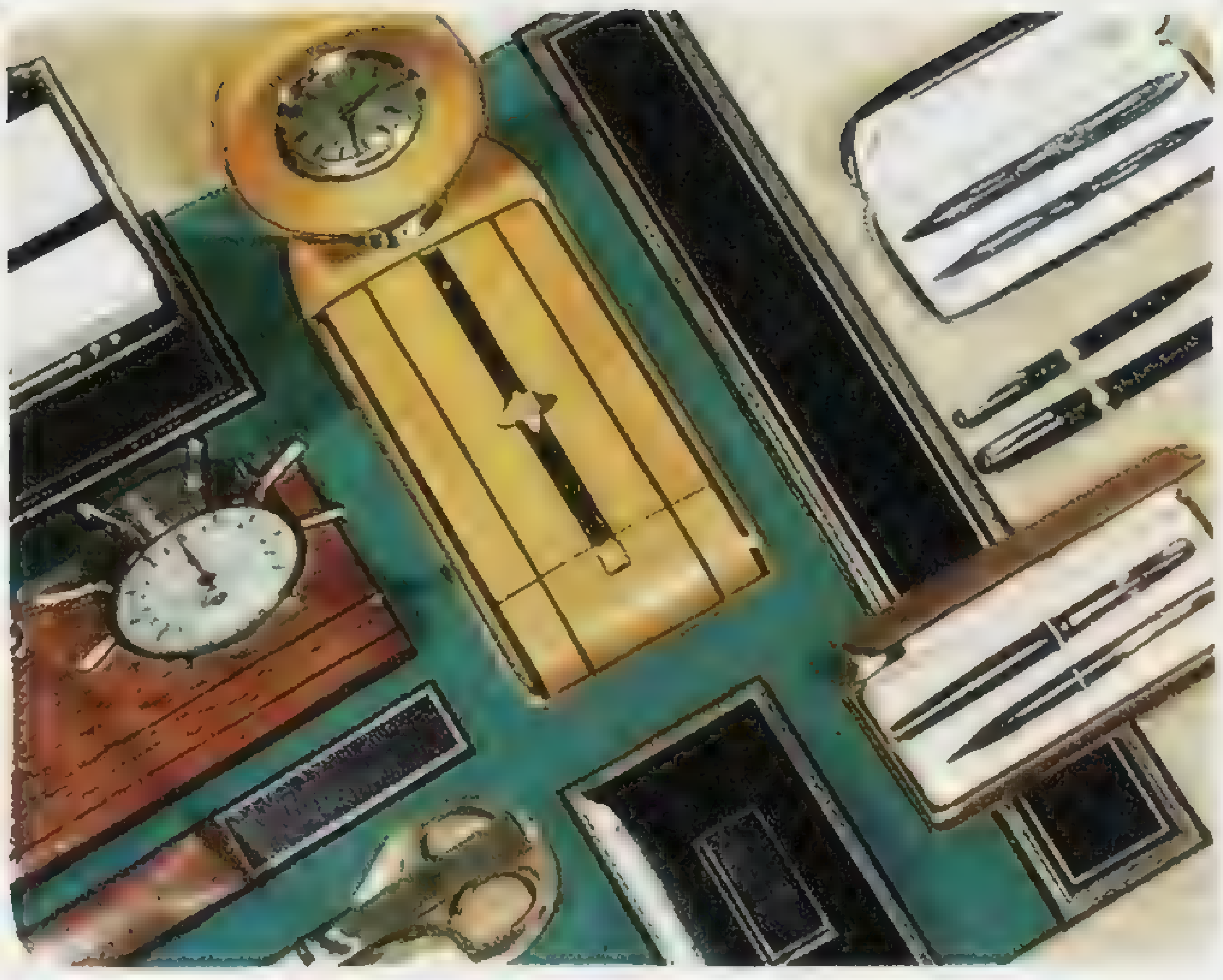
read and relax . . . Luxuries displayed against the panel of a modern room are: New books between terrestrial and celestial globe bookends; vacuum shaker to keep cocktails cool; martini pitcher with rattan handle; game compendium; phonograph-radio and record albums, saddle-stitched pigskin humidor and pipe rack; hunting scene glasses; barothermometer; cigarette box and pipe set; clock which strikes ship's bells.



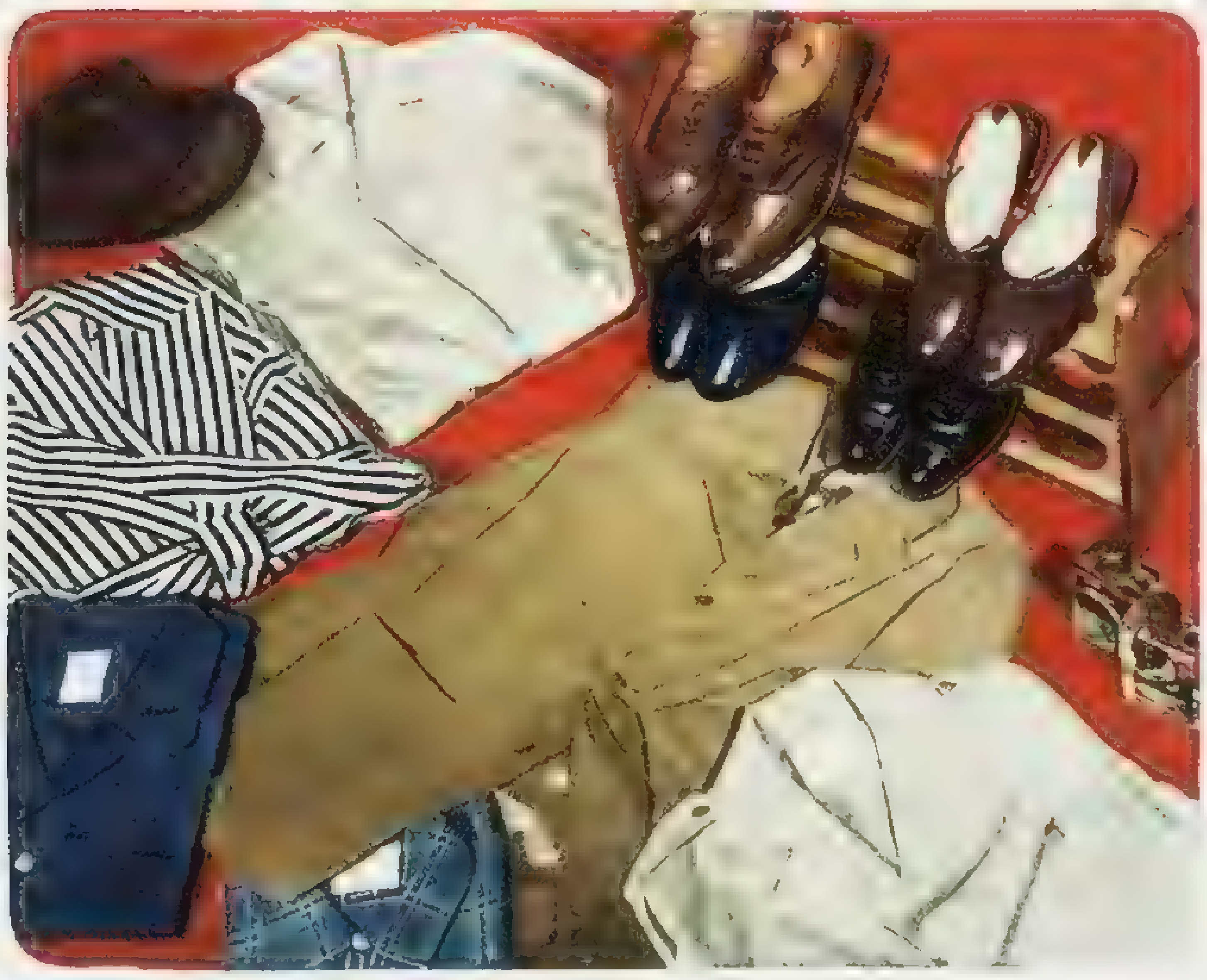
fathers in arms . . . If selecting presents for a Dad in the service, look for light, pliable, easily packed things; he may have to lug them around. Scan his mail for a hint on his current wants. Mail your packages early. As the red leather gin rummy set shows, gifts that are not worn need not necessarily be olive-drab or navy blue. Besides the self-explanatory gifts, a writing set and an officer's bag are shown.



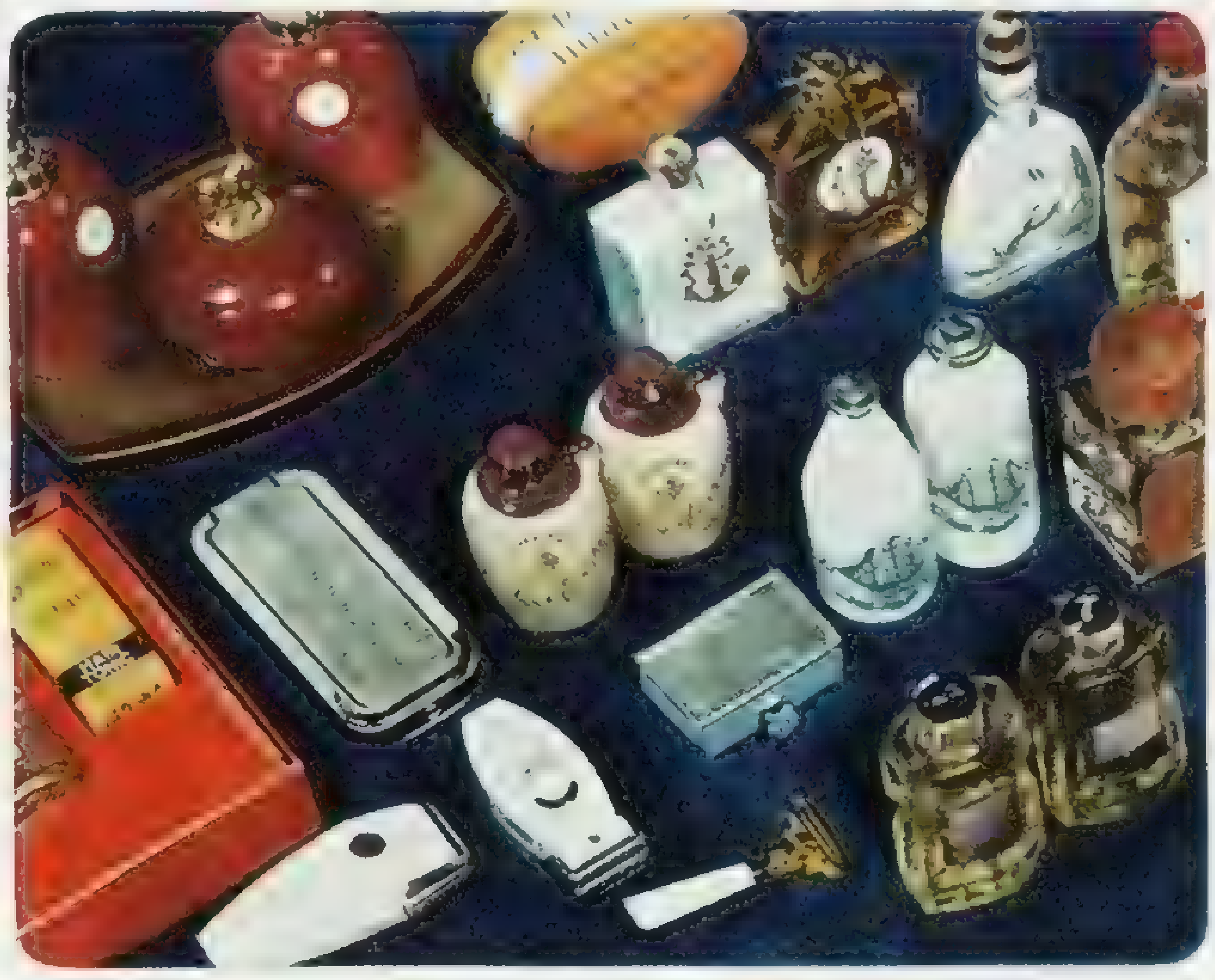
games and garden . . . A return to simplicity vogue brings the errant father to his own back lawn and he discovers he likes to grill a barbecue steak, play croquet, badminton, table tennis, darts in the garden he cultivates. Or, he may want to rig up a weathervane, the reflecting name sign or the sun dial. Does he bowl? For picnics the kit has all the fittings, while asbestos gloves prove handy around the camp fire.



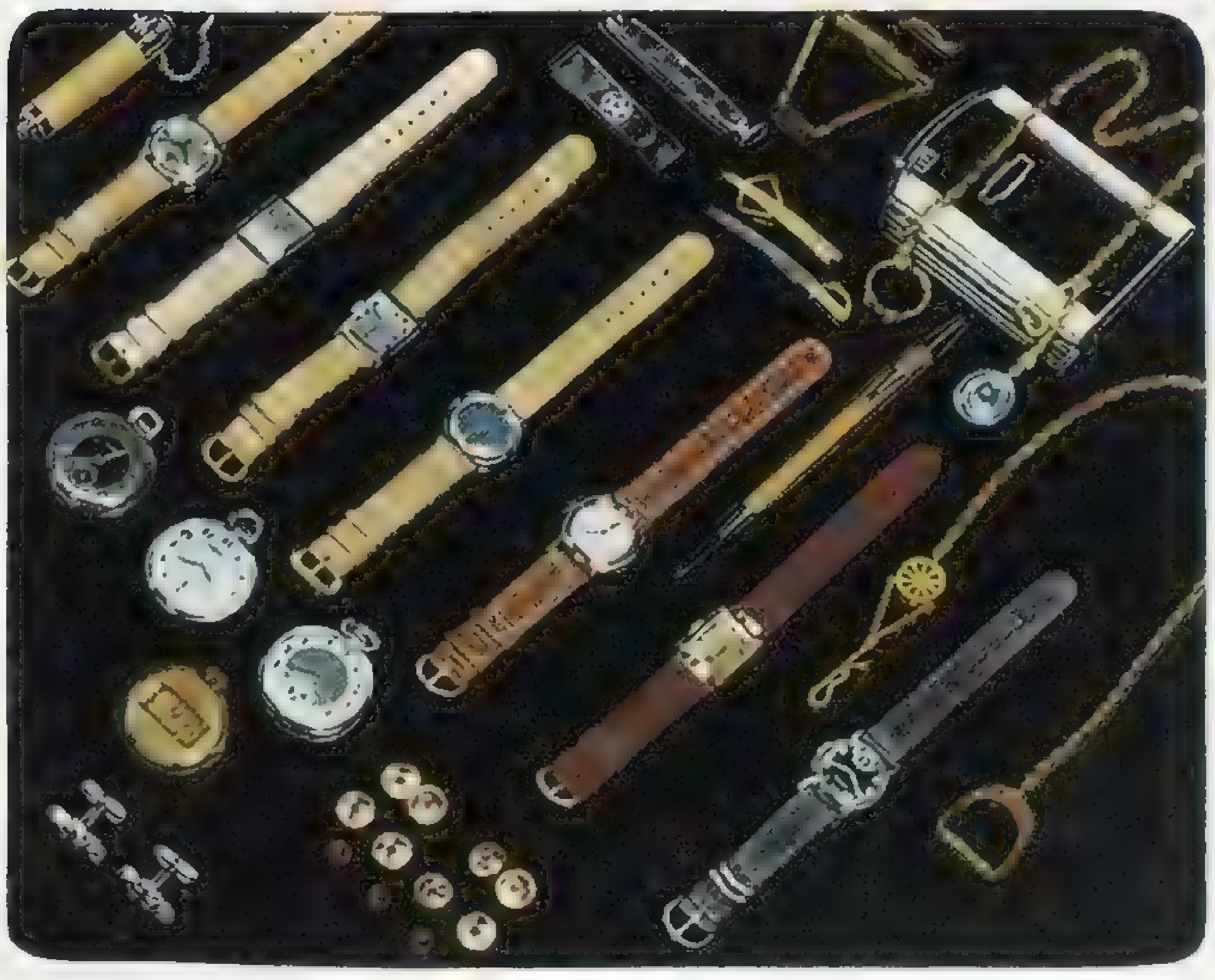
the write angle . . . Desks are of three kinds: (1) a helter-skelter mess of papers, (2) the completely blank, (3) the one with working accessories. Dad's desk should be the last kind. Both pilot-wheel stand and pigskin pad tell the time. One informs him (confidentially) about the weather; the other with a pushbutton arrangement, supplies telephone numbers. A modern pen and pencil make him feel as efficient as Hell.



indoors and out . . . This is the age of specialization. You wouldn't serve a highball in a cocktail glass. You wouldn't use a driver as a putter. And now, class, we come to specialization in clothes. Give father a processed poplin jacket for playing golf, a striped lightweight robe especially for summer, a thin processed cotton raincoat for days when "it's the humidity." The shoe-rack goes in or outside the closet.

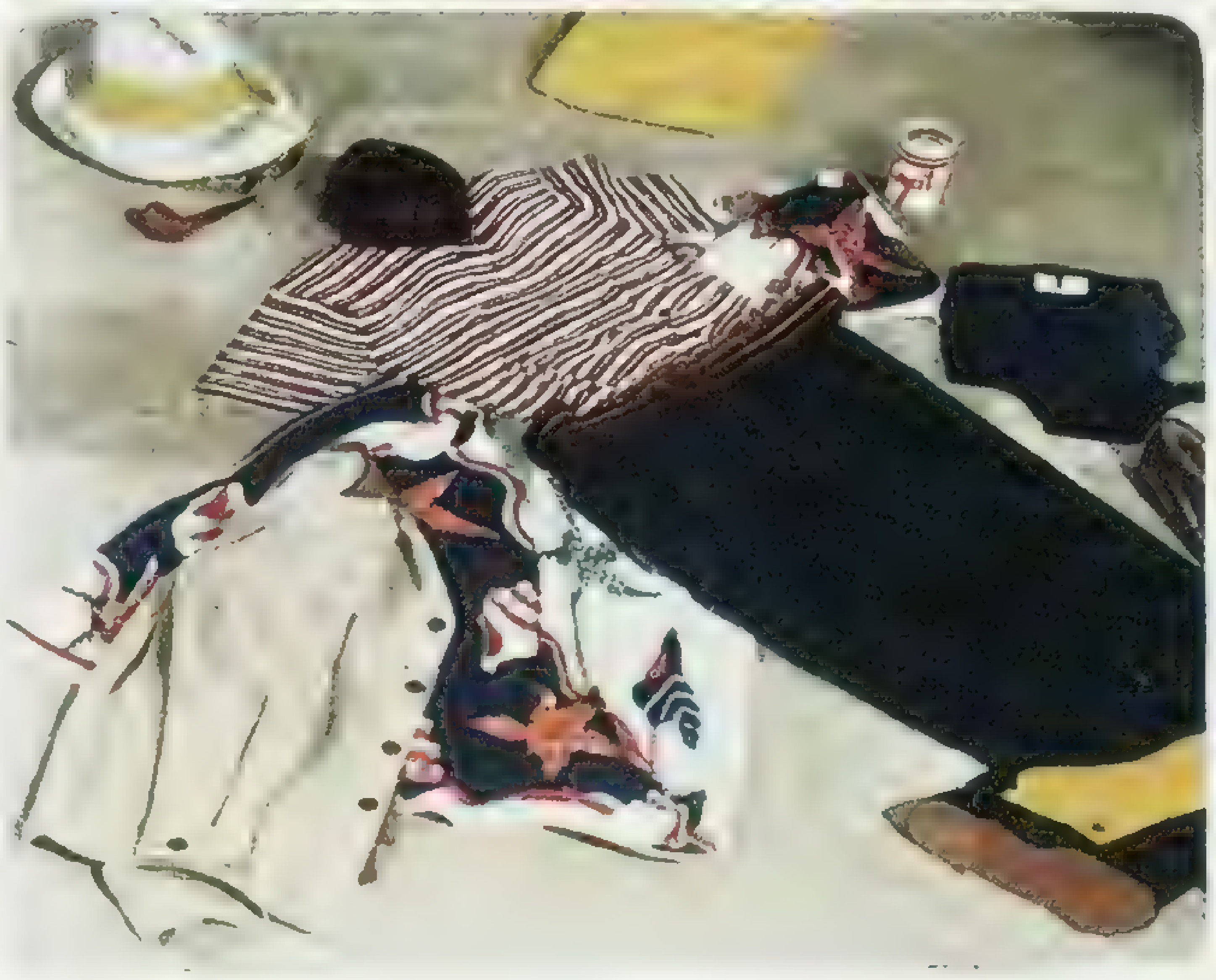


groom and brush . . . There is no "average American" where shaving is concerned. Varieties include the quiet, the yodelling and the blasphemous shaver, the after-shower and night-before school, the slow-motion and the high-velocity. Whatever Dad's peculiar bent, he will appreciate a gift of the mechanical shaving implements, or of lotion, soap, talcum. His heart will also be gladdened by novel gifts for the care of hair.



time for jewelry . . . "To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose." That's Father's Day. Sometimes father wants to carry a pocket timepiece on a chain, then again he prefers a wristwatch. Other masculine miscellany in reduced sizes include a cigarette case, concealing a lighter, a miniature flashlight, a pencil that contains a knife. Perennial favorites too are tie clips, cuff links and dress sets.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD [illegible]



sun and sand . . . It is a coincidence that summer begins on Father's Day this year. But why not take a cue from the date? Beach life begins with a pair of swim trunks and it goes on with colorful apparel like the portrayed: Cross-striped lisle sport shirt or jacket shirt; corduroy slacks; ribbon belt; beach hat and sun glasses; anklet socks and moccasins. Remember, Uncle Sam wants everyone in good physical condition.

(For sources of gifts shown, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.)

For Distinguished Service

After a day of intensive maneuvers, retire to a prepared position in your barracks and call up your Dewar's White Label. Like seasoned campaigners the world around, you'll find Dewar's is well worthy of its many citations for distinguished service. Be at ease . . . command the highball of the highlands . . . Dewar's White Label and soda!

HONOURS OF
The 12th Royal Lancers
(Prince of Wales's Own)
Peninsula—Waterloo South Africa, 1851-2-3
Sevastopol—Central India Relief of Kimberley
France and Flanders, 1914-18.

HONOURS OF
Dewar's "White Label"
Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 ...one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

White Label 8 years old
Victoria Vat 12 years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

FULL COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. E. (Officer illustrated to be included in Edition No 5, soon to be published.

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Copr. 1942, Schenley Import Corp., New York

Keep Cool with Your Coat On

Continued from page 88

Mike don't do it.

You see, pet recipes for summer comfort, no matter how mistaken or bizarre, have a valuable psychological effect. If they worked once, chances are they'll work twice, for you anyhow. To get technical again, it's a matter of conditioned reflex, being all tuned up to have something happen until Presto, you slip your shoes off, shove your feet in the icebox, and by golly, if it hasn't worked again!

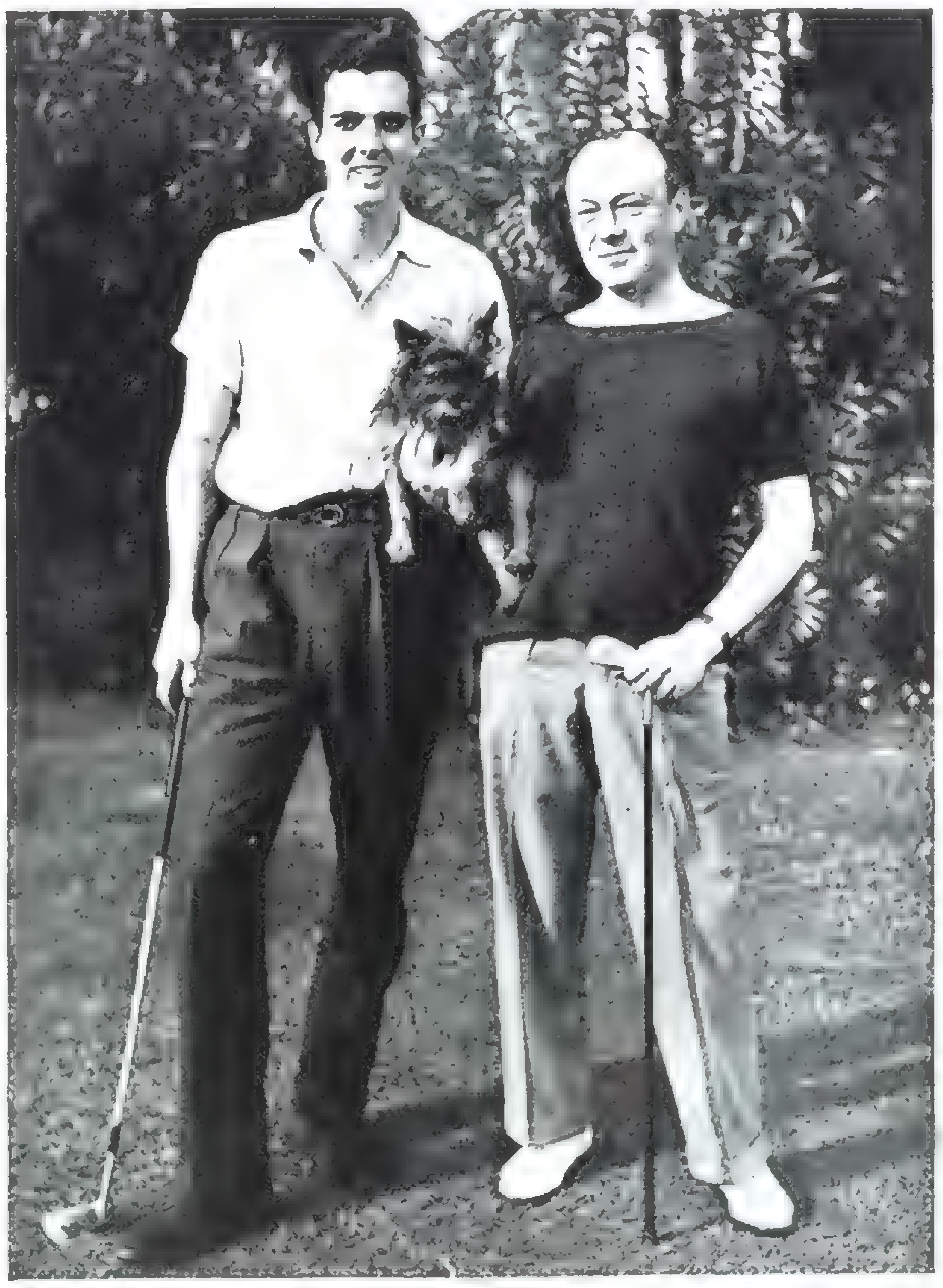
When tops pop off thermometers every little device which might help is worth a trial. At least it will keep you from fretting and as one not-too-nimble wit observed, "You keep cool by keeping cool." In essence, that's the southern secret.

Don't let the wise boys at the office laugh you out of your summer design for living by calling it superstitious. An iceberg to an icecube they're following some old wives' nostrum of their own not half so effective. Stick by your guns and remember the Atlanta merchant who for forty years prepared for summer by purchasing a roll of wrapping paper to be used instead of bed sheets. Then there is the Mississippi author who built a hinged crosspiece on his chair to air condition the hot seat and induce proper writing comfort. A Shreveport lady keeps her pavement from becoming a cement Sahara by letting the garden sprinkler play on it occasionally. And they aren't the only individualists.

A Florida physician borrowed an idea from his nurses and began using a nest of ice bags as a pillow. Another wrinkle is to hang wet towels at the foot and head of your bed which refrigerate by evaporation like the food chests Boy Scouts use. If this won't soothe you to quick slumber an electric fan blowing across a basin of chopped ice will cool a bedroom in a hurry. Automatic switches are available to cut off the fan by the time the ice has melted.

The prize for originality however ought to go to the southerner who advised a hot bath followed by a hot drink in the hottest part of the day. This treatment sounds as if it would leave you drooping like a horse's tail but the effect is just the opposite. The hot bath opens the pores of the skin and the hot drink induces perspiration which evaporates and cools your body in the process. In India during those unbearable days before the rains come the standard white man's drink is a cup of steaming tea which serves the same purpose.

The more you sweat this summer the safer you should feel. Until your skin gets dry and feverish you're in no danger of heat collapse. If you've ever traveled in Pueblo country you know the Indians store water in porous jars called *ollahs*. Water seeps through the walls and keeps them moist, making the contents palatable—often fifteen degrees cooler



Hot weather clothes for golf. Mr. William G. Post, at left, wears a mesh weave linen shirt. Mr. Nicholas Holmsen, has on a blue and red knitted lisle shirt, tan tropical worsted slacks, white shoes.

Beat the Heat: A Check List

Diet:
Eat sparingly; one hot meal a day is plenty.
Cut down on sugar, fats, salad dressing.

Clothing:
Wear light-colored, light-weight, loose suits.
Make sure your hat is a ventilated model.
Change footwear during the day.

Hygiene:
Take two tubs or showers daily; blot dry, don't rub.
Drink two quarts of water every day; add pinch of salt.

Home:
Cover furniture with cool fabric slip covers.
Roll up rugs and carpets.
Have adequate shutters, shades, blinds or awnings.
Keep electric fans on the floor.
Open the attic door.

Psychology:
Keep cool by keeping cool.
Shun thermometers.
Don't discuss the weather.

Design For Living:
Do important work between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m.
Walk on shaded side of the street; don't rush.
Take time out for an afternoon siesta.
Dine at the fashionable hour of 9 p.m.
Try sleeping on a canvas army cot.

than water standing in a bucket. Perspiration cools your body in the same way.

The marvel of human sweat glands is their sensitivity. A fraction of a degree of rising skin temperature will start a million of them working. A single ounce of perspiration evaporating from your skin will dissipate as much heat as six hundred electric light bulbs burning for an hour. If you want to keep cool don't try to stop perspiration but induce it. Laundry bills are less expensive than doctor's bills.

Drinking lots of water is the way to promote sweating. Shade temperatures on the Persian Gulf sometimes get as high as 130° and dates in the orchard are baked before they can be picked, yet people still live there. They drink three to five *gallons* of water daily. If you decide to try this regimen add a pinch of salt, not to the statistic given but to the water itself. When you sweat you lose body salt and it must be replaced pronto or you come down with "boiler room cramps" caused by salt depletion.

A sultry afternoon 100,000 years ago found a naked genius somewhere in the depths of Africa smearing white clay over his body because white reflected heat whereas his own black skin absorbed it. What hoots of derision he must have faced until clay daubing became first a fad among the younger dandies of the tribe and only years later completely *de rigeur* for formal wear. Compared with that initial style advance the wearing of the first white linen sack suit was a small event in human sartorial history. It simply amplified the basic principle discovered centuries before.

The Arabs, in fact, are years ahead of us in hot weather clothing design. They wear a single smooth cotton garment which shields the entire body from the sun but allows air to circulate over the surface of the skin. A *burnoose* however is far too daring to wear to the office. Carefully chosen, loose fitting, porous, light weight summer clothes are almost as good. Nowadays the well dressed man keeps cool with his coat on.

A few simple observances will keep your home comfortable in summertime. If you have an attic, open the door leading to it. Heated air will float up and keep the rest of the house degrees cooler. Venetian blinds or old-fashioned lattice shutters will keep the sun out but let in air and light. It is even helpful to close all windows tightly in the afternoon and draw all awnings and shades. In the evening after the outside temperature has fallen the windows are opened. You needn't dread the dog days if your house is invitingly cool.

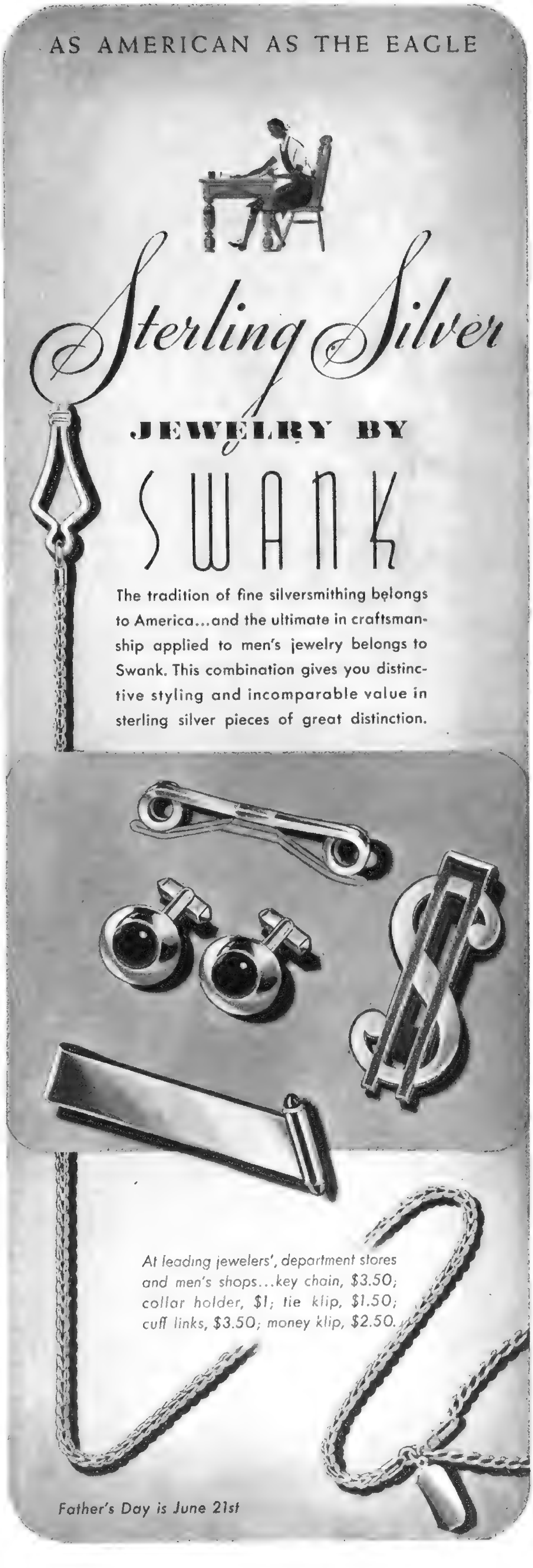
A dozen Georgia physicians were queried on health rules for summer comfort and all of them advised first against excessive eating.

"Diet is largely a matter of habit," one of them explained, "so most persons consume the same quantity of food every day regardless of the season. In hot weather the body actually needs less, so eat sparingly. Stay away from sweet and greasy things especially. Sugar and fats are our fastest acting heat producing foods."

If you usually let the salad course slip by, summer is the time to learn to like it. Go easy on the mayonnaise which has a hundred times the calories of the lettuce it adorns. Order the lean cuts of meat. Try drinking tea or coffee unsweetened. It's really not hard to develop a taste for it that way.

When it gets hot enough to melt a brass doorknob remember that football weather will roll around again. Many homes are just as hot indoors winter or summer. You don't have to be Sam McGee to luxuriate in heat instead of complaining about it.

Above all, don't be a thermometer watcher. Its effect on the weather will be nil; on you, terrific. Instead, take your thermometer off the wall and place it on a flat unyielding surface. Then with a hammer or another hard object you can smash the cussed thing. ###


AS AMERICAN AS THE EAGLE

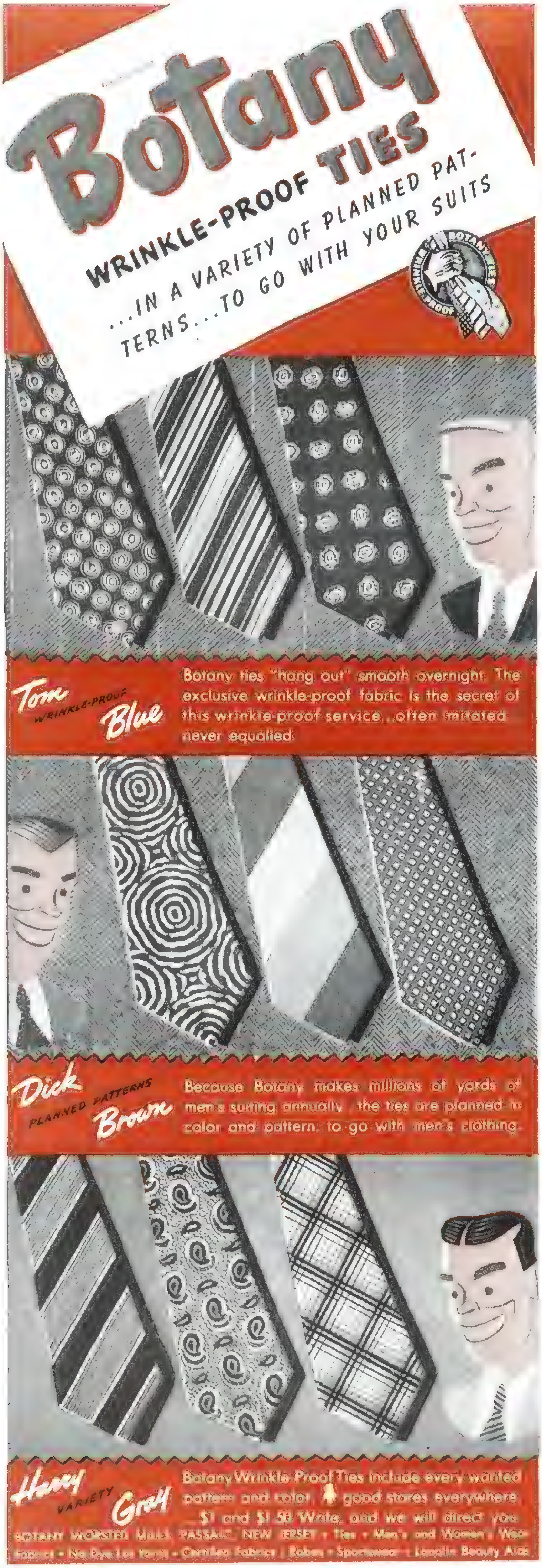
Sterling Silver

JEWELRY BY SWANK

The tradition of fine silversmithing belongs to America...and the ultimate in craftsmanship applied to men's jewelry belongs to Swank. This combination gives you distinctive styling and incomparable value in sterling silver pieces of great distinction.

At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops...key chain, $3.50; collar holder, $1; tie klip, $1.50; cuff links, $3.50; money klip, $2.50.

Father's Day is June 21st


Botany
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
...IN A VARIETY OF PLANNED PATTERNS...TO GO WITH YOUR SUITS
BOTANY TIES WRINKLE-PROOF
Tom WRINKLE-PROOF Blue
Dick PLANNED PATTERNS Brown
Harry VARIETY Gray

Botany ties "hang out" smooth overnight. The exclusive wrinkle-proof fabric is the secret of this wrinkle-proof service...often imitated never equalled.

Because Botany makes millions of yards of men's suiting annually, the ties are planned in color and pattern, to go with men's clothing.

Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties include every wanted pattern and color. At good stores everywhere. $1 and $1.50. Write, and we will direct you.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY • Ties • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • No Dye-Lot Yarns • Certified Fabrics • Robes • Sportswear • Lanolin Beauty Aids

No More Comic Relief

Continued from page 40

German Cultural Institute—were practically never left alone for one moment by Japanese agents. It became so bad that the German Ambassador to Japan, Eugen Ott, who was appointed to his post because he was a leading man in Hitler's espionage system, had to complain officially. Incidentally, these complaints didn't help much. The Japanese espionage machine never believed in collaboration. Major General Kenji Doihara, the head guy, was of the opinion that the fewer the number of people who knew something, the smaller the chance of betrayal.

In which opinion he was probably right.

Major General Kenji Doihara, as the leader of the whole Japanese espionage system, was of course automatically at the helm of all activities directed against our country. In practice, however, very little of the anti-American espionage was conducted from the Kam Pey Tai, his headquarters at Tokyo. Most of it was controlled either by the Navy Intelligence Department or by the Information Service of the Foreign Office.

The Navy Intelligence Department was (and most probably still is) conducted by Admiral Suetsugu, who sometimes officially and sometimes unofficially is its head. Suetsugu is a hundred per cent fascist and a member of the Black Dragon Society, the most formidable among secret nationalistic movements, and always stood for the most extreme course of action. It is said that it was he who first conceived and developed the idea of using a large fleet of fishing boats for espionage purposes in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

The agents for Naval Intelligence had been mostly officers of the navy and experts in various fields. They were stationed in large numbers in strategic areas, such as Hawaii, the North, Central and South American West Coast, Hongkong, Singapore, Dutch East Indies, etc. Most of the men we believed to be Japanese fishermen were in fact naval officers. Most of their so-called fishing boats were, as we have known for some time now, high-powered affairs, usually equipped with two-way radios and many other devices not needed for ordinary fishing purposes. A whole lot has been written about those fishing boats and how they were used as bases for espionage. But it has never been intimated that perhaps their most important purpose was —and, as far as South American countries are concerned, still is— to smuggle new agents and secret emissaries in and out of a country.

The Foreign Office Intelligence operated through commercial attachés, trade agents and people employed in Japanese firms which had branches in our country. In a way, this machine could and did obtain the services of practically any Japanese living in our country. Though the machine never

The tan background color of Mr. Marshall Hemingway's shirt sets off the overplaid design and matches his slacks.

was as efficiently organized as the German espionage apparatus—and we will presently see why—it operated on the same principle, that is, on the principle of Total Espionage. Total Espionage means, of course, that any organization that has its agents in every part of a country, in every profession, in every walk of life, in every factory, in almost every house, is bound to get information about everything; though, of course, it gets a whole lot of relatively worthless information, too. Thus, the Foreign Office Intelligence could depend upon Japanese factory workers, salesmen, clerks, waiters, laundrymen, etc. etc. The consulates served as a kind of clearing house, the embassy in Washington as the headquarters. It is not a coincidence that in each and every case in which our authorities were able to follow up the traces of attempted Japanese espionage to find out something about the higher ups, these traces always led to the Japanese Embassy in Washington to either the naval or the military attache, who usually left our country rather hurriedly, forgetting all about the considerable bail that had been put up.

With Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy and Fred Allen all on the air on Sunday, the new admonition is: Six days shalt thou toil, and on the seventh listen to radio comedians.

There is, of course, no way of knowing how many Japanese in our country heroically withstood all demands and threats on the part of Tokyo and refused to practice espionage for their countrymen. However, it is a good guess that their number is not very great. After all, totalitarian countries are not particular in the choice of their means. And individuals who obstruct them have to fear that their relatives in Japan will suffer severely.

According to a report of Mr. Martin Dies, 150,000 Japanese were banded together in a central organization for the direct purpose of furthering Japanese imperialism through fifth-column and espionage activities in the United States. And these 150,000 represented only Japanese living on or near the West coast, and they represented only one man in each family, so that the actual figure of those involved may be three or four times as high.

Mr. Dies stated, too, that Japanese agents carried maps containing detailed notations of mileages in different areas, information on our Pacific defenses, methods by which they could be infiltrated, etc. etc. In short, these maps were a perfect preparation for an eventual invasion of the United States. I could quote from a dozen other reports. I could quote the reports on the numerous arrests of Japanese everywhere in the country which still occur almost daily.

While there may be some doubt as to the loyalty of Japanese aliens in our country, there can be no doubt at all that the many Japanese who visited here for one purpose or another and went back to Japan have all, without any exception, engaged in espionage. For the simple reason that had they not agreed to do so, they would never have got permission to leave their country in the first place. It can only be guessed how much was found out by all the Japanese journalists in this country and especially by the few but highly able press photographers.

The other day I was reminded of the stay in this country of probably one of the best photographers in the world, Younosuke Natori. This man who personally is pro-democratic and certainly anti-imperialistic, toured the whole country in 1936 and took photographs. Some of them appeared in our most popular national picture weekly. Mr. Natori finally left the United States with—according to the young American who travelled with him—"thousands and thousands of negatives." There were, of course, many negatives showing beautiful landscapes, waterfalls, sunrises and sunsets. But had there not been other more revealing negatives when Mr. Natori arrived in Tokyo, he would probably not be alive today.

Fortunately for us, Japanese espionage labors under two very definite handicaps. The first is that its agents are mostly Japanese. This was not much of a handicap in Manchuria, for instance, but it has been a terrific obstacle in our country. While an agent of practically any other nationality can disguise himself as an American—Japanese can never hope to fool even a child. It goes without saying that this is a great drawback in a profession where everything depends upon the ability to avoid arousing suspicion.

The second deficiency has to do with Japanese mentality. I do not want to fall back into the old error of making fun of Japanese spies. They are not dumb. They are, however, to a very large extent, incapable of constructive criticism. Or, translated into terms of practical espionage, they often don't know a good thing when they see it and they certainly don't know a useless thing when they see it.

The principle of total espionage to a large extent relieves any one of its hundreds of thousands or perhaps millions of agents of the necessity of showing good judgment. When tons of information come in, a certain percentage is bound to be useful and important. However, in the realm of military

Continued on page 130

"*When you get out of that bath, lady, don't forget to use Arrid... I always do.*"

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant.

It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

No More Comic Relief

Continued from pages 40-129

espionage much depends upon the decision of the moment. A plan for a new battleship is offered for sale. A list containing valuable information on army equipment, tanks, aeroplanes can be had. To buy or not to buy? There are sometimes only minutes to make a decision which may involve considerable sums. All that the particular agent can hope for is to have a good look at the plan or the paper involved and then say yes or no.

It is here where Japanese agents have invariably failed. To say that they have proved to have bad judgment is an understatement. In the course of the last twenty years they have, on countless occasions, paid ten to twenty thousand dollars for information which they could have bought in any United States bookshop for a dollar or two.

The files of the great counter-espionage services of the world must be full of details of the strange and costly transactions of Japanese spies. I am sure that in less disturbed times than our own those files have been pored over and have served to amuse the counter-espionage agents of the countries in question.

To give just a few examples:

There was the case of some military manuals sold in Paris late in 1928 for the staggering price of 80,000 francs. Of course, the manuals were not sold as such, they had been carefully retyped by the man who had been approached by a Japanese spy and were handed over to him piecemeal as "extremely interesting and vital information stolen from the secret files of the war ministry." The spy departed soon afterwards. He was never heard of after he had reached Japan. It is very probable that when his superiors discovered that they had paid 80,000 francs for what anyone in France could have bought for a dozen francs or so, they were not amused.

Or take the famous transaction in Ankara in the Spring of 1934. A man who posed as White Russian, but who was in reality an agent for the GPU, was approached by a Japanese spy with the suggestion that he should get for him some plans of secret forts on the Russian-Japanese frontier. The Russian obliged. After many weeks of dickering he finally produced for a big sum—the exact amount has never become known—plans of fortifications. They were the real McCoy, it seemed. The Japanese departed happily. He was not quite so happy afterwards, when the plans were studied more closely. First it seemed that the Russian fortifications on this particular part of the frontier had an amazing similarity to the Japanese fortifications opposite. The more the plans were studied, the more amazing the similarity became. Finally it could no longer be hidden that what was sold the Japanese was a blueprint of the Japanese fortifications.

Conservation Note

Save your old toothpaste tubes for the metal in them.
—And your old teeth too.

There are scores of similar instances. There is, for instance, the case of the man who paid a small fortune in Rio de Janeiro (late in 1932) for photographs of the Panama Canal. These were enlargements of postcards available in many stationery stores in the United States and in Colombia. The buyer was much too excited, however, about his great piece of luck and the opportunity to prove to the home office that he was better than the spies sent to the Canal Zone itself. He was so excited about it all that he never rechecked.

And there is the almost classical case of the Glasgow shipbuilder who had occasionally been asked by Japanese authorities to submit plans for ships, only to have them returned later—that is, after they had been copied so that the Japanese could build the boats without employing him. Therefore, when he was asked once more, he submitted blueprints which contained some basic errors. The Japanese, having done very well with his plans before, simply copied again. When the ship, a great luxury liner, was finally launched, something horrible happened. The boat keeled over, was soon bottom up, and after an hour or so was on the bottom of the bay.

However, since Japanese spies bought practically everything that was offered to them, they must in the end have got hold of some important information. But it can be said that they got hold of relatively little. And that with the money the Japanese spent, the British Secret Service or the former French Secret Service would have achieved a knowledge ten or twenty times greater and more

Continued at top of page 132

INHALING NEED ***NOT***
mean throat-irritation
—for YOU!

These facts about the five most popular cigarettes are *given by eminent doctors who compared them:**

In striking contrast to PHILIP MORRIS—the four other brands averaged *more than three times as irritating.*

Also—*their* irritant effects *lasted more than five times as long!*

In PHILIP MORRIS you enjoy this *real protection*—*added to finer* pleasure . . . *even when you do inhale!*

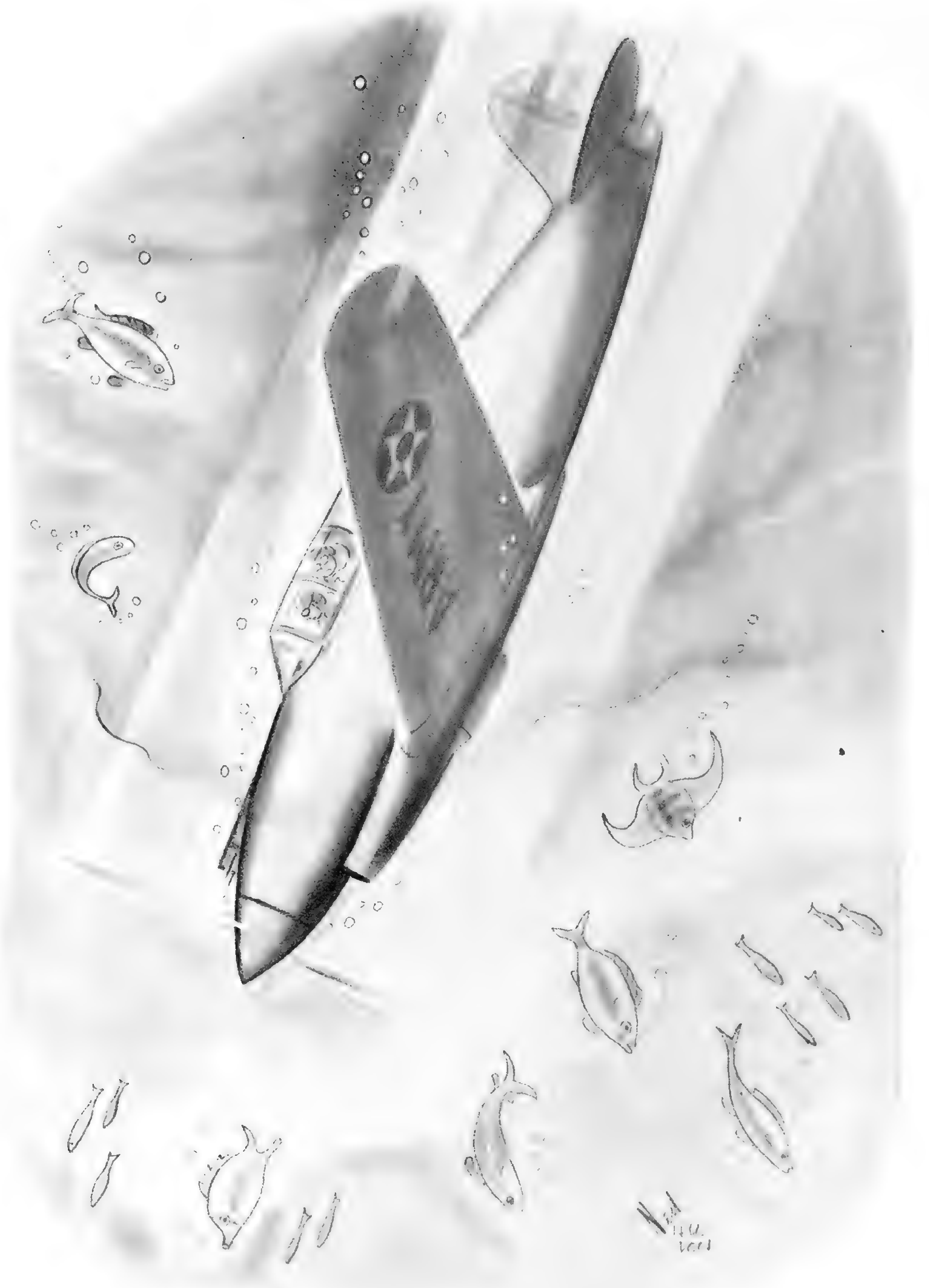
YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

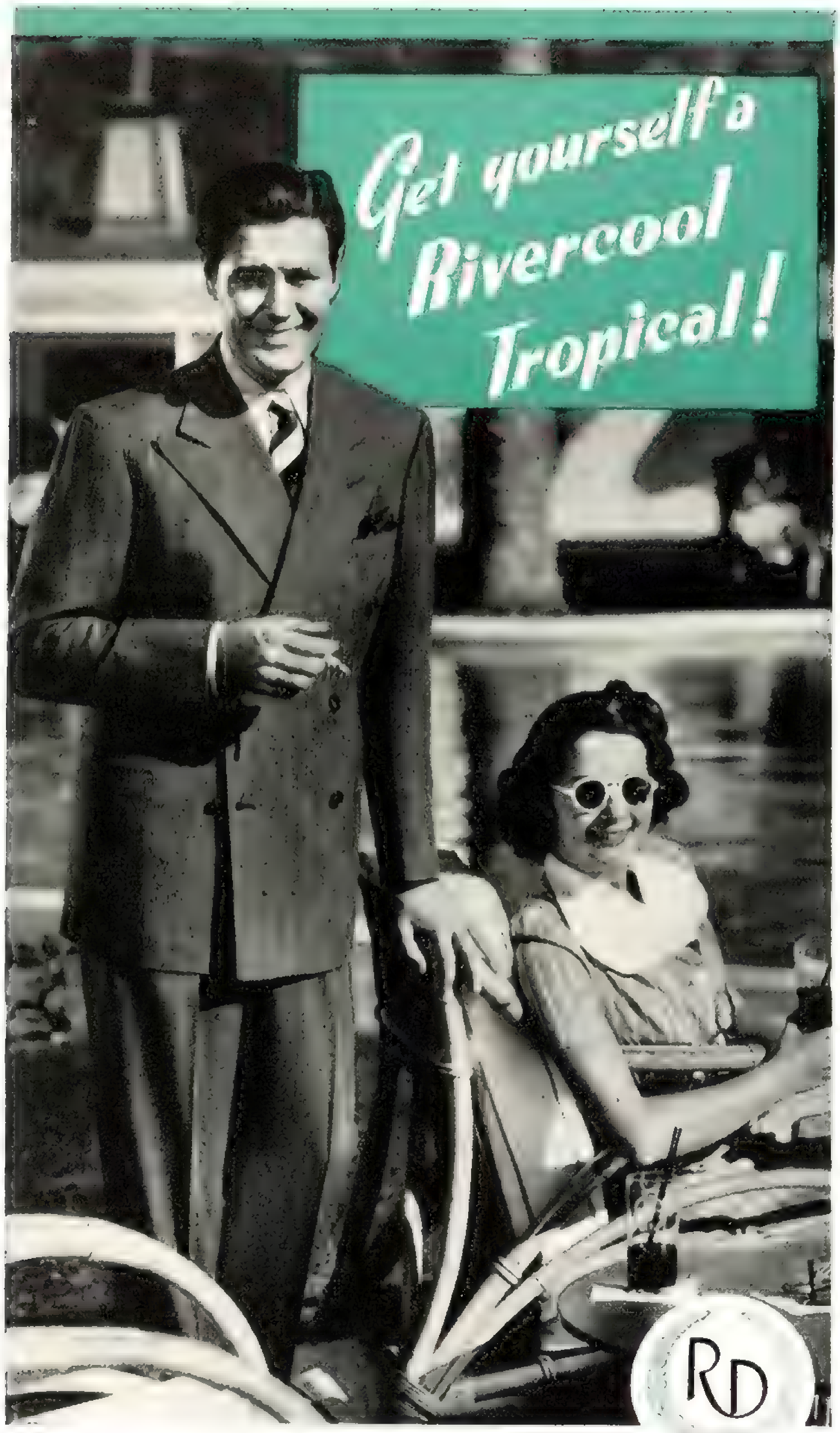
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

*(*Reported in authoritative medical journals.)*

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd. INC.
Call for PHILIP MORRIS



"Isn't it about time to pull out of this power dive?"


Get yourself a Rivercool Tropical!
RD

One of the Coolest Summer Suits You've ever worn!

You'll realize at a glance that a Rivercool Tropical is unlike any other summer suit. Naturally. For Rivercool is the modern, SPUN RAYON fabric that is revolutionizing summer clothing.

It's got everything. If you want a smooth, light, smart, easy-to-wear summer suit — buy a Rivercool Tropical. If you want superb patterns, good business-wear colors, really fine tailoring — treat yourself to a Rivercool Tropical. If you want a reasonably priced suit that will cost you a minimum for cleaning and pressing — Rivercool is made to specification.

We promise you! Once you try a Rivercool Tropical, you'll not go back to the old type summer suit. See Rivercool at your favorite clothier.

RIVERSIDE & DAN RIVER MILLS, Inc.
Danville, Virginia

RIVERCOOL
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COOL • COLORFUL • COMFORTABLE

No More Comic Relief

Continued from pages 40-129-130

important than the Japanese finally did achieve.

It is not a very good weapon against espionage to become hysterical about it. It is, indeed, the thing any spy wishes for in the country in which he has to operate. Hysterical people who have become victims of spy-mania, see spies everywhere, follow them, denounce them and have them arrested, create confusion. And confusion is precisely what foreign agents need in time of war.

Therefore, we should not be hysterical about the Japanese spy menace even if the situation were extremely serious. Fortunately it isn't.

During the last few years our country has developed a counter-espionage service that is nothing short of magnificent—and in a time so short that it constitutes something of a world record in the history of espionage. I am, of course, referring to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and his excellent G-men. There cannot be the slightest doubt that they have the situation well in hand. Things will happen —are bound to happen—in a war. But my guess is that Japanese espionage has done its worst to us already. I think it has played its highest trump and, indeed, only fools could pretend that it did not win the first rubber.

But usually only the first phases in wars are won by espionage. As to the coming months or years—we shall see. We can be confident. But confidence doesn't mean that we should harbor any illusions. No matter how fast we are able to beat back the Japanese, we will never again think of the Japanese spy in terms of the funnies.

Because he isn't so funny.

On Wings of Wood

Continued from page 35

car is even stronger than before, neat as a whistle, and happily set for the next attack.

* * *

Plastic plywood is so easy to process that any cigarbox maker can knock out technical structures with the greatest of ease. This means that airplane and automobile parts—when made of plastic plywood—can readily be subcontracted. Some manufacturers, who have already begun defense work with this material, have prepared special kits which are available to any small firms interested in contributing to the overall program. The kits include blueprints for the making of molds, and scale drawings of the parts to be manufactured.

Already, hundreds of partial and complete structures, formerly reserved as the provinces of metal, are yielding to the lure of plywood. Many airplanes used for bomber and fighter training have come under this heading, including the Beech two-engine trainer; the Langley four-passenger, private plane and bomber trainer; the Timm two-place, low-wing monoplane; and the Fairchild bomber trainer, now in the course of production.

The Ercoupe, which is a revolutionary type of spin-proof private plane, and which was covered in this column last year, has switched from dural construction to plywood.

Meanwhile, molded plywood is coming to flower as boat hulls, life boats, rifle stocks, skis, radio cabinets, and legions of small parts. Many gliders use much plywood.

And there's no reason why the near future won't present us with pre-fabricated houses, lifted fresh from the molds of our best designers. It is not beyond reason that Donald Deskey, a plywood enthusiast, or Norman Bel Geddes, won't offer us a room officially molded to fit the rounded niceties and languorous curves of its predestined occupant.

A one-room house could easily be turned out in one steaming—a mere matter of minutes . . . and a fine Italo-American hand.

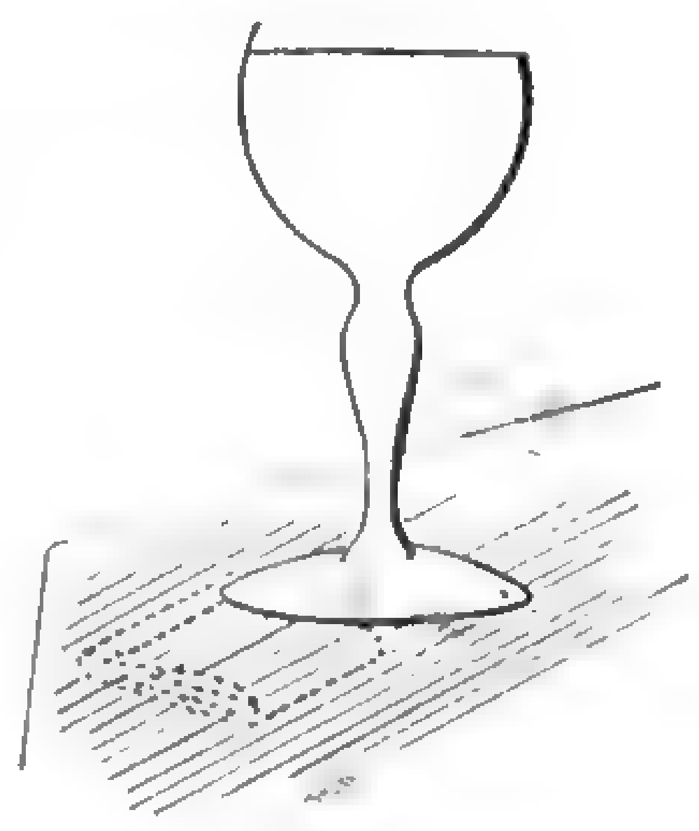
It should be pointed out that one of the peculiar virtues of plastic plywood, over and above its more obvious qualities, is its rigidity. When processed in the

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the Wager: That you can balance a wine glass on its bottom edge.

the Payoff: Before making the wager, plant a packet of matches under the tablecloth; then balance the glass against it, leaning on its edge as illustrated.



form of given compound curves, it is sufficiently stiff to stand strong, compressive pressures without buckling or collapsing.

A curved room or house, built of plastic plywood, can easily be made to withstand *Sturm und Drang*—without recourse to beams, joists, or any kind of internal bracing.

The same thing, of course, applies to airplane wings and fuselages.

If you took a can opener, and opened up the wing of a metal airplane, you would find something that looks like a grown-up version of an Erector Set. Internal struts, braces, trusses, are everywhere present—to keep the paper-thin metal foil taut. But in spite of this, an airplane wing becomes checkered with areas that flick in and out—while the plane is in flight. "Oil canning," this phenomenon is called: and oil canning adds considerable wind resistance or drag to the plane's normal component of "built-in head winds."

Since plywood is considerably thicker than aluminum or steel, per unit of weight, all of this flim-flam, hoity-toity, this-way and that-way movement is automatically eliminated. Plastic plywood has sufficient bulk and character to assume its given pattern—and stay put.

* * *

Bright yellow is the color of this turtle neck pull-over worn with Glen Urquhart plaid jacket, grey flannel slacks and brown and white moccasin slippers.

In these curious times, when the first question asked about a product is, "Can you get materials?"—plywood has extraordinary talking power. For plywood is available wherever there are trees.

If you look at an ordinary panel of plywood, one say four feet wide—you'll have the feeling that it has been cut from the cross section of some rare and gigantic tree. All of which goes to prove the power of matter over mind—or the future of an illusion. Plywood is not cut: it is shaved.

A given log of wood is spun on a machine which looks like a gargantuan lathe. A long knife, or planer, is held against it; the wheels are started . . . and, selah, the wood rolls off in one long, continuous strip—like so much wallpaper.

This almost endless strip is then cut into sections. The sections are laid on top of one another, in such a way that each alternate layer has its grain running at right angles to the grain of the strip below it.

In the making of ordinary plywood, these layers are bonded together, under pressure, with casein glue. And casein, please note, is first cousin, if not the actual child of the milk you would otherwise pour over your breakfast food.

Plastic plywood differs from plywood pure and simple, in that the bonding agent is a plastic compound, and is applied over molds—under given conditions of heat and pressure.

* * *

"The future belongs to the people," as Karl Liebknecht said; and the future is anyone's guess.

Whether the war is going to make plastic plywood the steel of the 1950's—or, whether shortages, fears, and worries will impede its development, no one can say in 1942.

Wars, however, have an ambivalent nature. At the moment they are snuffing out life and progress at one point, their camp follower—invention—seems to leave the battlefronts well seeded for the future life as well as industry.

The last war left us with three valuable wards: an automotive era, the wireless, and the airplane.

This war has already made us air-minded, as a nation, and prepared us to accept the plane as an integral part of our work-a-day life. It's reasonable to suppose that the same creative and dynamic influences which have been at work here, as in our thinking of 1917, will energize our willingness to accept change, and will dramatize the values of new materials for use in a future world.

It follows that plastic plywood should come of age rapidly during this cataclysmic struggle for raw materials, while brother is engaged in raising an iron arm against brother. It would be the height of irony if a wooden horse should close the gates of the age of metals—while God stays in his heaven busily making more and more trees . . . for plastic harps and wings. ###

THRILLING NEW CREATIONS OF ELASTI-GLASS*

You will derive keen pleasure from giving or using these latest creative triumphs in Elasti-Glass—the products of Buchsbaum's skilled craftsmen and designers. Here is style leadership PLUS—by the originators of Elasti-Glass men's accessories who have been awarded the FIRST PRIZE for two successive years in National Competition. Better stores in each locality have these newest Elasti-Glass creations waiting for you NOW.

Remember: Elasti-Glass is an *ORGANIC GLASS* of almost living elasticity—and contains absolutely no silica or rubber.

Good Luck Bill Fold—Hermetically sealed-in genuine 4-leaf clover. Flexible, durable Elasti-Glass in attractive color combinations. Two large transparent photo pockets . $1.

New Two-Tone Elasti-Glass Belts and Braces—"Bradford" Belt with new "ingrained colors"—grooved Sun-Tan edges, white center stripe, smart tongue buckle. Choice of many attractive color combinations . . . . $1.

"Edison" Braces—comfortable, yielding, lasting, with grooved Sun-Tan edges, white center stripe. Choice of colors, clip-on or tab ends . . . . $1.

Elasti-Glass Water-Jacket Tobacco Pouch—keeps full package of tobacco *factory fresh*. Zipper top . . . light, pliable, durable. Choice of Black, Green or Brown . . . $1.

Elasti-Glass Utility Bill-Fold—*Everything a man needs*—including comb, nail file, pencil, note book, coin and key pocket, identification card and bill compartment . . . . $1.

Ranger Type San Jose Belt—full-grained Steerhide leather with Elasti-Glass edges. Famous Brands embossed in hand tooled effect. Brand book free with each belt . . . $1.

Buchsbaum
Manufacturers Since 1888 • Chicago

DEALER'S NOTE: Elasti-Glass products are ready for immediate delivery. Floor stocks, advertising mats and window displays carried in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Los Angeles offices. (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Made from Vinylite† Brand Resins. †Trade Mark Reg. C. & C. C. C.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 83

God give such dawns as when, his
venture o'er,
The Sailor looked upon San Salvador.
God lead us past the setting of the sun
To wizard islands, of august surprise;
God make our blunders wise.

Here's an interesting letter from Professor Dewey G. Steele of the University of Kentucky.

"Please consider the following lines from Tennyson:

" 'In the spring a fuller crimson comes
upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing
gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes
on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

"You have doubtless referred to these lines many times in the course of your teaching. They are more interesting now than ever because Biologists have discovered the basis of these seasonal changes. Daily increases in illumination govern these changes.

"Carefully controlled experiments have demonstrated that daily changes in illumination constitute the basis of the regulation of sexual cycles in many animals. The most active worker in this field has been Dr. Bissonnette of Trinity College (Hartford).

"During the course of a survey of the literature on this subject it occurred to me that you might appreciate these comments concerning the observations of Tennyson. When one considers the facts in the case could the poet have chosen a more appropriate word in the last line than *lightly?*"

A first-rate collection of thrillers is well-named *The Midnight Reader, Great Stories of Haunting and Horror*. This is an attractive volume of 564 pages edited and with an excellent introduction by Philip Van Doren Stern. One of the things I like most about the introduction is that he gives first place in his estimation to Henry James's superb ghost story, *The Turn of the Screw:* and he seems to reckon as about next to that *The Beckoning Fair One*, by Oliver Onions. Thus he places first in the work *The Beckoning Fair One*, and he closes as a grand climax with *The Turn of the Screw*. Incidentally, these two are the only ones that fill more than 100 pages. Other favorites include *The Upper Berth*, by Marion Crawford, *The Mezzotint*, by Montague James, *The Yellow Wall Paper*, by Charlotte Gilman, *Full Fathom Five*, by Alexander Woollcott. The book is worth buying for its admirable introduction. If there are any of my readers who have not read both *The Beckoning Fair One* and *The Turn of the Screw* and will read them, I should like very much to have them write me and tell me which of the two they prefer. Incidentally, I have just found out the hitherto completely unknown source of *The Beckoning Fair One:* and if I can get permission, I shall in a subsequent issue of this magazine give the very interesting information.

The American poet, Arthur Davison Ficke, has produced his best volume of original poetry in *Tumultuous Shore and Other Poems*. It pleases me that he has found standard metres and rhythms a sufficient frame for nearly all of his word pictures. Thus the book opens with fifty-three sonnets followed by a number of short pieces called Notes and Lyrics. In the Winter of 1941 Mr. Ficke secluded himself in the country and tried, by communion with the hills and his books and the conversation of one or two friends and his own soul, to find some permanent inner meaning to life. He says, "This book is the result of my private explorations. It completely and accurately expresses what I have come to feel; and I imagine thousands of other troubled spirits, searching their own hearts, have felt the same things precisely. I believe that a more quiet, inward-turning reflection is one of the prime needs of our time . . . This attitude is no Ivory Tower, but a granite foundation on which to build a truly human habitation." We should be grateful to Mr. Ficke for this long seclusion because out of it has come really beautiful poetry. I think anyone who reads this one sonnet will want to buy the book. Therefore I quote it.

A thousand hours out of the treasury
Of time that yet remains for me to live
Would I yield up if that small, fugitive,
Alert-eyed chipmunk to his granary
Would lead me as a friend, and there
disclose,
With confident winkings and a secret
smile,
The mysteries of the woodland that he
knows,
And be my intimate for a little while.
I tempt him toward me; half-way he
will come,
But then whisks bushy tail, and is
away.
My gentlest language to his ears is
dumb.
A million years have passed since that
fair day
When in these woods we two, alike at
home,
Could smile and go each unperturbed
his way.

When I wrote a letter to Mr. Ficke asking for permission to quote the sonnet, I received this reply:

"Of course I shall be delighted to give you permission to quote my "chipmunk" sonnet in your review.

"Odd as it seems, two of the most serious and weighty of those sonnets first appeared in the April 1940 number of Esquire—they are No. XXXV, 'I pray you, in this hour's confusion,' and No. XLII, 'Man does not love enough.' And I got an odd side-light as to the circulation of Esquire—for five clergymen wrote me letters about them!"

The death of the poet and man of letters, William Alexander Percy, on March 13, was a loss to American literature. I reviewed his latest book, *Lanterns on the Levee*, in Esquire. I received a letter from his nephew which says that he received this during his last illness and was deeply affected by it. I am very glad that I could give him that pleasure because I have long admired his work.

And now once more appears upon the literary scene H. L. Mencken with a work of enormous value (and interest). I do not know any man who has less respect for many of the Ph.D. theses; but if there ever were instances of "special research," they are represented by Mencken's *The American Language* and by his 1942 production, *A New Dictionary of Quotations on Historical Principles. From Ancient and Modern Sources*. It has 1,347 pages. Although it is composed of quotations, the method is as original as in Mencken's own essays. He began to collect them in 1918; he and Charles Angoff (at his request) worked together 1933-35; and then Mr. Angoff, perhaps appalled at the magnitude of the task, withdrew, and Mencken trod the winepress alone. How does this book differ from its predecessors? Mr. Mencken gives eight points, all well taken; the dates of the first appearances of the proverbs are given, many more rubrics help the reader to find his way, names of authors and books are given in full, special attention is given to the "proverbs of all peoples, for in them some of the soundest thinking . . . is embodied, and also some of the most pungent wit." But the feature that makes this gigantic work *most readable* as well as referential, is "It omits, as much as possible, all mere platitudes, and confines itself to authors who really had something to say, and said it to some effect." Beware of taking up this book unless you have time; you will find it impossible to lay it down. The love of fighting is shown in the three following quotations: The Rev. John P. C. Muhlenberg, in a sermon in 1775: "There is a time to pray and a time to fight. This is the time to fight." Swift, in 1706. "Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are in imitation of fighting." Thomas Browne, II, in a letter to his father, 1666, "how a smart sea-fight elevates the spirits of a man, and makes him despise all dangers. In and after all sea-fights I have been very thirsty."

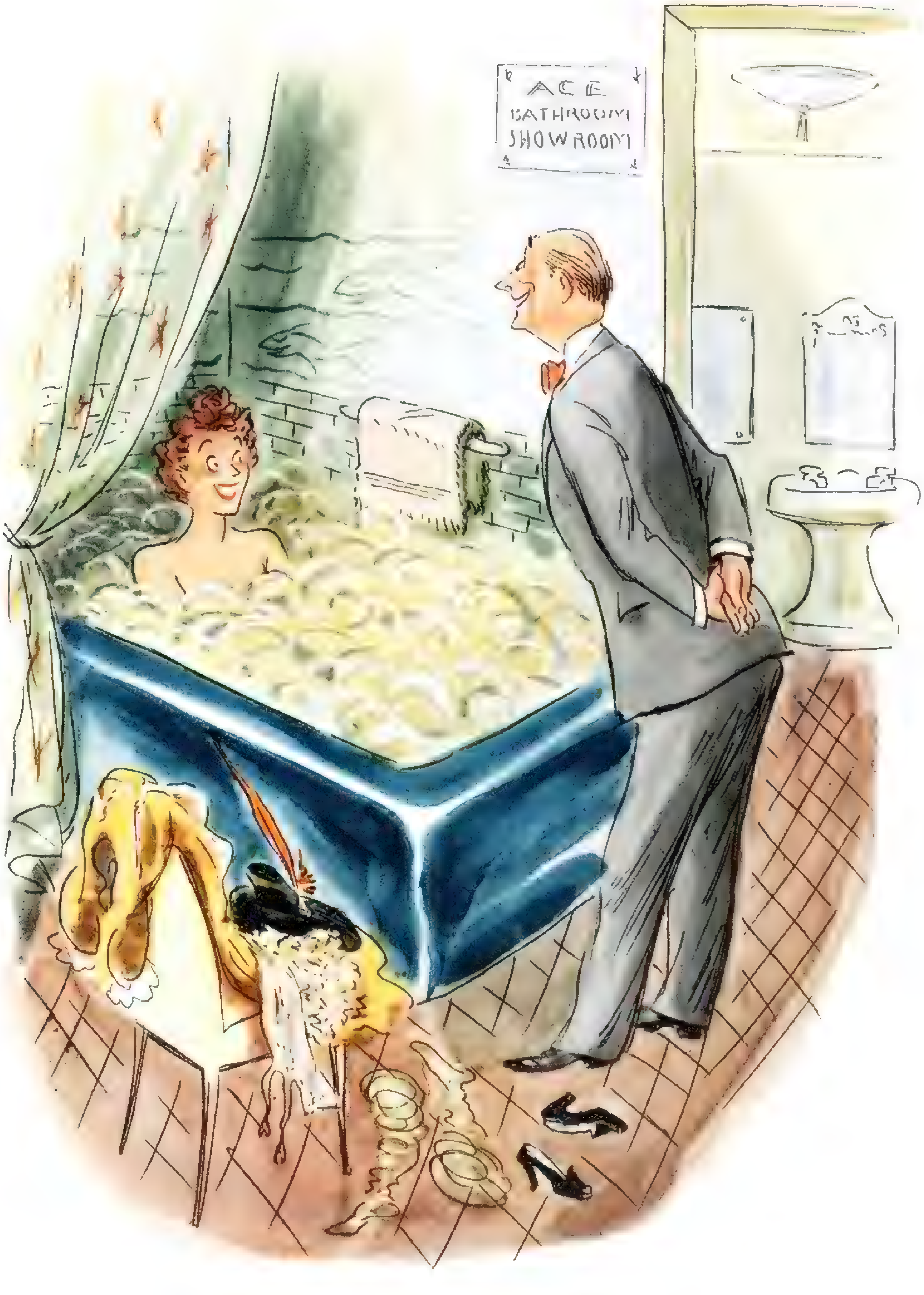
Progress

War works wonders. We still can't bound our home state but we can give you the latitude. longitude. population. mean annual rainfall and correct pronunciation of Balikapan. Vyazma, Toungoo, and Staraya Russa.

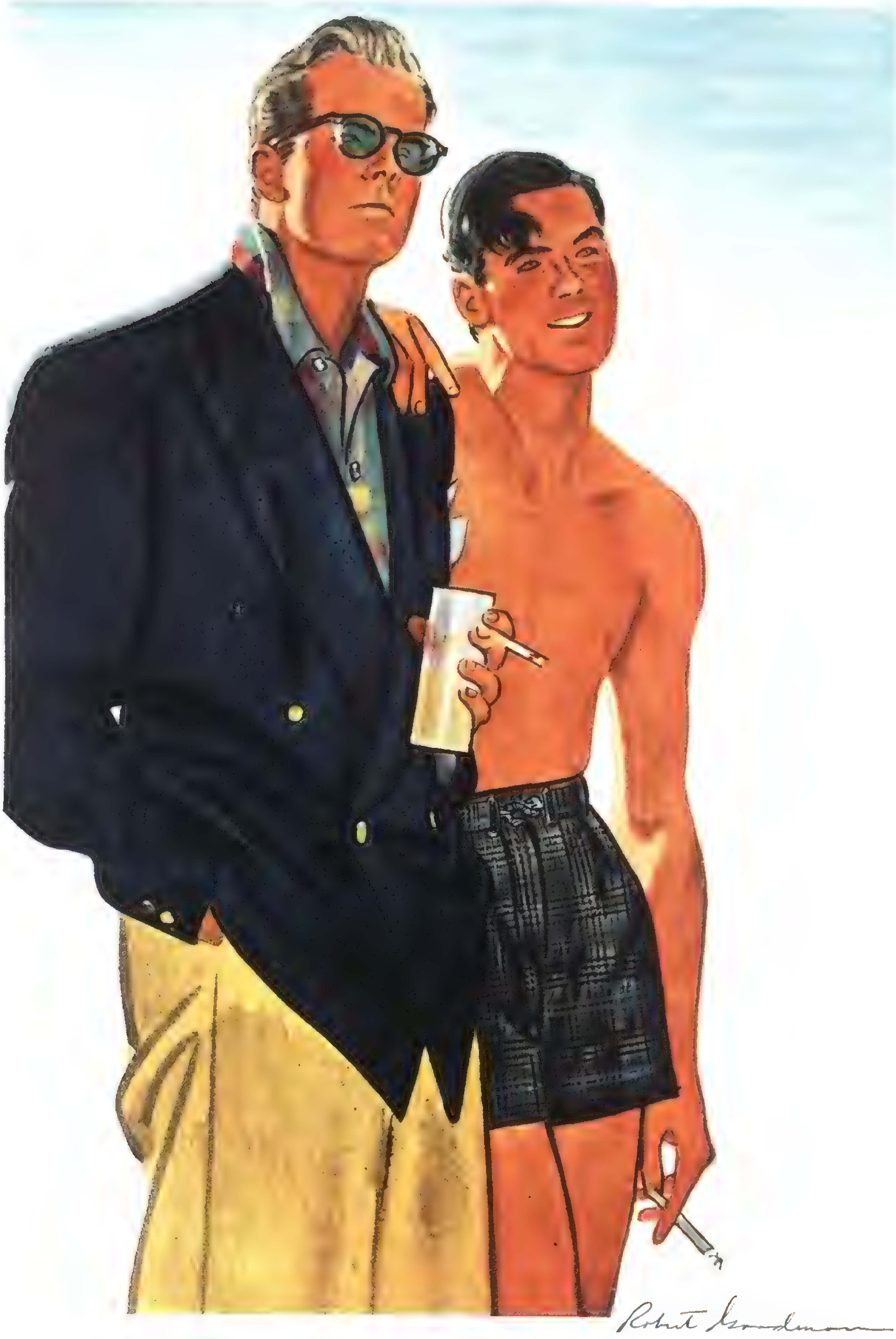
Let me advise you also to read the quotations under "Dickens."

John Steinbeck's novel, *The Moon is Down*, seems to me by far the best book he has written, if judged purely as a literary work. *Of Mice and Men* is more sentimental than *A Kiss for Cinderella*. And I did not particularly admire *The Grapes of Wrath* except for its descriptions. But *The Moon is Down* shows remarkable power of characterization, is beautifully written, and has tragedy without sentimentality. It is a very fine novel; and in a time when it apparently takes many novelists eight or nine hundred pages to say anything, Mr. Steinbeck shows here, as elsewhere, extraordinary skill in condensation. But from the present war point of view, that is considering the book as a tract instead of as a work of art, there are serious objections. The author is far too much of an optimist if he implies that the Norwegians can really conquer the German invaders by individual cases of sabotage, refusals to receive them socially, and by a mere will never to submit. The only thing that can conquer the Germans is to have more airplanes, more guns, more tanks and other necessities. The fact that he represents a German officer as personally agreeable and another as sentimental does not disturb me in the least; this would undoubtedly be true. These attract attention because they are exceptions. In Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind*, in which Helen Hayes is appearing, and which I like better than anything he has written since *Both Your Houses*, the German officer is so attractive he almost steals the show. This does not mean that the captive peoples will be treated any better. Nothing is gained by representing every German individual as a Caliban. But it does no good in these tragic and terrible times to suggest that because Norwegians and Poles do not like the abominable cruelty with which they are treated, they can overcome their overlords with anything except superior strength.

This present year I have had pleasure in attending the festivities greeting the eightieth birthdays of three grand Americans—Walter Damrosch and Nicholas Murray Butler, Governor Wilbur Cross. Incidentally nothing preserves health better than the prestige of executive office. When Professor Wendell was at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner where there were many professors and three college presidents, he whispered to me, "Look at the professors; they seem tired; but the Presidents are full of vigor." In the history of the U. S. A., only three Presidents have died natural deaths in office—W. H. Harrison, Zachary Taylor, and Harding. During the last 152 years not a single Governor of Pennsylvania has died in office. My prescription for longevity: become an Executive! ##


ACE
BATHROOM
SHOWROOM

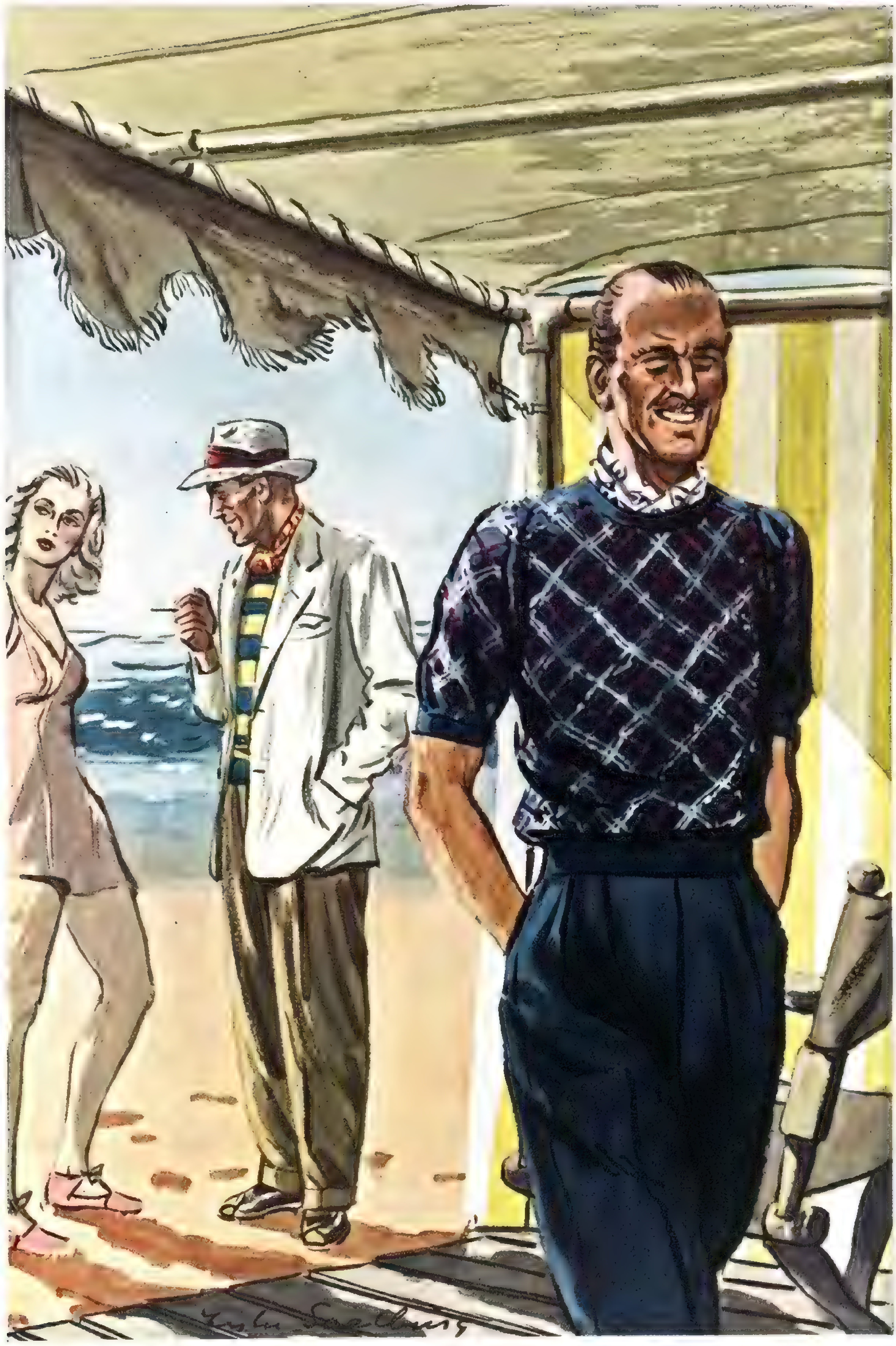
"Well, ma'am, how do you like it?"



. . . also selected shorts

"Hey, get a load of Janie's half gainer! . . . not bad for an Olympic champ, eh, Joe?" The two sun-soaked loafers stick close to the side of the pool and watch a diving exhibition by a highboard queen who knows every twist of the trade. The landlubber on our left is a bit well done and stays undercover with his navy flannel blazer and lightweight washable Sandune slacks. The design of his cotton sport shirt is known as "Charkana," which in plain Hindustani means "checks and plaids." He keeps his hand cool with a tall frosted drink. Description of the short guy's outfit is brief because we're limited to a pair of glen urquhart plaid swim trunks, which are the latest thing in the latest thing in beachwear. But just look at his tan . . . it's turning emerald with envy of Janie's prowess. . . . "Gee, Joe, if I kept in condition I'll bet I could dive like that!" . . . "Sure, Bill, sure!"

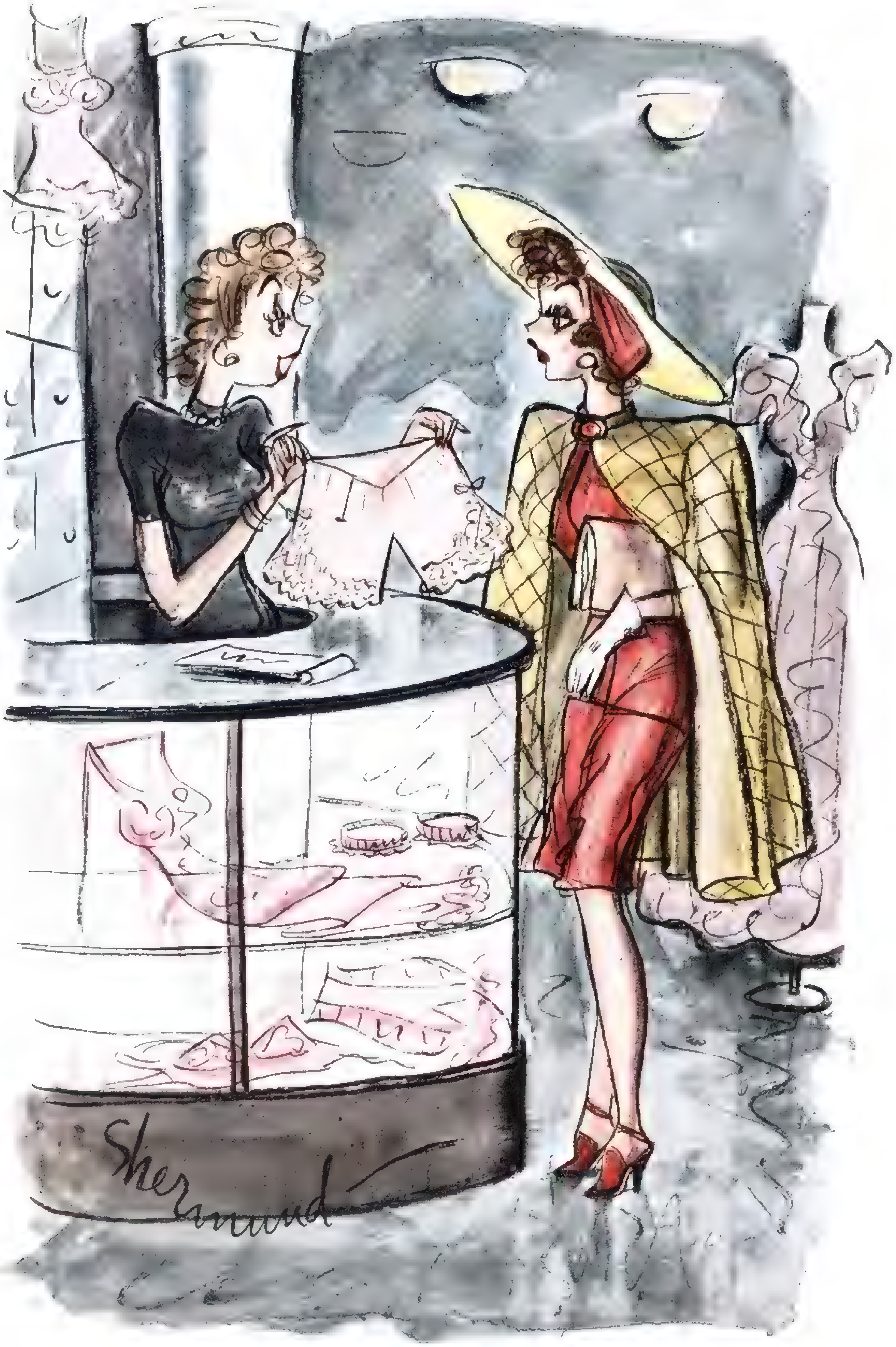
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



in uncle tom's cabana

Gents, our vantage point is where poor old Tom sneaks a day's rest from juggling telephones and secretaries all week. He's now making a fast getaway from yon proud beauty and a brother beast, and will return in double time wearing swim trunks. So take a good look at the play-clothes of a big production boss, for it isn't often he can devote a whole Sunday to the surf and sun. His short-sleeved pullover of mesh cotton worn with a silk foulard scarf is the most recent addition to our morale boosters, and the Harbor blue slacks are made of lightweight rayon mixture. . . . O.K. Uncle Tom, you're excused while we give the onceover to your pal in the Planter's Punch hat . . . he favors the new pullover shirt, too, and combines it with a washable sports jacket and neat gabardine slacks. . . . He also obviously favors blondes. . . . Oh, say there, proud beauty! when Uncle Tom comes back, you must remind him that sun, salt water, and receding hairlines shouldn't mix!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave. N. Y.)



"Will you wear them, or shall we send them?"

Fairy Story

Once upon a time there was a small-college freshman who wrote to the Metropolitan sports editors: "Why do you keep boring people with the fine record of our soccer team instead of playing up the interesting exploits of the big-time outfits like Stanford, Notre Dame and Yale?"

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 86

(valuable for would-be mothers, and men whose strength is waning), while the inner part, the much preferred "hearts of lettuce," has only 150 units! If the large leaves are wilted, shredding the salad finely covers a multitude of sins. Vitamins are directly under the skin of fruits, and unless you have a particular dislike for apple peels, you ought to eat them. And it is a shame not to make delicious candy of orange, grapefruit or lemon peel, the following easy way:

Cut the peel into quarters. Keep over-night in salted water. Drain and wash. Cook, changing the water frequently. When tender, drain. Make a syrup of equal measures of water and sugar. Boil five minutes. Add the peel to the syrup and cook until transparent. Drain on a platter and roll in granulated sugar.

Rancid butter is perfectly good in cooking, for the rancid taste disappears as soon as the butter is browned. If you want to use rancid butter for the table, pour cold salted water on it, pound the water well in until it fairly saturates it, and pour the water off again. But to avoid the rancid condition altogether, buy butter in small quantities. Another economizing device is to mix two-thirds of butter with one-third of margarine; the adulteration is undetectable by even the greatest experts. And you may even forget your etiquette and serve butter from one common dish; butter often remains untouched and so, wasted on individual plates. Incidentally, scrambled eggs have a finer odor and are better, lighter, and less fattening, if made without butter, milk or cream. (Heat a pan, beat the eggs, salt and pepper them and pour slowly into the hot pan, stirring constantly.)

Sour milk makes cottage cheese—heat to 95 degrees Fahrenheit over hot water and put aside for a few minutes; pour the mass into a cheesecloth bag and hang to drain; chopped parsley, chives and olives may be used for flavoring.

Coffee grounds need never be thrown out. After using them once, they may be dried on a hot stove or in the air, and with a little fresh coffee added, another pot—nearly as aromatic as the first—may be made. In Germany where they have *ersatz* down to a science, they use the grounds of roasted acorns or barley seed for coffee. With tea leaves the situation is much the same—pour the tea off the leaves after three or four minutes and preserve them for the next day, adding a few fresh ones. There are very good substitutes, like peppermint, basswood, grape leaves, or other herb teas, healthier and less expensive than the real thing.

In the tremendous prevailing food waste in America, the middle-class, medium-income people are the worst offenders. The poor make use of the last little speck, of course. The rich don't waste, for they have servants and household pets to eat the food that comes off their lavish table. Restaurants' food refuse is prodigal as a rule. In Europe, even before the present tragic food shortage, the contents of the restaurants' garbage pail was the booty of charitable organizations or religious institutions. Here—excepting some restaurants where leftovers are cleverly transformed into tasty dishes—it's thrown away.

Or at least it was, until recently. Now even the finest New York restaurants, like the Colony, Theodore's, the Passy, etc., rack their famous culinary brains to make a fine dish out of things that formerly were carted away. Anthony Mele, owner of Theodore's, a very close friend of mine, and a man of wit, gave me a couple of recipes which stand for patriotic eating. The first he calls Japanese Disaster, the second Axis Downfall. I tasted both of them, and I can tell you that only their names are bloodthirsty; they are intended to remind you of the fact that by eating more economically you help to win the war. Their flavor is excellent, and here is another proof that with a little resourcefulness something good can be made of something that is, to all appearances, useless.

JAPANESE DISASTER

Take any left-over meat and chop it in a meat grinder (if you don't own one, the corner butcher will help you out). To this add a half pound of boiled spinach, a hard boiled egg, enough breadcrumbs to make a firm mixture, salt, pepper, and a little onion chopped very fine. Grease a pan with butter. Put the meat in the pan, spread a little butter on the top and sprinkle over some more breadcrumbs. Put two tablespoons of tomato sauce on top and bake for about half an hour.

AXIS DOWNFALL

Cut in small pieces one pound of left-over cooked meats. Brown some onion in fat or butter, add the cut-up meat and fry until brown. Now add a glass of white wine, a tablespoon of tomato sauce, salt and pepper, and let

Continued on page 140

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice*
MEN'S TOILETRIES
FOR FATHER'S DAY

Old Spice Shave Soap—in pottery mug. Free-lathering and long-lasting $1.00

Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion—in pottery container with sprinkler top, 4 oz. $1.00

$3,000.00 IN PRIZES
WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS IN
THE EARLY AMERICAN OLD SPICE
FATHER'S DAY JINGLE CONTEST

Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in pottery mug, After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum . . . $2.75

Old Spice Set—After-Shave Lotion, Lather or Brushless Shave Cream, used-blade container, $1.50

Good grooming preparations of quality, with a bracing freshness men appreciate. Gifts of character, in pottery containers and wood-veneered chests distinguished by authentic illustrations of America's first trading ships.

Contest information and entry blanks will be supplied by stores with each purchase of Early American Old Spice Men's Toiletries. Watch for the dramatic Old Spice Father's Day window displays.

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • 630 Fifth Avenue • New York, N. Y.

FIT FOR THE KING
OF THE HOUSE
WINGS SHIRTS
Your Social Security

If there's one thing that will tickle Dad more than anything else it's getting some smart Wings shirts. For Wings give luxury with downright practicality; princely fabrics . . . "fluid fit" . . . custom-type tailoring. The bodies are shaped, the shoulders slope like your own, and there's nary a sign of an unnecessary wrinkle. The Guardian collars won't wilt, won't wrinkle, won't curl up; you couldn't make them. And they'll stay smart and unfrayed for the entire life of the shirt.

Whites . . . solid colors . . . fresh new patterns in a whole flock of fabrics. Get them in Dad's favorite collar styles.

$2.00 and $2.25

Wrinkle-Free Collar made under Celanese patent.

Ask to see the new Comfortogs leisure coats and slack suits with an air of easy smartness. Modestly priced and handsomely tailored by the makers of Wings Shirts.

PIEDMONT SHIRT COMPANY • GREENVILLE, S. C.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 86-139

it simmer for half an hour. Boil some rice, drain, and put in a dish. Place the meat over it pouring the sauce on top.

Gene Cavallero, owner of the Colony, came across with the recipe for the famed Brunswick Stew, a relic of the last war. It is very economical and yet a fine dish.

BRUNSWICK STEW

Take anything that's left in the ice box—a leg or wing of chicken, carcass of a bird, piece of roast beef, etc. Place these with a little butter and some broth (made out of a couple of bouillon cubes) in a pot and let boil for an awfully long time, six or seven hours. (You don't have to watch over it either.) Now add a can of stewed tomatoes, lima beans, leaves of celery you threw away, and outer leaves of cabbage. Cook some potatoes separately; when they are almost cooked, cut them in small squares, and add to the stew. Also add two glasses of American white wine, salt and pepper. Serve in deep soup plates. If you do this dish right, chances are that it will be one of the great and astonishing gastronomic adventures of your life.

Mr. Cavallero and Mr. Mele lamented that Americans seldom use the best and simplest of all sauces, Sauce Bechamel. This excellent sauce gives new zest to left-over chicken, vegetables, croquettes, and other edibles which ordinarily would be wasted; and it may be stored for several weeks. It is made like this: Melt a tablespoonful of sweet butter, add six tablespoonsful of flour, mix well and cook till brown; add gradually one quart of boiling milk, and one onion, stirring constantly, with a teaspoon of salt. Cook for an hour over low heat in a saucepan, and strain through cheesecloth. Put in mayonnaise jar.

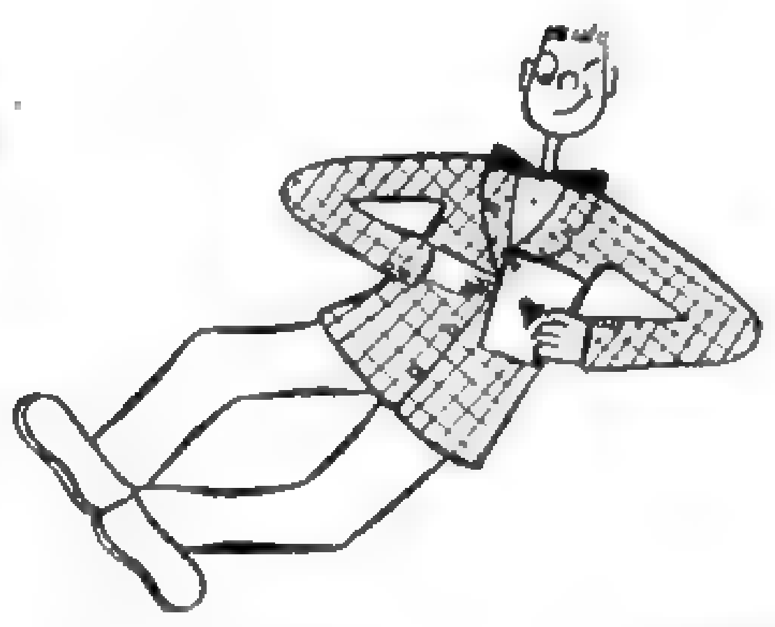
Learn to eat tripe or sweetbread, brains or liver, kidneys or heart. These meats, which are generally thought of contemptuously by Americans, are much cheaper than the regular cuts. And, on account of their vitamin and enzyme content, they are most beneficial to your health.

To sum up, almost nothing is garbage today. Not even the fat of the Sunday leg of lamb—fat makes soap. Even if it is not exactly a toilette preparation, it is good for washing dishes. Of course, I don't even remotely suggest that you should wash them; on this subject I don't trifle. I've become an American in everything, I hope, but I still can't be coaxed into washing dishes. That's for the womenfolk and not for Esquires. Here's the recipe for that soap:

Save all fats that you would waste. Melt about six pounds of it, strain carefully. Add two and one half pints of water to a can of lye. After the bubbling caused by the lye stops, stir into the fat until it thickens. Pour into a pan, let it stand overnight, cut in pieces and allow it to age before using.

So think twice in wartime, with its high prices and rationing. Don't throw things into the garbage can before due deliberation. What you can make of the would-be garbage will be a test of your own ingenuity. You *must* contribute to the national effort in every possible way, and sometimes you'll have to employ Spartan measures. Don't forget that wars are partly won by the happy alimentary canals of the Armed Forces. #

Anniversary



"Well—!"

"Say, why are you looking at me like that? You've been glaring at me for hours."

"Humph! I thought you'd forgotten that this is our wedding anniversary!"

"It—by golly, you're right! Say, is my face red!"

"Henry, do you notice anything?"

"Notice—?"

"This dress, stupid! It's the one I wore on our honeymoon."

"Yeah?"

"I always wear it on our anniversary. I'll bet you don't even remember where we went on our honeymoon."

"Well, it was some place like Atlantic City or Niagara Falls or—"

"Oh, you make me sick. I'll bet you don't even remember how we happened to meet!"

"Don't be foolish! It was at the bridge party the Carltons gave in 1931, and I drew you for a partner. And darling, I fell for you right off the reel when I saw you play that four-spade hand redoubled."

"Four—"

"Don't you remember? You had six spades to the ten-jack-king, a singleton ace of diamonds, the king-four of clubs, and four small hearts. Instead of leading trumps, which would have been fatal, you wisely cleared the singleton heart in dummy, led the ace of diamonds when you got back in, ruffed two rounds of hearts and then exited with a club so that the West hand had to—say, what's the matter with you, darling? You aren't crying, are you?"

—RAY BARNEY

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 85

> golf swing is self control. I say this because most people do not practice long enough what once made them play well. They listen to too many advisers who, although they may be correct, always create confusion and loss of faith in their skill. If a golfer could practice one month the swing of a golf club with faith; that would be more than sufficient to develop a swing."

Wiffy Cox, Washington, D. C., said:

> The most important factors in a golf swing are: hand action, plan of the swing, balance of weight, and position. A player with good hand, arm, and wrist action has little trouble; his body will follow the swing.

Harry Cooper recommended: "Starting out right with pro help. The left hand and arm predominate for about three-fourths of the swing; then the right hand takes over for the hit, both coming in for the finish."

Chick Evans felt that the most important single factor in the development of a good golf swing was: "Doing the best you can each swing." **Alex Ross,** Detroit, suggested: "Beginning while young." **Marty Walsh,** Peoria, Illinois, said: "Promotion of proper leverage by the proper waggle." **M. S. Fessenden,** Chicago, recommended: "Constant practice under capable supervision." **Chuck Tanis,** Olympia Fields, Chicago, said: "Correct grip; correct body turn, timing." **Fielding Wallace,** Augusta, Georgia, thought it was "Proper pivot and straight left arm." **Ned Everhart,** Coral Gables, Florida, gave: "Proper back swing." **Orville W. Chapin,** Milwaukee, suggested: "Learning to eliminate physical effort." **W. W. Wotherspoon,** Tulsa, said: "Hitting against a firm left side. The entire left side and left arm should work with the club to start the swing." **George Siebert,** West Hartford, Connecticut, advised: "The proper grip and complete domination of the left arm in the swing." **Al Watrous,** Detroit, also voted for: "Proper placing of the hands on the club—grip." **James Hodgson,** Salt Lake City, expressed his idea graphically when he wrote: "Driving the club head straight through as though you were trying to drive a wedge under a door." **Horton Smith** stated: "Getting a clear picture and understanding of the ideal pattern, and learning your own 'liabilities' and 'assets' as related to such development." **Fred J. Corcoran** recommended "professional instruction."

QUESTION VI

Do you think that golf presents more opportunities for creating good business contacts than any other sport?

The public	**Yes 76.31%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 74.47%**
Sports editors	**Yes 80.39%**
Amateurs	**Yes 55.12%**
Pros	**Yes 99.07%**
Fort Bliss	**Yes 78.79%**

It's claimed for golf that no other game so entices a man to reveal his true character to the Lord, man, caddie, and beast. A heel is exposed as a heel even with a 68, and a right party survives the humbling test of 117 blows.

But, despite the vote giving golf top billing for business contacts, comment expresses suspicion of the man who uses the game commercially. Kind words are written in favor of the AAAA1 financial and social ratings of participants of other sports.

"A golf course is a salesman's paradise," wrote **Bob Wilson,** Knoxville, Tennessee, *News-Sentinel.* "The first insurance policy that I bought was sold me as I trudged around the links when I was 20. I know several automobile and bond salesmen who have reaped a harvest by playing golf with prospective buyers." **Dudley H. Robinson,** Secretary of the Eastern New York Golf Association, said, " 'Customer golf' is one of my pet peeves." **Harold Doheny,** New Haven, Connecticut, suggested: "Just try to crack a Country Club Foursome." **William P. Viles,** Augusta, Maine, thought: "Business contacts spoil golf as a game. You can make more contacts at tennis or skeet!" **Marty Higgins,** Fall River, Massachusetts, suggested: "After a particularly good round, just ask a favor and watch the response." **Al Godwin,** WWL, New Orleans, maintained that "bowling offers the most in this field. Golf and bowling present the best opportunities for business as well as social contacts because in both you shoot against a set figure: 300 in bowling, and par in golf, and not necessarily against your opponent." **Lou Zweling,** Halifax *Chronicle,* insisted: "Golf can't be compared with the locker room of a curling club after a good match, or during a big bonspiel, for making skill or reputation."

"I think golf should be played for the sake of sport," wrote **Joseph C. Dey, Jr.,** Roslyn, New York, "not for the sake of business. Business success depends upon business ability, not upon sporting skill or reputation."

John Kolbmann, WHAT, Philadelphia, said: "I like golf, being a former newspaper handicap champion, but there's another sport now moving ahead in creating business contacts. That's bowling. Don't forget there are three million golfers, but 20 million bowlers."

Says **Albert Gaucher,** Trois Rivieres, Canada, *Le Nouvelliste:*

> Golf is the best sport, according to me, for creating good business contacts. Why? Golf is the sport of "big shots," rich men. It costs much money to practice golf. Business men can do it, not poor men, not popular people. Rarely you see labor man to participate in a golf match. This explains why golf is practiced by the "chosen few." Golf is a luxurious sport. In our country, golf-players are considered like privileged. At Trois-Rivieres, for instance, population is 42,000. Golf-players group scarcely a total of 150 men or women. It's very little. Who are they? Bosses, head-clerks, professionals, and others of the same identical ranks. They stir up gold and silver in the crucible, among them.

Continued on page 142

Glenmore
hasn't forgotten DAD-
not by a jugful!

SWELL IDEA
A corking good gift anytime—a perfect one now!
MILDER
With a rare flavor that makes good drinks taste better!
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
86 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES, CO., Incorporated OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
4/5 QUART
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
Sure to please him in this clever stoneware jug!

Copr. 1942
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

POUR GLENMORE...YOU GET MORE

No nation can be successful in war while its functions are frustrated by a people not physically fit to man capably all arms of the service . . . at home and on the fighting fronts.

Thos. E. Wilson
Chairman of the Board

L. B. Icely
President

Uncle Sam sees to it that our fine fighting men are trained—made physically fit. But what of the workers? What of the home folks—the business folks—the youth at school?

Can we prosecute the war successfully if all these, who *are* America, become physically soft and flabby and jittery?

Healthful sports are part of the American way of life—the source of the strength, the aggressiveness, the will-to-win that make America different than *slave* nations. They are as necessary as *food.*

So play, America! Keep strong! Keep healthy! As far as war needs permit, we will keep you supplied with equipment necessary to sports.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities

Wilson

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 85-141

QUESTION VII

What well-executed shot on the links gives you the most pleasure?

	The Public	Sports-casters	Sports editors	Ama-teurs	Pros	Fort Bliss
Drive	47.54%	30.39%	34.93%	17.04%	24.32%	42.42%
Approach	43.44%	49.02%	50.24%	75.01%	54.96%	32.33%
Putt	9.56%	20.59%	14.83%	7.95%	20.72%	25.25%

Note how the approach laid close enough to the pin to be a gimme stirs the passions of those who may be rated as having the true artist's appreciation of the fine points of the game.

The public expresses itself as devoted to the thrill that comes when a gentleman hauls off and hammers the hell out of the little round object. Fence busting has the popular appeal.

"Approach shots give more pleasure than any others," wrote **Vincent D. Lunny,** *Montreal Standard.* "It's a thrill to smack a ball cleanly with a sharp iron swing and watch it soar over the fairway, over a bunker, across the sand traps and land on the green to roll almost gingerly to the lip of the cup. Even a 300-yard drive, banged straight down the middle, doesn't give the same satisfaction because it does not demand such precision."

Craig Wood rated the drive, as did **Chick Harbert.** The "explosion shot" got the call from **Massie B. Miller,** Indianapolis. **Lieutenant L. B. Helbry,** Fort Bliss, liked the putt.

Ed Ogborne, New Castle, Indiana, *Courier-Times,* became lyrical on the subject:

My slicing's not enticing
Even though I admire curves;
And my hooking ain't good-looking
In a meadow war of nerves.

My approaches bring reproaches
As my partners vent their spleen;
And my driving isn't thriving
Enough to reach any green.

But in putting I keep cutting
Hunks of cake of many layers.
I'm descended (if upended)
From a line of croquet players!

QUESTION VIII

Do you believe that the left arm and hand predominate in the proper golf swing; or that the right hand and arm predominate; or that they both function equally?

	The Public	Sports-casters	Sports editors	Ama-teurs	Pros	Fort Bliss
Left	42.61%	30.39%	49.23%	58.82%	60.92%	25.53%
Right	9.56%	20.59%	10.26%	3.53%	4.54%	14.89%
Both	47.83%	49.02%	40.51%	37.65%	34.54%	59.58%

This question is one of the reasons why golf never has had a tongue-tied great player, although the links vocabulary of some of the ancient Caledonian golfers was reputed to be limited to "hae ye got a bo''le?"

Note how close the opinions of the pros and the expert amateurs run on this question, while the profound declarations of the lads who shoot those "should have had" pars in the locker room vary as widely as does the quality of their shots.

Should you still want to argue about this question see **Gene Sarazen,** to whom we give the last word in conforming to an old custom in golf arguments. You either give it, or Gene takes it. Last year we listened to several famous pros positively state the right hand was of secondary importance in the golf swing. After they had made their cases, Sarazen dryly remarked, "I suppose I must change for I have been playing wrong all these years." Sarazen marked his ballot "right."

Lawson Little expressed the thought that: "the left hand and arm guide and control the club; the right hand furnishes the hit." **John Bernardi,** Boston, said: "I believe that golf is a two-handed game. The hands should work in unison." Agreement was expressed by **Joe Novak,** Bel Air, Los Angeles: "Both hands are equally important in golf, although more emphasis is laid on the left due to natural weakness of the left hands of the majority." **Marvin D. Stahl,** Palm Beach, felt the same way: "The swing requires a lot of left hand feel, because we right handers are so right handed. Instructors have to keep the pupil left hand conscious or they overpower it with their right."

"My belief," wrote **Edward Y. Stupple,** Highland Park, Illinois, "is that both hands have equal work to do together; the same as our feet in walking. The hands are the only contact between oneself and the club. If they are wrong the rest is made much harder to do properly." **Wendell H. Kay,** Niagara Falls, New York, said: "The left arm should be in control of the back swing and also to a point where the right elbow is opposite and close to the right hip in the down swing. Then *both* hands hit through the ball."

Tom Kelly, Sunset Valley Golf Club, Highland Park, Illinois, wrote:

I believe the left hand and arm play a very important part in hitting a golf ball, but in a great many cases I have found that the right hand and arm overpowers the left. To overcome this fault I would suggest that the individual loosen the grip of his right hand. Then he will find more left hand and arm into his shots. I also would like to suggest that beginners should swing the club with the left hand only, as an exercise to develop more hitting power in the left. This to my way of thinking would equalize the power of both arms and hands and would result in better timing—which is the most important thing in a golf swing.

QUESTION IX

In starting to swing do you believe that:

	The Public	Sports-casters	Sports editors	Ama-teurs	Pros	Fort Bliss
(a) The club should be swung along the line of play?	26.28%	28.80%	24.55%	18.41%	17.41%	29.49%
(b) Inside the line of play.	7.42%	8.80%	10.11%	19.63%	22.88%	7.69%
(c) That the club should be started by a turn of the left hip?	13.14%	9.60%	13.36%	14.11%	13.43%	19.23%
(d) That the club should be started by a turn of the right hip?	7.45%	5.60%	2.89%	4.91%	4.97%	15.38%
(e) By pushing with the left hand?	11.43%	10.40%	14.80%	17.18%	19.90%	3.21%
(f) By pulling with the right hand?	5.14%	5.60%	4.33%	4.29%	1.49%	14.74%
(g) Or by just swinging freely without thinking of anything in particular?	29.14%	31.20%	29.96%	21.47%	19.92%	10.26%

In comments from a number of the most effective instructors and players in golf hereafter set forth, you get enough good tips to keep you trying the rest of the summer.

It'll probably interest you to see, with one exception, the considerable difference between the pro and public percentages. Again you may observe that the pro and the amateur expert opinion as indicated by percentages runs close enough together to give you a hunch that there may not be as much confusion in golf swing analysis and in golf instruction as you may have been led to believe.

Francis Ouimet answered (c) "because the motion preliminary to starting the swing is a turn of the left hip. Also (g) because having perfected a swing you need think only of hitting the ball."

Stanley Davies, Field Club Pro, Omaha, explained:

At the address the weight is evenly distributed. The first motion is a slight shifting of the weight to the left foot. That is No. 1. Next is the shift to the right foot, which is No. 2. Then immediately you feel the weight on the right foot, the left side begins to turn, forcing the right hip back. From this point the left hand swings the club to the conclusion of the back swing. Only by correct balance can we have continuity of left side and left hand. Joe Novak found in the PGA championship held in Denver last July that all men heeding the above went farthest in the championship. Every one in the last 16 of the match play adhered to this.

George Sargent, Atlanta, Georgia, refined the opening maneuver a bit further:

The starting muscles are those of the right kneecap, which if smartly pressed directly backwards automatically start the left hip in motion.

William C. Jackson, Camargo Club, Madeira, Ohio, said:

The swing emanates in the body; flows to arms and hands. The natural turn of the body brings the swing inside the line of play. If you taught this consciously it would only add one more thing to the hundreds of things with which you could confuse a pupil's mind. A swing is a complete action; you cannot break it down into sections. In teaching a child to walk, it's done through simplicity—not complexity. Golf swing is the same. Take a rock attached to a string. Hold string between thumb and forefinger, rock suspended, stationary. See if you can start rock swinging without pulling. Golf swing is the same.

Jimmy D'Angelo, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, wrote:

(g) is the procedure after you learn and understand the fundamentals. Being an instructor, I use (a), (c), and (e) when necessary with beginners. After a person acquires a sound swing and understands the fundamentals thoroughly he can swing without thinking too much of any one point.

Counseled **Eddie Gayer,** Chicago:

The club is started in a swinging motion with left hand and left knee swinging in toward the ball, which will turn the body from left to right through the waistline. This in my mind is the basic fundamental of the entire swing.

Alex Ayton, St. Louis Country Club, suggested:

Allowing yourself to swing freely from the hands to your body, thus creating a perfect arc all through the swing. Remember your hands are the only thing that you can create a touch from, and whatever one does with those hands the muscles will always coordinate.

Ralph Guldahl, Chicago, said:

The pivot does not start the club back; rather the arms and club swing back farther and farther; so does the body turn, to overcome tension in the left side. Most outstanding golfers today start the swing of the clubhead either straight back or even slightly on the outside of the line of play. This results in a more upright swing. Present-day professionals have to a great degree forsaken the old-fashioned flat swing for the more accurate medium-upright swing.

Willie Klein, East Williston, New York, commented:

Regarding hitting along the line of flight. The club should be started along the line of flight, but the down swing should be on the inside of the line of flight, hitting the ball straight.

John R. Inglis, Elmsford, New York, advised:

The less one has to think of the better. The hips must co-ordinate in order for the club to swing along the line of play. If the hips don't move, the club would have to be swung abruptly in a vertical arc. That the club swings inside of the line of play is obvious, since the true swing naturally brings this about; but one should not deliberately try to do so, not any more than one should try to push the club head outside of the line of play. Therefore if one simply thinks of keeping

Continued on page 144

HOW TO MAKE GOLF EQUIPMENT OUTLAST THE WAR

The Player's Pledge

Whereas—American sports play a vital part in the physical fitness and morale of civilian America, and,

Whereas—There is just so much of various types of sports equipment available for the duration,

Therefore—I pledge myself to follow the Wilson "Share the Game" Plan—to help preserve sports for the good of all—to make my present equipment last by using it carefully, and—if I buy NEW equipment, to see that my old equipment is made available to some other American who needs exercise, too.

To aid America in this vital "Share the Game" Program, Wilson Sporting Goods Co. offers the following expert suggestions:

Have present golf equipment reconditioned by your Professional, and place in his charge for service.

Keep all screws in heads of wood clubs tight.

Don't put clubs away while wet or covered with mud. Wipe dry with a towel carried for this purpose.

Avoid "dandelion" and "daisy" practice swings. Hidden stones or hard ground may damage clubs.

Take a penalty shot rather than risk damage to clubs when ball is in an unplayable lie.

Forbid caddies to swing clubs or drop bag. Damage is done this way.

Don't be too brave at water holes. Lose a stroke and save a valuable ball. Play *safe* and play more.

Take used golf balls to the Pro who cooperates with the Wilson Accu*rated* System of Rebuilding.

Wilson "Accu*rated*" Rebuilts have been play-tested by leading stars. They're practically *as good as new.*

Be extra careful of *all* sports equipment you now have. Make it *last* and help give everyone a chance to enjoy healthful exercise for the duration.

BUY "WILSON" QUALITY

If you need new equipment, specify Wilson quality. It not only insures *better* play but *longer* play. Once you get new equipment, be extra careful of it. Never was sports equipment as precious as now. See your Professional or dealer.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities

Wilson

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

"STILL SMOKING
THOSE OLD-FASHIONED
CIGARETTES, DAD?

Go modern–
Smoke REGENT

DAD! A modern man like you smoking a "shortie"...shame! Get Regent, the King Size cigarette that's 20% longer, gives you more for your money. You can *see* this Regent superiority!

Taste? Why Dad...Regent's the King Size cigarette with the refreshing *new* taste. A better-tasting cigarette, because it's made with *specially selected* Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, Multiple-Blended for extra mildness. You can *taste* this Regent superiority!

And that crumpled paper package, Dad. It's passé. Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. And Regent's oval shape is strictly modern! You can *see* these Regent superiorities! So go modern, Dad...get Regent—and you'll get more smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE
THAN OTHER
LEADING BRANDS

The only modern cigarette
with ALL the modern features!

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 85-141-143

the club head behind the ball, so as to hit it from the same angle or the same principle as striking a billiard ball with a cue, the better.

Jimmy Anderson, Birmingham, Michigan, stated:

It is a fact that in turning the body the arms will follow. In correct body turning the club head will follow on the line of flight a short way; then inside line of flight. (g) is the ultimate.

Dave Hunter explained that:

In starting the hands first from the ball, you invite three very important facts: co-ordination, rhythm and punch. Swing the club, which eliminates the thought of confusion in hitting the ball. Starting the hands to swing the club is the most important factor in the swing.

Jimmy Hines, New York, said:

In starting the swing, the club should be taken away from the ball straight back, which will give you more hitting surface, and also enable you to pivot freely.

O. B. Keeler, Atlanta *Journal*, wrote:

After fooling with this darn game more than 40 years and watching in action most of the best golfers, I've come to a pretty definite conclusion that there is an increasing tendency to think too much during the swing—too much about the details of the stroke itself; and not enough of the objective, which is where you want that ball to go. Stewart Maiden, preceptor of Alexa Stirling and Bobby Jones, says: "When I am hitting a golf ball, I can think of only one thing—hitting the golf ball!"

Corporal Marvin "Bud" Ward, Fort George Wright, Spokane, wrote:

Both hands are equal in starting the take-away; the left pulls the club down to hitting position; the right then supplies the hit through the ball, with the left doing the blocking. You might say that the left side and hand and arm is the guide in the arc and the right is the power at impact. As Ernest Jones and Frank Bellwood would say: "Swing the club 'ead with the 'ands." My theory of mental action when starting the swing is to start the club swinging back with both hands equal and to keep the club head swinging throughout the arc. All these things should be worked out on the practice tee so that a round of golf can be devoted to "scoring concentration."

Bud Ward

Ernest Jones, Glen Head, New York, recommended:

Why not try to start with a definite principle instead of being confused with a maze of detail. Most discussions about golf are on differences of detail without any principle behind it, with the result that a great many would-be champions become contortionists instead of golfers. You should concentrate on trying to swing the club head. Both hands should be used to get force in the club head.

Advice from **Olin Dutra,** Los Angeles, was that:

The backswing is initiated by a turn of the hips to the right in co-ordination with the swing and control of the club through the left arm. The club head moves along the line of flight for twelve or fourteen inches and then swings inward to the right with the turn of the body. The path of the club is an oblique plane.

Said **Willie Hunter:**

I am of the opinion that the hips start the backswing, but I do not differentiate between the left and right. It is obvious that either one starts the other. It is easier in some cases to tell a pupil to start with a turn of the right hip and in others the left, but it amounts to the same thing.

QUESTION X

Do you believe anything of value to your golf game can be learned from:

	The Public Yes	Sports-casters Yes	Sports editors Yes	Amateurs Yes	Pros Yes	Fort Bliss Yes
Reading books about golf?	66.95%	63.54%	61.57%	75.59%	67.92%	85.56%
Studying moving pictures of golf stars in action?	83.05%	81.44%	73.87%	89.77%	95.24%	90.62%
Watching star golfers in tournaments?	87.17%	87.75%	85.02%	93.10%	95.45%	90.09%

The sports editors are the cynics all through. It may be that having read the books, they've had to pay off to some dope whose lips moved as he tried to read the words on a billboard. The pros' success in using movies in instruction may account for the high rating they give the flickers. Having learned the game themselves by imitating experts, they give the star influence prominence. The ordinary golfer having tried to copy the masters and achieving mainly a dislocation of his organs, is still hopeful he can pattern on the sharpshooters.

"Practically all well-known pros and amateurs," wrote **A. S. Trivison,** Wickliffe, Ohio, "have developed their game from imitation of the games of their instructors or idols." **George V. Rotan,** Houston, Texas, added: "Particularly for young golfers who still have the imitative faculty, more benefit is to be derived from careful observation of expert play than from any other means." **Merrill Lord,** New Bedford, Massachusetts, revealed: "I feel I qualify as an expert on golf books, as I once collected and owned the second largest golf library in the world, and also formerly had a State Handicap of 3, but there was no connection between the two." **Frank Dolp,** San Francisco, suggested: "Books on golf can be useful if golfers would select one and stay put. However, too often it starts them on a heavy reading schedule and causes too much theorizing." ♯♯

TERRY AND THE PIRATES
Copyright 1942 By News Syndicate Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S FIRST JAP FIGHTER...

Way back when the Jap-Chinese fray was still a hush-hush "Incident," Milton Caniff, clever creator of TERRY AND THE PIRATES, was drawing heel-clicking Germans into the Oriental setting of his popular comic-strip adventure story. Long before Pearl Harbor, Terry and the Pirates were showing up the Japs in their true colors. Caniff scooped the front pages by predicting the Hitler-Hirohito handshake, and scored a bull's eye in history . . . on the funny page!

The story behind Caniff and his funny-favorite, Terry, is more than the entertaining story of a young guy full of energy and ideas. Read AMERICA'S PIONEER JAP FIGHTER, a punchy article in the June issue of CORONET magazine, and see how Caniff's characters—from Pat Ryan and the Dragon Lady to Burma and Big Stoop—have influenced their 20,000,000 followers. From Washington Naval Strategists who realized the worth of some of Caniff's military "inventions," to college mourners who petitioned Caniff to bring beautiful Raven Sherman back to life, all have taken TERRY AND THE PIRATES seriously.

Don't miss AMERICA'S PIONEER JAP FIGHTER. You'll enjoy the article, and—particularly if you're a Terry fan yourself—you'll like the special double-size gatefold painted especially for CORONET by Milton Caniff. The full-color gatefold shows Terry's Family Album, pictures of the heroes and the villains in this most popular of all comic strips.

CHALK THESE UP FOR READING PICK-ME-UPS, TOO...
THEY'RE IN THE SPARKLING JUNE CORONET

WALK, BROTHER, WALK! *by Bernarr Macfadden* . . . cheering news for car-less Americans from a famous health authority who tells you how to "take it in your stride," and come out a happier, healthier guy.

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN MORALS *by Michael Evans* . . . When almost half of the adult population of a country must leave home, what happens to the other half? What long-range effects on our sex morals is this war going to have? And what are the signs of a coming revolution in morals which can already be seen?

JUNGLE PERFORMERS *by Clyde Beatty* . . . Thrills and chills in the animal trainer's cage, as told by the most famous trainer of them all. This is Coronet's bookette for June, a 6,000 word condensation of Beatty's book on his almost incredibly dangerous life with the "big cats."

CORONET

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR...

PIONEER PRESENTS

Sunny Styles

FOR SUMMER DAYS

BELTS for Sports & Leisure Wear . . . (illustrated above) top: Popular sand tone leather, harness-stitched — $1 (bottom). Always in good taste. White Calfskin with brown edges; leather covered buckle—$1.50.

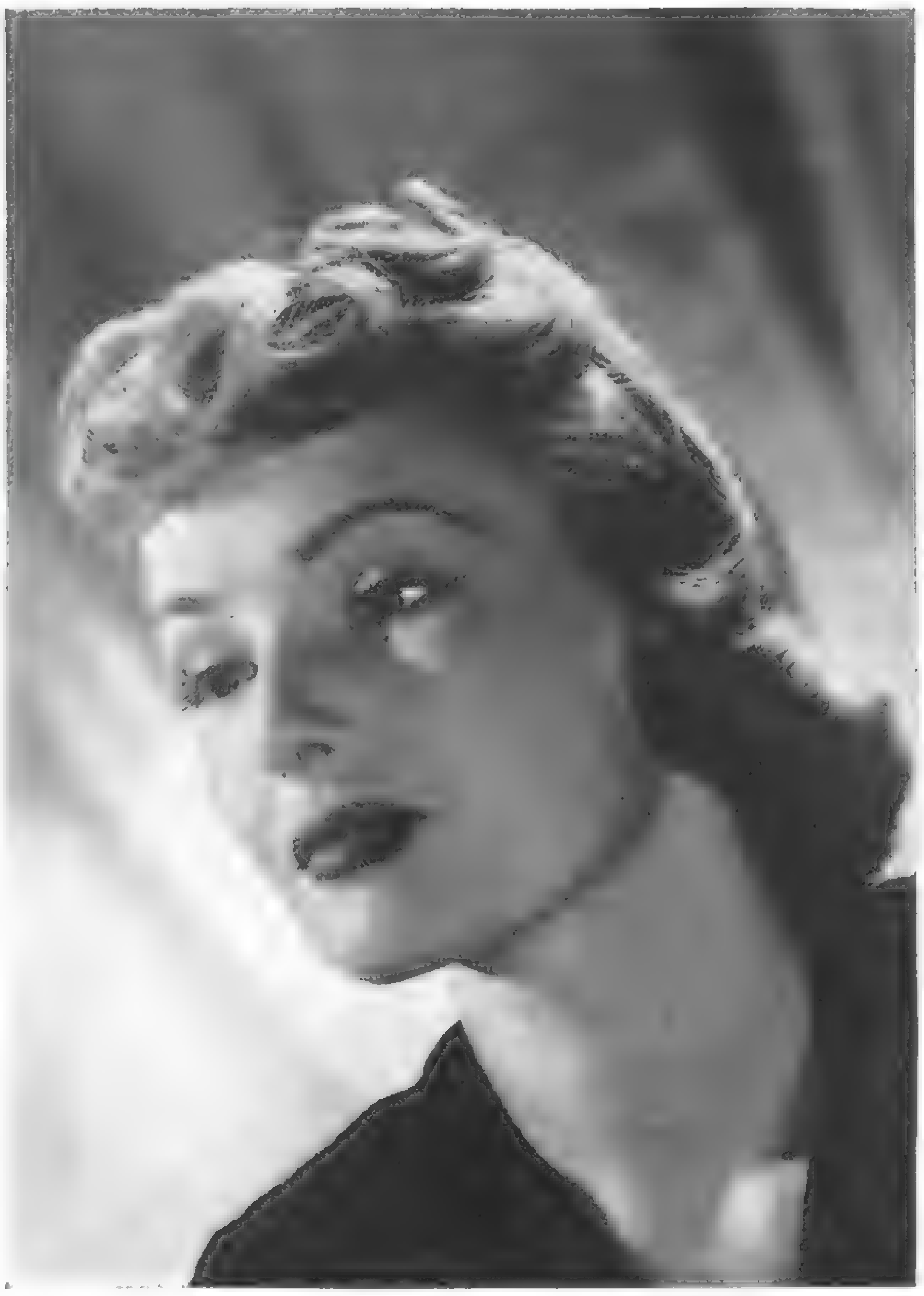
BRACES—Light & Comfortable . . . (illustrated below) left: Wide English-type Braces of fine knitted cotton—$2 (right). Tri-tone stripings in new *Airweb* (mesh) weave—$1.

See these smart new styles at men's wear counters everywhere.

PIONEER

PIONEER

ACCESSORIES FOR MEN SINCE 1877 · PHILADELPHIA, PA.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK BRADLEY

Model Conduct

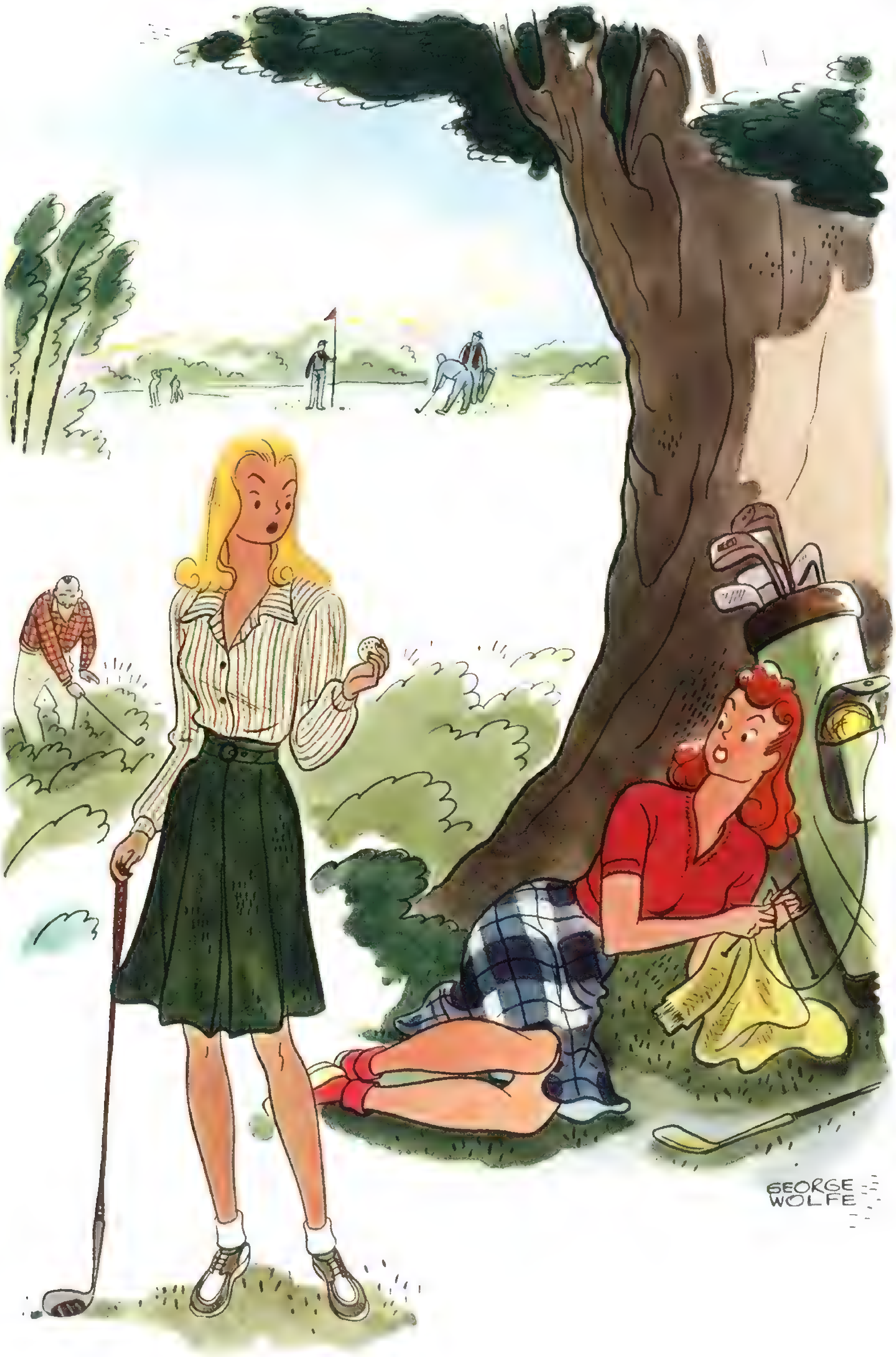
Interviews on men with America's most popular models

SUSANN SHAW

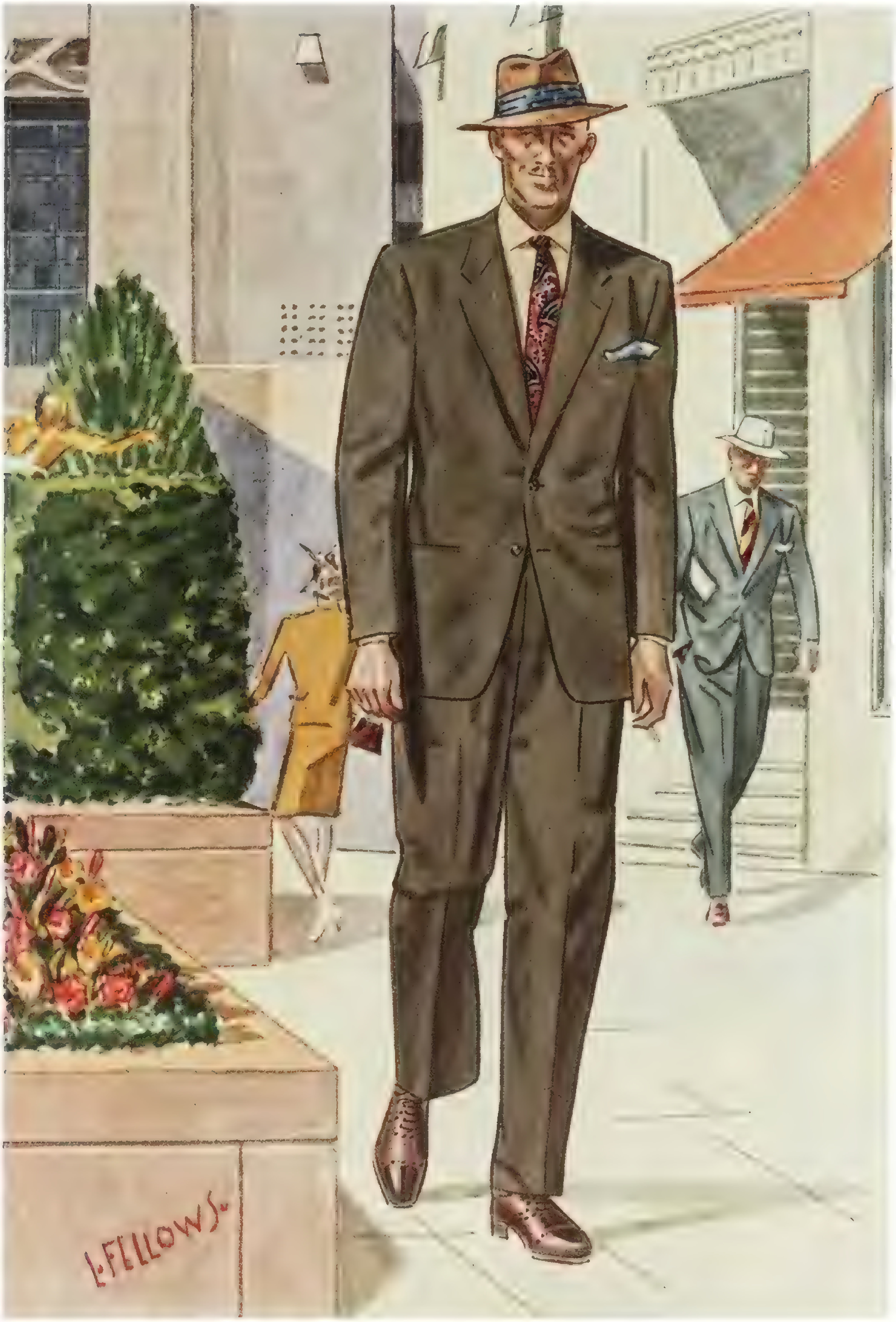
In a special competition held by the Association of Editors and Publishers last year, in convention assembled, Susann Shaw was selected as the most beautiful professional model extant. Miss Shaw is in special demand for color photography assignments, her absolutely flawless complexion meeting the rigorous demands with flying colors. Twin hobbies are her camera and her cook book.

Miss Shaw on Men: "Any fellow who uses his bankroll as a substitute for ingenuity in planning an evening is out as far as I'm concerned. Every girl likes to do the town once in a while, but this business of always buying entertainment instead of thinking it up gets to be awfully monotonous. The chap who comes through with an original idea is always a welcome caller. For example, the other night I had a three-hour dinner with a friend at a really out of the way inn and then went bowling. There's nothing remarkable about that, but at least it was a little different. 'Hobby dates' are a lot of fun too. If a boy and girl are interested in photography, they can spend a marvelous day just taking pictures. Or if a fellow collects antiques or something, what girl wouldn't love to prowl around the shops with him? Sometimes we get three couples together and stage a dinner for which each girl must cook a different course. Or if anyone in the party has a home recording machine, you can't miss having a hilarious evening making amateur records. Sports events are always a lot of fun. Once I was invited to a snowball fight and had the time of my life. Only don't forget—once in a while a girl likes a chance to get dressed up so everyone can see how pretty she is."

Vital Statistics: *Name:* Susann Shaw. *Model Agency:* Conover. *Home Town:* Pasadena, Calif. *Age:* 22. *Height:* 5′ 8″. *Weight:* 110. *Bust:* 34. *Waist:* 25. *Hips:* 36. *Hair:* Blonde. *Eyes:* Green.


GEORGE
WOLFE

"After we're married, I'm going to tell him I don't like golf!"



cool customer in a brown study

Hot stuff, this city . . . especially in July . . . but January or July, you dress the same if you hang your hat in an office. I'd like nothing better than to slouch around Rockefeller Center in my old dungarees and sneakers, but unfortunately businessmen have to look the way people think businessmen should look. So look at me, brother, you wouldn't believe me if I told you I was comfortable wearing an outfit like this on a day like this? Well, so I am . . . but my suit is made of Brownstone tropical worsted, which looks like somethin' and feels like nothin'. You can see I threw away the vest, and welt pockets add to the streamlining. My shirt is thin madras, the socks are lisle, and even my town last shoes have thin soles. This outfit's a fooler in hot weather, and keeps me the good humor man that I am . . . heh, heh . . . My hat? . . . I forgot I had one! It's brown mesh panama!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Dear Esky ...

Look mister, you can't get away with this!

I read your ad about the new Varga playing cards. They sounded like a swell buy to me, at a dollar a deck. And when you said I could have a free copy of your new book on the most popular card games of the day -- Esquire's Compleat Card Player -- I sent for my Varga double decks.

I'm not kicking about Esquire's Compleat Card Player -- it's swell! I've really got the boys guessing with your system of playing poker to win, and I'm practically the cafe society kid now that I know how to play French Belote ... and gin rummy ... and the new three-handed bridge ... and 20 kinds of poker. Even solitaire is fun played your seven ways. So don't get me wrong -- I know you could get 50 cents for that handy 62-page booklet any day and thanks for my free copy ... but ...

Why didn't you explain about the cards? Yeah, I know -- you said they were indelibly printed on sturdy two-ply stock, that they'd outlast several decks of ordinary cards. You explained how that glass-like cellulose coating made them moisture-resistant, said I could spill drinks on 'em and never give a care. You told me how I could wash them just by wiping them with a damp cloth.

My cards have taken a terrific beating, but they're still as crisp and bright as new. Everything you said was true, all right.

But what you didn't say -- and, old man, I hardly think it's fair -- was that these cards are so darned beautiful they put me out of this world. I haven't the heart to play my favorite card game with them -- and, after 22 years of playing that game every single day, this is certainly upsetting my life.

I mean, who ever heard of playing Old Maid with a Varga girl?

Curses on you, little man --

John Doe

(Not to be confused with anyone of the same name)

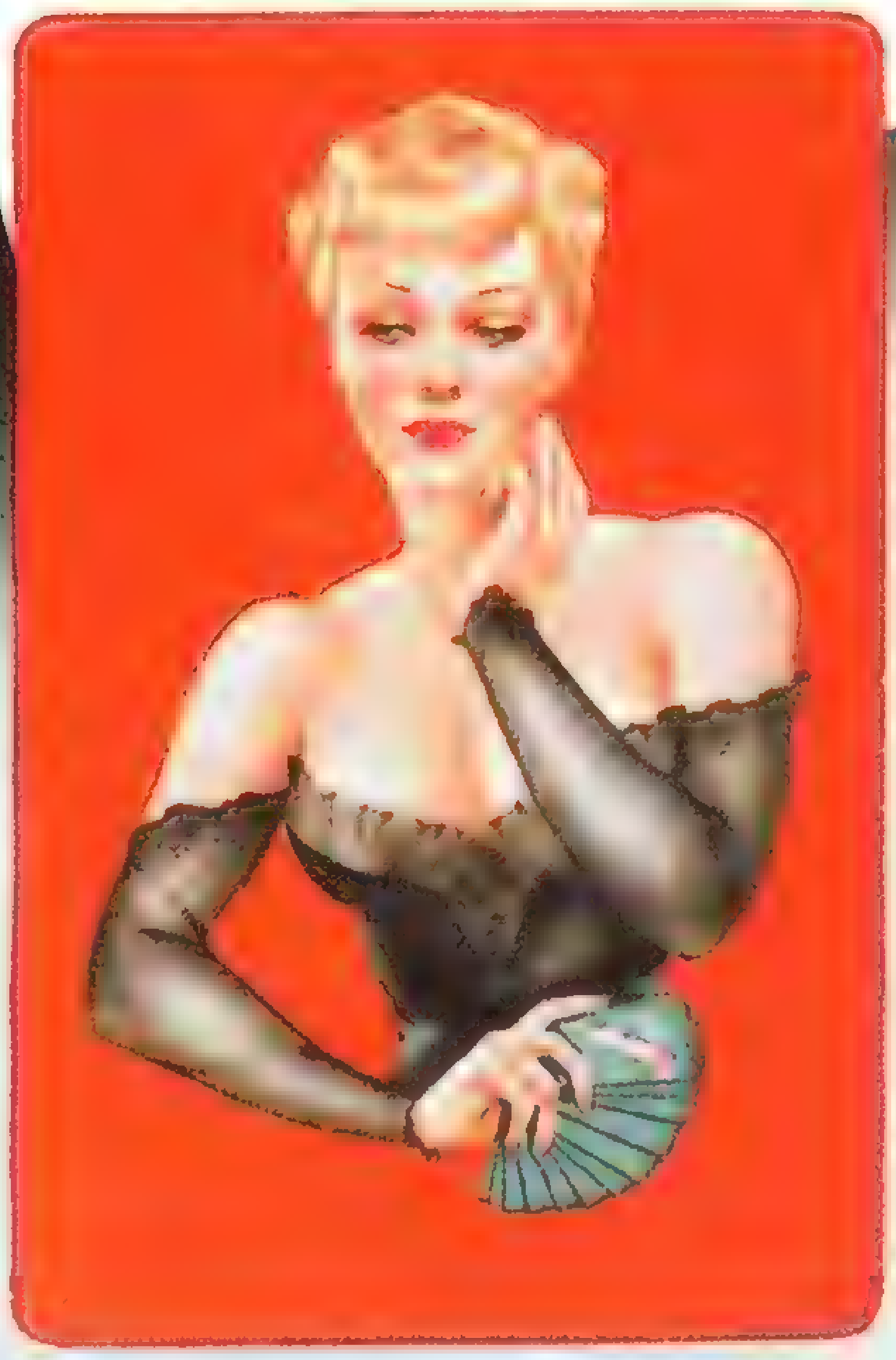
Esquire's Compleat Card-Player

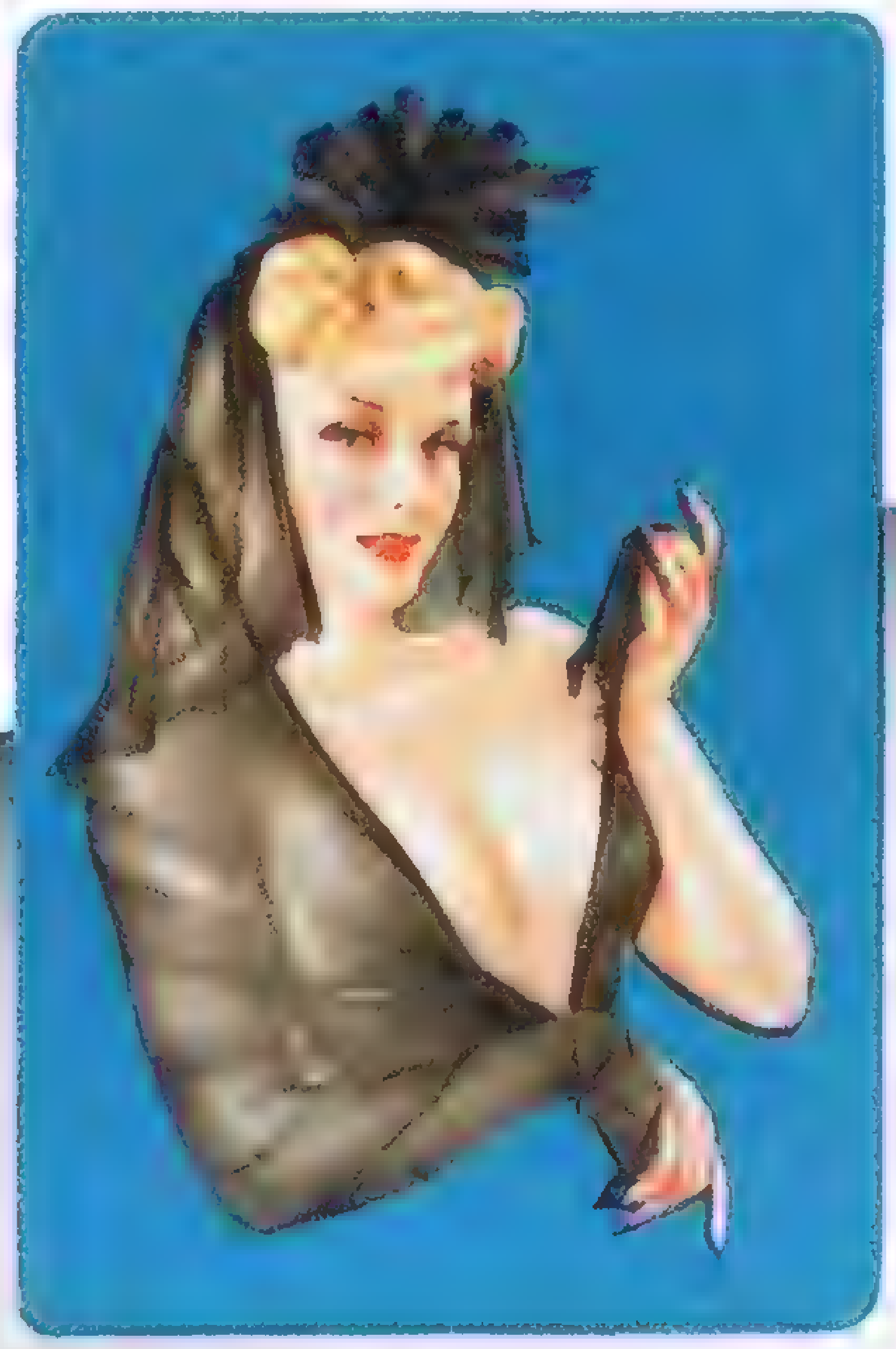
Two-thirds actual size

Free

Seriously, dear reader, one look, one touch, and you'll agree that the new Varga dollar decks are give-aways at this price. We're so sure of that, that *we guarantee you complete satisfaction or your money will be promptly refunded.* And remember, with every pair of the new Varga decks, you get a copy of Esquire's Compleat Card Player—a handy guide to bigger and better times at your card table—*absolutely free!* Use the convenient coupon to order yours, today!

actual size


"A" DECK


"B" DECK

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILL.

Here is my order for the new Varga Dollar Decks of playing cards (moisture-resistant and cleanable). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return them and that my original purchase price will be refunded.

I enclose $________Please send me:

____pairs of both decks (in double box) @ $2 per pair

NOTE: With the above order only, with each pair of Dollar Decks, you will also receive, absolutely free, a copy of the limited edition of Esquire's Compleat Card Player

____ "A" decks @ $1 per deck

____ "B" decks @ $1 per deck

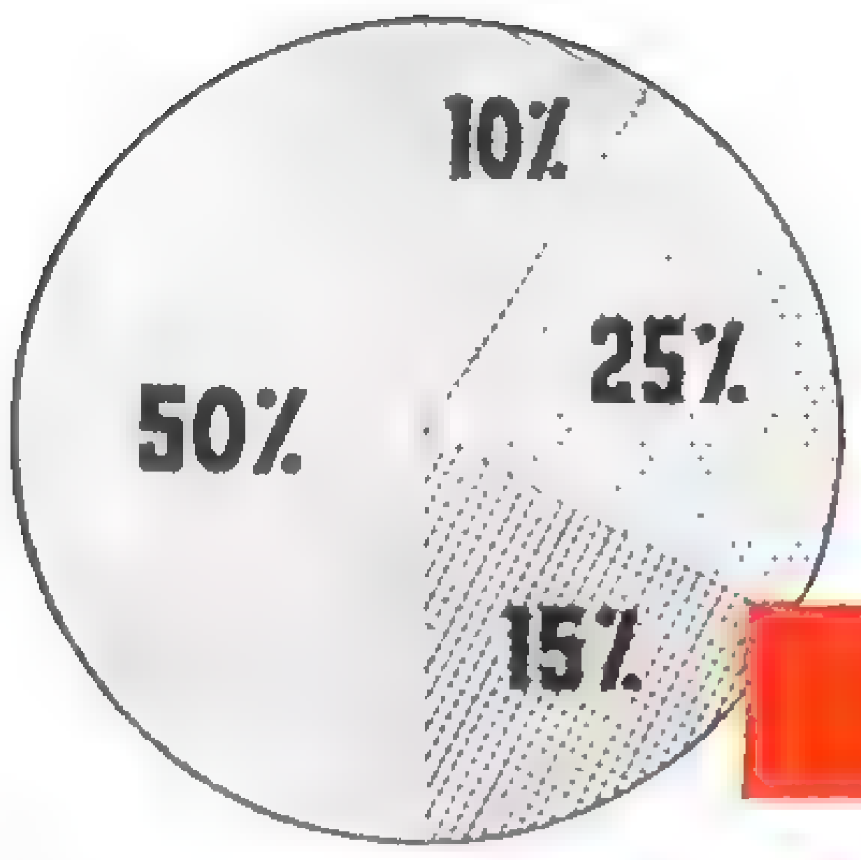
My Name________________
please print

Address.

City-State

(U. S. orders only; no stamps, please)

ATTENTION CARD CLUB MEMBERS: Special rates are available for Varga Dollar Decks purchased in bulk for club play. Rates promptly on request.



Red Cross accounts are audited by the War Department

How your
RED CROSS DOLLARS
are working

It is not as easy to budget as your Community Chest, Church or Country Club but, broadly, this is how your war fund is being spent.*

One Half for the Armed Forces.

Our Army and Navy—the men who must do the fighting.

With them wherever they go. Right now, in approximately 1000 camps, posts and stations. In this country, in Hawaii, the Philippines, the Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Newfoundland, Iceland, Alaska, Ireland and Australia—(where next?)

Buildings, equipment, trained personnel to provide a "heart" for a tough and hard-boiled fighting force. To give understanding help in every personal or family problem, to bring relief from burdensome worries, to keep the morale that wins all wars.

And for the wounded and sick, a service that brings courage and cheer to hospital wards. Operation of recreation buildings for convalescents. Care that brings them back to usefulness. Blood for transfusions from the growing army of blood donors. "Gray Ladies" who understand the human needs.

Selection, organizing and training of all of those who volunteer for Red Cross service at the front. Enrollment of 50,000 nurses as a reserve supply for Army and Navy hospitals as the need increases.

Ten Percent Going for Civilian Emergencies

As they came, we've met them, out of your dollars even before they were given. In Honolulu, in the Philippines, along the water fronts when blasted ships came limping into port. Only a little to what we may expect, but the millions that have already gone to meet these urgent needs did their job well.

One Quarter for Preparedness.

Your Red Cross will be ready to do its part, if plans and organization and civilian training and stockpiles are the measure of our preparedness.

Even the millions that are invested in this may not be enough, another year of war will bring new needs.

But for months ahead your War Fund has made sure that if and when and wherever the enemy strikes, we will be ready, with man power and woman power, with food, and shelter and transportation, with organization and with trained skill.

Volunteer services? Yes, largely. But your dollars are behind that volunteer to guarantee effectiveness.

• • •

Is twenty-five cents out of each dollar too much—to be prepared?

Balance for Chapter Use

You and your neighbors who are the army of the Red Cross. Some twenty-eight million of you adults and juniors banded together in every community, ready for any call for money or for service. Doing your bit out of your busy lives. Keeping your sector of the war ready for anything. Making the Red Cross a factor in community service. You are the foundation of it all and the link that workers at the front must have with the folks at home. You are the producers from whose work-rooms flow the tons of material, bandages, clothing and supplies.

You use that fifteen cents out of each dollar that you give and spend it for the needs that you know best about.

Norman H. Davis

Chairman, American Red Cross

**No specific percentage is shown for the expenses of the executive and financial offices. Income from endowment and invested funds is sufficient for this purpose.*

This page contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers.

The Sacrifice Hit

Continued from page 59

high. Well, I've never seen but two men make a catch like that—Lloyd Waner and Augie Galan.

But while all this was going on, old Father Time over in right was having just about as bad a day as any ball player could ever expect to have. The Broncs got runners on third and the keystone in the second with two away. The weakest hitter on the team, batting next the pitcher, came up and golfed a high short pop-up toward right. They concede the putout on a ball like that in the picnic games between the Fats and the Leans, and old Cy Slocumb was under that ball long enough to pose for a Kodachrome shot, but when it finally come down, he lost it a moment in the sun at the very last instant, and it trickled off his wobbly glove. Both base-runners of course romped in, and the old ball game was all knotted up.

The chant of the girl at the beach is: "What is life without a lifeguard?"

But the most remarkable thing of all now occurred—more remarkable than the appearance of a wobbly old man dropping easy flies out in the outfield of a league contest. There wasn't a sound of disapproval from the stands! Believe it or not, Mr. Riplogle. Even more strange, when Mr. Slocumb came up with the bases loaded in the fifth, a little breeze of hand-clapping gathered all around the grandstand.

But it was simply a very bad day all around for Grandpappy Slocumb, as a called third strike slipped by him and the Pilgrims' chance went blah. This was truly a set-up spot for a round of booing; yet not a single sound of disapproval came from the bleachers, and Slocumb himself seemed to be the only person in the ball park who was openly disgusted with his failure. It was all mighty puzzling to me. I don't recall ever seeing anything quite like it in all my years in baseball.

Then to climax the contrast, Warwick caught a hold of one *right* in the eighth, and it was the old ball game, via the center field bleachers. Even amid my own excitement over the way I had seen that boy flip his bat at that high fast one, I noticed that one of the chief pandemoniumists was the Pilgrim Father who held down the right field beat for no apparent good reason.

My exit from the ball park was as unostentatious as my entrance. My verdict was already in on that Warwick boy. I had noticed that as Cy Slocumb brought the game to an end in the ninth by actually catching one of those easy pops, Rudy Warwick ran over and shook hands with him. The two men then came in toward the dug-out side by side, talking back and forth. Why, I wondered, was everybody in Pilgrimville, including my potential purchase, so intent on covering up the mistakes of an athlete who was old enough to be the brother of the lady on your Aunt Eppie's cameo brooch?

I dined alone at the hick hotel, ruminating the meanwhile on just about how much dough it would take to transplant this kid Warwick. Also on just how it was that this old guy, Slocumb, could keep on walking around in a trance without rousing the ire of these hometown customers.

An hour later I dropped over to Hank Peters', and was greeted all too buoyantly with: "Come right on in, Mule. I've been expectin' you around most any day now. Glad to see you in the stands today."

Hank's handshake was cordial, but I was a little cold maybe from wondering how he knew I was there. I came right out with: "If that's on the up-and-up, pal, then why didn't you give me the high sign?"

"Didn't dast do anything that could be construed as leadin' the witness," he gloated, a bit confidently, I thought distastefully. "Sorter wanted to watch your lamps bulge, my friend," he drawled, "when you seen this kid go."

"How much you want for him?" I asked bluntly, not being much on kiddin' around with Hank. The more you kid with guys like him, the more it costs you. They *like* the dickerin' too well; they just enjoy keeping it going on as long as possible, just for the pleasure of it. Cat and mouse, you know; when *they're* the cat. That's why I figure it's just as safe to work fast, and *cheaper*.

"How much you give?" of course he bounced back.

"I'll make it fifteen grand and no questions asked."

"I'll take thirty and ask plenty questions."

"*What*, for instance?"

"Well," grinned Hank triumphantly, "is the transaction cash on the barrel head?"

"Thirty thousand bucks is a lot of *cash*," I countered. "*Too* much."

"Yea," whined Hank. "Too much for *some* . . . but not *too* much for Rudy Warwick. Them guys don't come *ever* day."

"He's mighty young."

"I'm glad you brought that up," he said quickly but I noticed there was a turn toward a softer tone in tough old Pigiron Hank's tone then. "*Yes* it *is* too bad the lad's so young," he went on with

Continued on page 152

Junior is proving it's smart to give Dad

Wembley NOR-EAST Ties

They're Non-Crush

Choose Dad's favorite colors in Wembley Ties—his pet patterns—the kind he becomes devoted to—and *wears* and *wears*. That's where Priestley's NOR-EAST Non-Crush fabric proves its worth. It is resilient—fights wrinkles—ties into a trim, smart knot, time after time. See these newest Wembley styles:

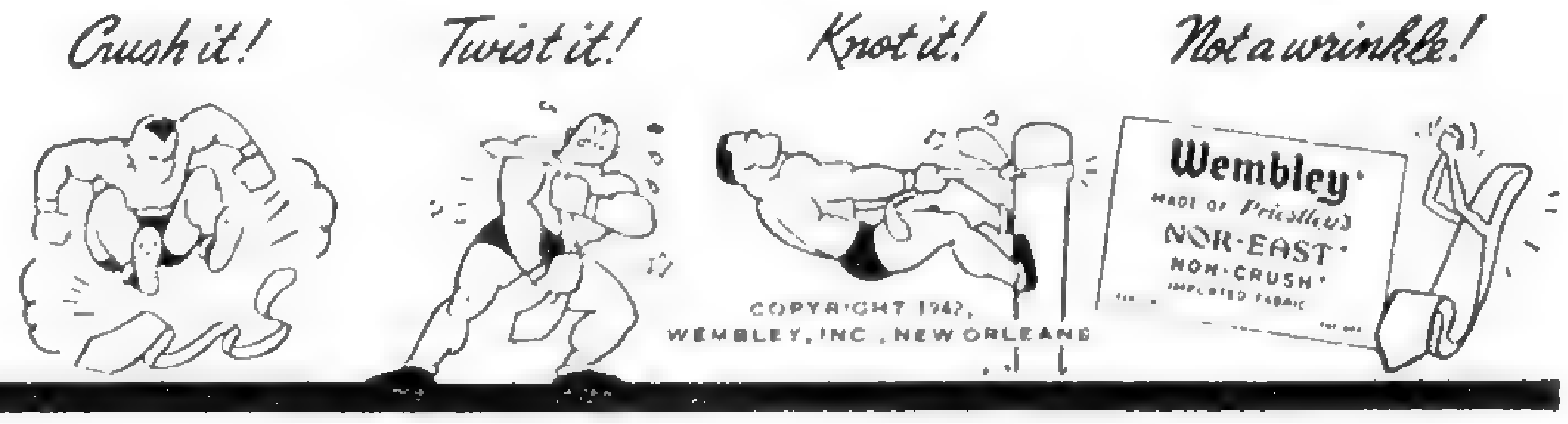
Hawaii Tan - Frost-Weaves - Bali Bronze
Club Stripes - Nassau Blue

See Father's Gifts at *his* favorite store

The gifts that Dad has admired the most are pretty likely to be at his favorite men's store. There you'll find furnishings a little nicer than those he buys himself—shirts and ties and socks that will give him pleasure every time he wears them. Of course, we do feel that he will prefer above all the Wembley NOR-EAST Ties that American dads have made the most popular dollar neckwear in the whole wide world.

Send for free folder of 24 new shades in solid colors.
To be sure it's a genuine Non-Crush tie, look for the Wembley NOR-EAST label.

All $1



COPYRIGHT 1942, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

For Distinguished Service

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER

Army Officers' DRESS and SERVICE SHOES

Smooth, smart comfort .. fine custom-grade shoemaking .. economical, distinguished service. These are some of the qualities that make these models top-ranking choices in officers' footwear.

SERVICE SHOE (Style 297)
Extra high top to keep out dust and dirt. Cut from choice, brown bark-tanned calfskin. "Antique" finish. Calf-lined vamp.

"DOUBLE DUTY" OXFORD (Style 279)
Plain straight tip blucher. Double sole. Calf lined. Made from fine quality brown calfskin.

"CHUKKA" BOOT (Style 290)
2-eyelet boot for dress or service. Ankle height and bellows tongue for protection against dirt and dust. Calf lined vamp.

AVIATOR'S DRESS OXFORD (Style 299)
Smart, plain toe model cut from choice brown calfskin. Leather lined. Bronze buckle and strap

DRESS OXFORD (Style 295)
Cut from choice brown calfskin. Monk-type front with bronze buckle and strap. Full calf lined.

ALL PURPOSE OXFORD (Style 298)
Plain toe, full leather lined, tan calf oxford. *Also carried in blucher pattern in Style 213.*

Factory & Executive Offices
63 MELCHER ST., BOSTON

THESE SHOES ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL POST EXCHANGES . . . COAST TO COAST

The Sacrifice Hit

Continued from pages 59-151

a touch of a kind of sarcasm. "Major league maggots don't like to get 'em *too* young that way, *do* they? It has a tendency to make 'em stick around too many years. After all, one box office can only hold so much jack, you know; and if a great drawing card insisted on wearing out his welcome and continued to bring in more dough at the gate, where would they store all that gold? Fort Knox is full, you know."

"I'll give you twenty thousand?" I said, anxious to end his rambling in that direction. The thought of gold in the mind of Hank Peters would be enough to make him *start* like a man on a nightmare.

"I'll take twenty-five!"

Mentally my hand was already reaching for the check book, and I was just about to close the deal with the statement: "You've just sold a ball player," when something seemed to tell me to hold back. There was too much here I didn't know about. The price was too good for a ball player like Warwick, from a money-hound in hard straits like Hank Peters. So I said casually instead: "That's quite a combination you got out there, Hank . . . robbin' the cradle in left, and Old Man Time himself in right. I don't think I've ever seen anything like it."

"Yea it *is*," Hank agreed glumly.

"And another thing I never saw in baseball in all my days is a guy have a day like he had this afternoon and never got a single yuff from the wolves."

"No, and you never will."

"He's fifty, if he's a day, isn't he?"

"Not quite, but that doesn't make any difference. Cy Slocumb could play ball in this man's town until he had the palsy, and you'd never hear a word against him in the stands."

"H'm," I muttered, remembering those Blue Shirts out in the bleachers at St. Louis. (McGraw used to say: "Everyone of 'em's a *murderer* at heart!") "I don't get it," I admitted, baffled.

"It's a long story," answered Hank, honestly. "But it's about like this. What does a young ball player think about more than anything else?"

"Women," I answered, with equal honesty and straight-forwardness.

"No, I mean in the business way."

"Going *up*."

"Sure. That's right. That's it. Going *up*. Getting a shot at the big dough. You'd never guess it now, but not so awful many years ago Cy Slocumb was a young fella . . . a pretty good ball player, too, in them days. He was just about the best hitter this league ever saw, and he could get around . . . *then*. All he ever thought about was improving his game, going *up*."

"But he never got the chance; they overlooked him?"

"That's right."

"Why? What was his weakness? There's always one to explain things like that."

"Why," he answered sort of evasively, "I suppose you might call it . . . heart. You scouts are too goddamed technical. You get too wrapped up in your technicalities. That's why you let so many of these good young ball players get away . . . or rot away, neglected like Cy was until their day is gone. Oh well," Hank drawled on philosophically, "there's a lot of luck in this fool game, a lot of chance. The best pitcher I *ever* saw . . ."

"There's more to it than *that*," I interrupted defensively. "Forget the bush pitcher and tell me what happened to this Slocumb."

"No color. That's the way they put it . . . to *themselves*, at any rate. Just a plugger. You can't *learn* this game. *You* know that. Either you've got it or you ain't. And they didn't think Cy looked like a big league ball player; they didn't like him as a big leaguer. Now this Warwick . . ."

"No magnetism; no showmanship." I muttered, half to myself, thinking of this Slocumb, and the many I'd seen like him, no color, no personality.

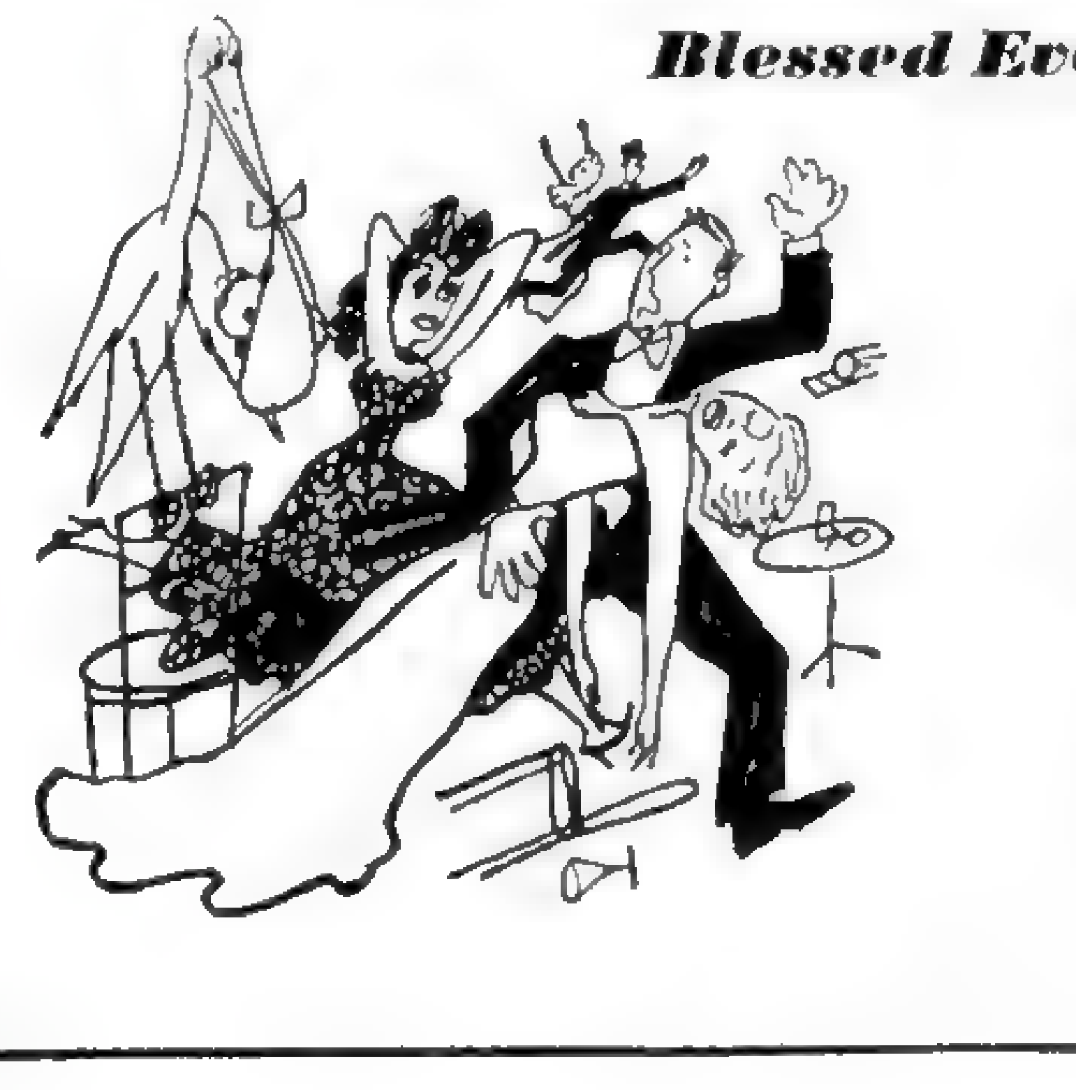
"Warwick?"

"No, I mean Slocumb."

"Yea, that's right. That's it. But Cy never could understand it. He believed that good honest achievement would be rewarded, inevitably. He worked hard, morning practice, you know; ran out every hit—all that stuff; and when he led the loop in hitting the first time he broke out in a rash, figur-

MANHATTAN MYTHOLOGY

Blessed Event



If
Ever
The Stork
Invaded
The Stork Club
That certainly would
Panic the patrons.

ing he was a cinch to go up."

"Any nibbles?"

"No soap. A couple of the tramps gave him a glimpse, but decided—no color. Next season he came right back with the same old determination. Hit .360, too, which is good going in *any* league, as you and I know. Led the loop in homers, too. And the word got around a bit on the grapevine. Four or five of the boys came through. But again they gave him the go-by, No color. The trademark that was to stick to the end of his career.... No color," said Hank soberly. "I wonder. No personality!"

"Well, there's more to it than that," I insisted, almost savagely.

"He just continued whamming the old rock around for four or five seasons," continued Hank reminiscently. "And at the same time just about eating his heart out all the time, because he wasn't getting that chance he figured he was earning. But he never gave up hope. It even got to be a kind of gag in the whole league . . . 'When Slocumb goes up.' . . . But of course nobody ever let a crack like that fall around Cy. He's the kind of fellow nobody would intentionally hurt for the world. It just wasn't in the cubes for him to win."

"Yea, I know how it is," I agreed, "all about that."

"There was the years piling up on Cy, with him spending each season looking for the silver lining. Always a three-fifty or better hitter, and what's more, always bearing down, always hustling. He never gave up. He was thirty-five when he had his best year, and was still looking for that big moment.... Then it *came!* ... But, of course, it wasn't what Cy expected, or wanted . . . nobody would." Hank drooled his chaw into his horny paw and pitched it away disgustedly, almost angrily. Then he went on: "There's a citizen in this town, Mule, who has probably done more for it than any one guy ever did for one single community in all this country of ours. No man was ever more beloved by his neighbors than the man I happen to be digressing about right at this moment. He was always doing something for somebody or some section of the town, and the constituency was wrapped up in him and his boy—just a tyke, the latter. Everybody hereabouts knew the Father and the Son. The little fellow had a Shetland pony and almost any time of the day you could see Junior and his bantam steed together. If he wasn't galloping up the road, or didn't have the little bay hitched close by while he was making great inroads on the season's ice cream crop, the lad would be sprawled under some tree while his pony grazed nearby. Did you ever own a pony, yourself, Mule?"

"No," I said, "but I had a dog when I was a kid."

"Well, that pony was as devoted to this little kid as a dog. On the particular afternoon when this town got its greatest shock the little fella was jogging along out on the Grant's Mill Pike bound for the swimmin' hole. Just beyond the old Thompson Place here come a car like a bat out of hell.... The little cuss never had a chance."

"Hit and run."

"Yeah, the rat never stopped. How it didn't kill the lad instantly nobody ever knew. The speeding car was on over the hill before old man Thompson had a chance to get the license number. He gathered up the kid and rushed him to the hospital. Blood transfusions, they said, was the only chance. They called for volunteers. It just happened, coincidence like, that Cy Slocumb had had the biggest day of his career that afternoon...in fact, the last real big day he *ever* had. Just as soon as the baseball boys got back to town and heard the news, Cy beat it to the hospital and offered his blood. They matched him up, and the transfusions began . . . Old Cy laid an egg today, didn't he, Mule?" coughed Hank, suddenly changing his tone.

I nodded my head vertically in silent fashion.

"But you didn't hear any panning."

"No."

"And you never will. When they started draining Cy of his blood one of surgery's grimmest fights was on. It looked like a hopeless task to the surgeon in the beginning, but he kept on, and Cy in there all the time eagerly offering his blood."

"That weakens a man powerfully, doesn't it?"

"Ordinarily it don't, but it was such a constant drain in this particular case—there were so many transfusions, you know—that it began to tell on old Cy. The tyke had his good days and his bad days, hospital attendants being the souls of optimism when the kid showed improvement and then walking around with faces as long as California when the relapses came. And old Cy sticking

Continued on page 154

Consolation

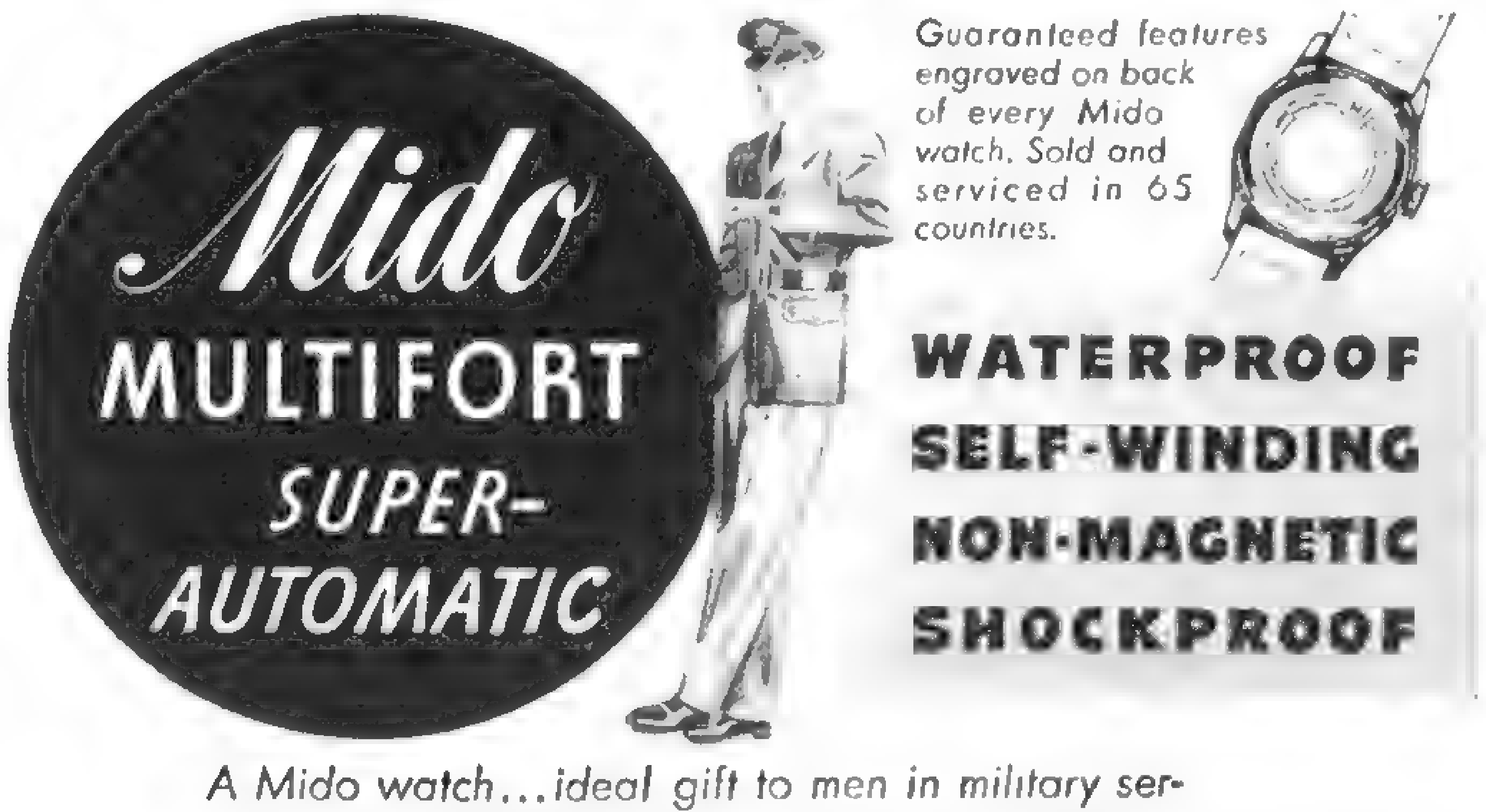
All those baseball managers who were going to win the pennant this year may not have been any more accurate with their predictions than Hitler, but they're much nicer.

Mido THE WATERPROOF WATCH THAT WINDS ITSELF...
KITCHENER
MARQUETTE
CROMWELL

KITCHENER—Stainless steel case, with radium hands and numerals, **$49.50.** **MARQUETTE**—Stainless steel case, sweep second hand, radium hands and numerals, **$60** • (Also available in yellow rolled gold plate case with stainless steel back, **$90**) • **CROMWELL**—Ultra de luxe case, 14K rose gold crown, lugs and top, stainless steel back, radium hands and numerals, **$110** • Other models up to $220. Federal tax included. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

MIDO SELF-WINDING personifies the miracle of modern mechanical genius. There is no possibility of its being thrown off temporarily, or of getting out of order because of over-winding. You never wind Mido. SELF-WINDING means that you wear it and forget it. The natural motion of your arm keeps it going, telling honest time all the time. Mido is virtually immune to every hazard...Self-winding means Sure Timing...These Mido watches are 17 jewel.

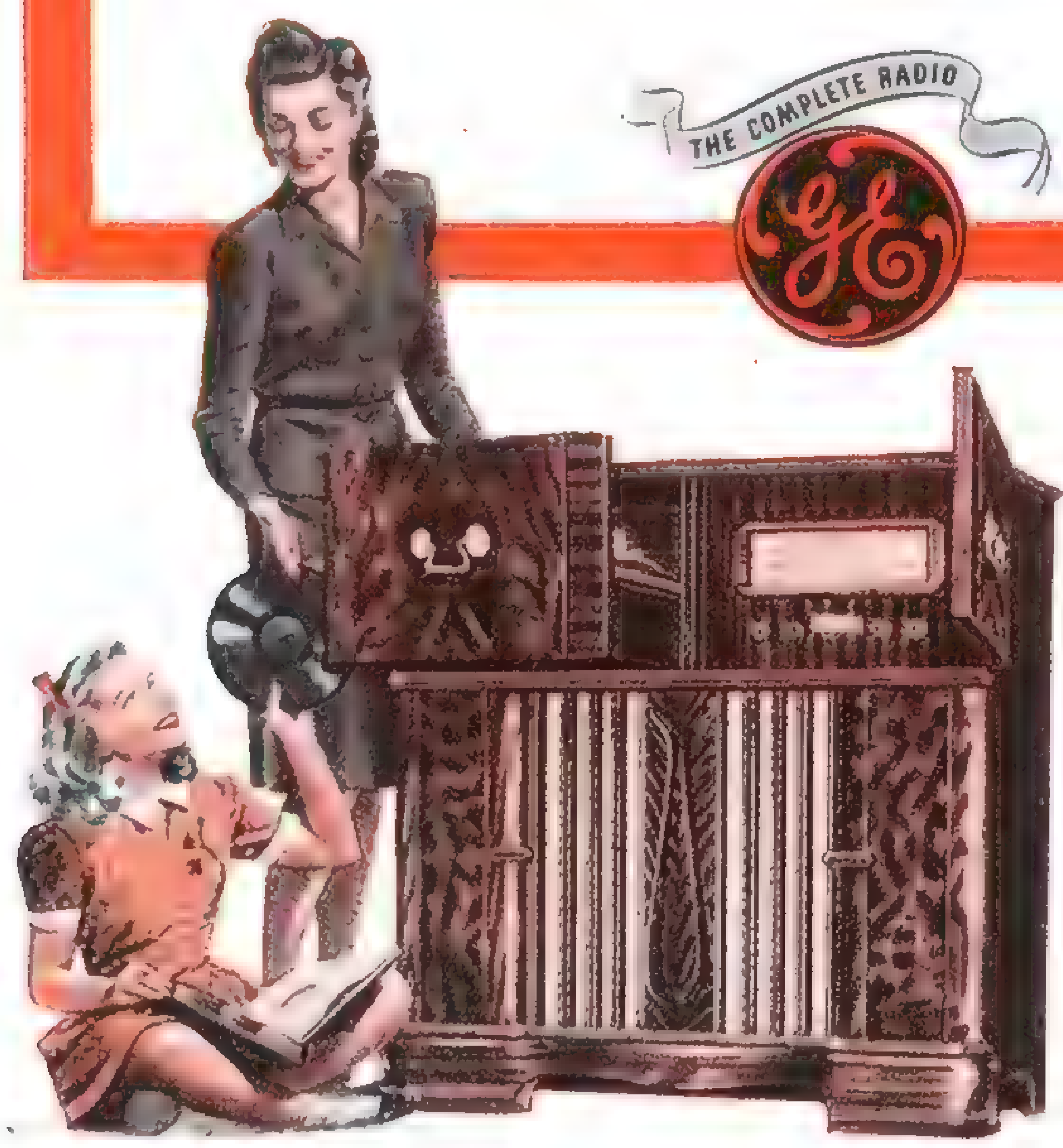
Free—illustrated folder at your local jeweler—or write to Dept. 8, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., New York. 410 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada.


Mido
MULTIFORT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC
Guaranteed features engraved on back of every Mido watch. Sold and serviced in 65 countries.
WATERPROOF
SELF-WINDING
NON-MAGNETIC
SHOCKPROOF

A Mido watch...ideal gift to men in military service...invaluable to doctors, executives and athletes.

HAVE YOU HEARD FRAZIER HUNT'S first-hand reports on men and events in the news of the day? This noted news analyst and roving reporter is heard on the G-E Radio News Program broadcast every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening on the Columbia and the American (FM) Networks.

How to Make Your Radio Last Longer



NO MORE RADIOS! Remember—there aren't going to be any more radios built until after the war. So take good care of the one you have.

You depend a lot on your radio today. Here's what you can do to help prolong its life!

Is your radio near a radiator? That's not the best place for it! Too much heat may warp the cabinet—may dry out the electrical insulation—may shorten the life of the set.

Is your radio located near a window? Then—move it before you forget. An open window—a sudden shower—and the cabinet may be damaged or the electrical insulation may be short-circuited.

You shouldn't try to clean out the back of your radio with a piece of cloth! You may jar loose the tubes or disturb the electrical wiring. Dust won't harm your radio! If you wish to clean it—blow out the dust with your vacuum cleaner.

Young children ought not to operate the radio-phonograph. They may damage the player mechanism or put it out of adjustment. Load the records for them and avoid trouble.

Ask the General Electric Radio service man to inspect your radio regularly. A periodic "check-up and tune-up" is sure to prolong its life and keep it at peak performance.

WHEN YOUR RADIO NEEDS NEW TUBES ASK FOR GE Electronic RADIO TUBES FAMOUS FOR LONG LIFE AND FINE RECEPTION

The General Electric Radio is another product of G-E Electronic Research

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Sacrifice Hit

Continued from pages 59-151-153

by the post without a whimper."

"What did the doctors think?"

"Well, it seemed to them a hopeless assignment at first, but they redoubled their efforts when possible success loomed. It was a double ordeal for old Cy, undergoing this weakening process and being forced to listen to the little boy when he would ask how the pony was getting along. You see, he was in such a serious condition they were afraid to tell him he would never see his pony again. The sad part of it was that Cy was growing weaker all the time, without knowing it."

"It looks to me like the doctors would have protested."

"I'm getting to that. The surgeon knew what was happening, of course, and he came into Cy's room one morning and laid his cards on the table. He told Cy that he had given the last drop of blood he could afford to without endangering his own life. That was when Cy took charge. He informed the Doc that it was *his* blood and *his* life, and that he'd sacrifice both to give the little kid a chance."

"There was no other course for the doctors after that."

"That's the way Cy had it doped out. Well, Mule, believe it or not, three or four mornings later the hospital attendants told old Cy that the boy had passed the crisis and would get well. And," continued Hank, picking up, "that gets me down to the main part of my story. When Doc Auten broke the news that the lad was out of danger, Cy's whole system was torn by the shock. 'Say that again, Doc,' he pleaded. And when the Doc reassured him, Cy Slocumb made one of the greatest short speeches ever heard in this town. Them six words of eloquence form the reason why you'll never hear anybody ride him in this town. Everybody in this town knows that speech by heart. It was . . ." And old Pig-iron Hank sort of gulped. Then he went on gruffly: "Cy's words, as he looked at the Doc in response were: '*Thank God I never went up!*' " Then old Hank sort of looked down again, moodily.

We sat there kinda still for a while. Then finally old Hank went on: "I think he *will* eventually, don't you, Mule . . . in a *way?*"

"Yea, I suppose," I replied dully, not quite understanding. "But it's kinda late. . . . But what about the kid?" I finally went on. "What become of *him!*"

"Oh, *him*," recalled Hank, brightening. "*He's* all right! I hear he's been sold to a major league club for twenty-five grand!"

"Oh," I answered, reaching for my check book. "I'd most forgot about *that.*"

As I scrawled away at the check book, I seemed to be saying sort of automatic like: "Too bad about the other fella, though . . . Old Cy . . . No color."

"Yea," sniffed Hank sort of contemptuously, as he reached avidly for the check. "Yea. *That's* right. . . . No *color*. No color about *that* guy. No personality." ##

The collarless jacket of grey Glen Urquhart plaid worsted shows up on the fashion horizon in California.

Esquire on the Record
BEST SELLERS

Permanent *Transient*

RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey

Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini, N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-800

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Victor M-828

Symphony in D Minor (Franck); San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux. Victor M-840

Great Songs of Faith—from the Messiah, St. Paul, Elijah and St. John Passion; Marian Anderson with Orchestra. Victor M-850

Macbeth (Acts I, II, III & V) (Shakespeare); Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson. Victor M-878

Symphony No. 1 in E Minor (Sibelius); The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Victor M-881

Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Brahms); Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Victor M-875

Organ Reveries; Dick Leibert. Victor P-104

Waller on the Ivories; "Fats" Waller. Victor P-109

Favorite Love Songs; Frank Munn. Victor P-110

Musical Americana; Raymond Paige and his Orchestra. Victor G-28

What Is This Thing Called Love?; Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27782

Remember Pearl Harbor; Dear Mom; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27738

Winter Weather; How About You; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27749

This Time the Dream's On Me; Blues in the Night; Artie Shaw. Victor 27609

Easter Parade; My Buddy; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27811

Deep in the Heart of Texas; The Lamp of Memory; Wayne King. Victor 27808

I Said No; Deep in the Heart of Texas; Alvino Rey. Bluebird B-11391

Moonlight Cocktail; Happy in Love; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401

Dear Mom; Keep 'Em Flying; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11443

Not Mine; I'll Pray for You; Tony Pastor. Bluebird B-11467

I Look at Heaven (Based on Grieg's Concerto in A Minor); *I Can't Give You Anything But Love;* Dinah Shore—Freddy Martin. Bluebird B-11487

The Bon Marche, SE. 1231—4th Floor, Seattle, Washington

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-253

Fifth Symphony (Beethoven); Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-640

The Music of Johann Strauss; Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-262

Grand Canyon Suite (Grofe) André Kostelanetz and Orchestra. Columbia MM-463

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401

I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Bing Crosby. Decca 4184

A Zoot Suit; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36517

White Cliffs of Dover; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27704

I Got It Bad; Duke Ellington. Victor 27531

Shrine of St. Cecelia; Kate Smith. Columbia 36468

String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382

Yonce & Wise, Champaign, Illinois

Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini, N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-800

Symphony No. 6 in B Minor (Tschaikowsky); Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor DM-337

Symphony No. 8 in B Minor (Schubert); Serge Koussevitzky, and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-319

Scheherazade-Symphonic Suite (Rimsky-Korsakow); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor DM-269

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor DM-253

Chattanooga Choo-Choo; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11230

This Love of Mine; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27508

Intermezzo; Wayne King. Victor 26659

Tschaikowsky's Piano Concerto; Freddy Martin. Bluebird B-11211

Tonight We Love; Freddy Martin. Bluebird B-11320

Deep in the Heart of Texas; Alvino Rey. Bluebird B-11391

Shrine of St. Cecelia; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27691

How About You? Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27749

Rose O'Day; Freddy Martin. Bluebird B-11286

Daytona Book and Stationery Co., Box 1388, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Symphony in D Minor (Franck); San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-840

Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-265

Blue Danube Waltz (Johann Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Rhapsody in Blue (Gershwin); Kostelanetz and Orchestra. Columbia X-196

Unfinished Symphony (Schubert); Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-319

Blues in the Night; Dinah Shore. Bluebird B-11436

White Cliffs of Dover; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11397

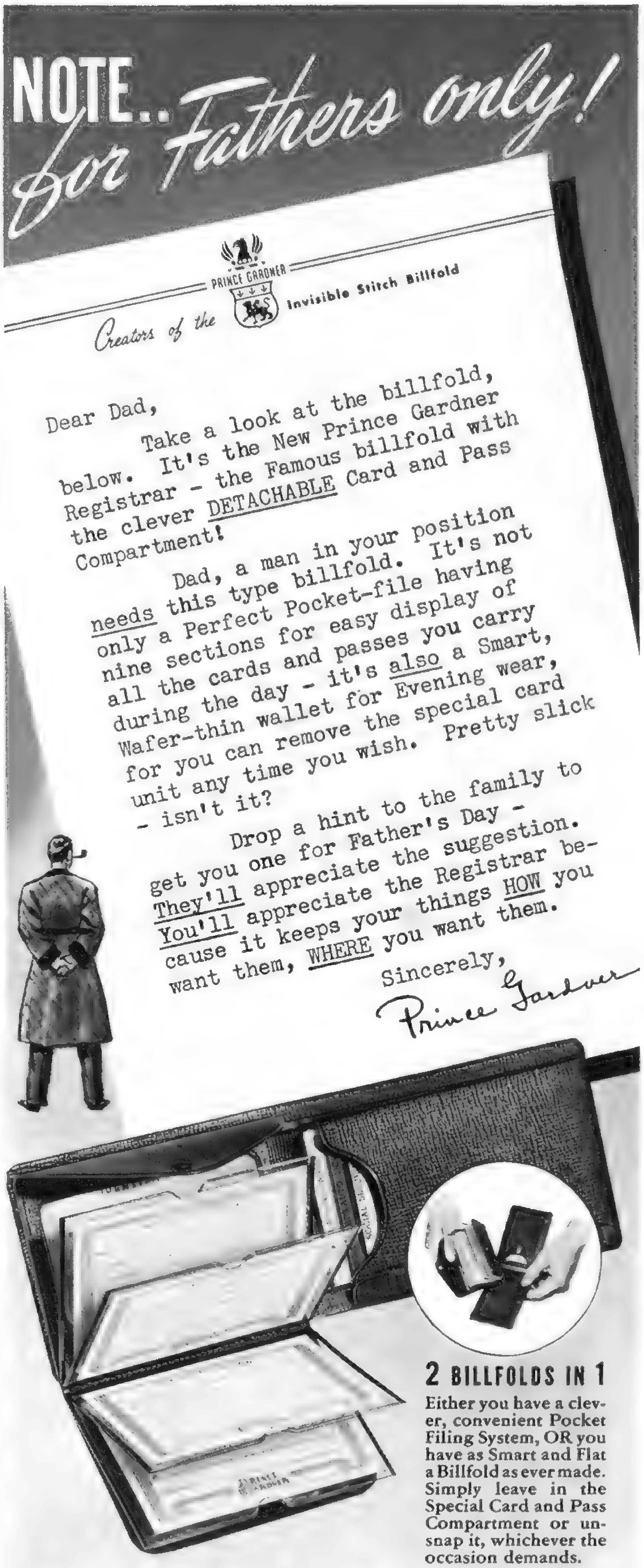
Blues in the Night; Jimmie Lunceford. Decca 4125

How About You? Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27749

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller Bluebird B-11401

I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Artie Shaw. Victor 27746

String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382


NOTE... for Fathers only!

PRINCE GARDNER
Creators of the Invisible Stitch Billfold

Dear Dad,

Take a look at the billfold, below. It's the New Prince Gardner Registrar - the Famous billfold with the clever DETACHABLE Card and Pass Compartment!

Dad, a man in your position needs this type billfold. It's not only a Perfect Pocket-file having nine sections for easy display of all the cards and passes you carry during the day - it's also a Smart, Wafer-thin wallet for Evening wear, for you can remove the special card unit any time you wish. Pretty slick - isn't it?

Drop a hint to the family to get you one for Father's Day - They'll appreciate the suggestion. You'll appreciate the Registrar because it keeps your things HOW you want them, WHERE you want them.

Sincerely,
Prince Gardner

2 BILLFOLDS IN 1

Either you have a clever, convenient Pocket Filing System, OR you have as Smart and Flat a Billfold as ever made. Simply leave in the Special Card and Pass Compartment or unsnap it, whichever the occasion demands.

A *P. S.* for the rest of the Family . . .

If it seems odd that we addressed this to Dad, we want you to read it *anyway.* We're trying to help *You,* too. *Now* you know what to get Dad. Even if *he* doesn't read his mail—it's still a Darn good suggestion, don't you think? You can pick up a Registrar at any leading store from $3.50 up. That's not too much—particularly when it's something he can *really* use.

PRINCE GARDNER
Creators of Invisible Stitch Billfolds

ST. LOUIS (Factory) • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • TORONTO

it's HOT...
wasn't it?
Forget the heat! Take it easy!
in BANDO FABRICS
Available in smart shirts,
slacks, and sport ensembles
at your favorite store.
Like carrying your own
cooling system with you!
EXCLUSIVE
BANDO
Fabrics
Because they're Better
Brand & Oppenheimer, inc.
229-231
Fourth Ave. New York City

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

"AT THIS DOOR ENGLAND STANDS SENTRY"

I'm the gal who subscribed to Esquire for one Lt. Pugh of England 'way back yonder in October of whenever it was. Thought you might be interested in the contents of his most recent letter. The lad is now stationed at Gibraltar—and it was raining when he last wrote. And now to pick up from his letter:

"My bunk's getting flooded—the rain's coming in all over the place . . . Poor old Esky was getting a bit wet, too, poor thing. Yes, I do get Esky every month now. It's funny but the paper always seems to arrive when we're feeling browned off—I think it must be the best cure for browned-offedness there is.

"In many places the Rock's brighter, though—my bunk's looking very nice. It's about 10 ft. square, the walls color-washed dark green the bottom half and a very pale green on top. The roof is cream. One window with some green flowery chintz, a green tartan rug on my bed . . . In front of me is the "Winter Visitor" picture from the Dec.—it's reversible with Varga's Hawaiian girl. On my right is Patricia Mace—Petty t'other side. Behind me (facing me when in bed) and keeping her eye on me is Varga's nurse—the Mary to Keith one. On my left is August—green, you might remember, keeping up the color scheme. Most of the other pictures are adorning the walls of the Sergeant's mess of my last place—the Regimental Sergeant Major has one—an odd ships mess has one—in fact, they are not being allowed to remain unseen."

Yours, for a continuation of Esky's brightness in an otherwise beclouded world.

Omaha, Nebr. Esther Gentry

LEASE-LEND

Encouraged by the success of a friend of mine, I am writing to ask if another generous American reader would consider a private "lease-lend" arrangement and post their old copies on to me, and I will gladly pay for them after the war when we are again allowed to send money out of this country.

It is impossible to obtain your magazine over here these days, but a chance of a regular copy would be great, and might make even my ship's cabin seem like home in the pre-war days.

With best wishes,

Yours,

Liverpool, England Robert Cowan

HOW TO CUSS BY MORSE CODE

Re: *The Morse Code in One Morsel* in March Esky, as written by Mr. Benjamin Graham, I have only the largest and most sincere praise for Mr. Graham.

Mr. Graham has unwittingly solved one of the U. S. Army Signal Corps.' greatest problems; that of training radio ops in the shortest time possible. One can train a field operator in about two months, and make a fair field operator out of him, but if you want an operator to work administrative radio, fella, you have a two-year job on your hands, and then there is no guarantee that it will be successful. I have known men who have operated radio for ten years and are still a big "lid" (bum operator).

I can copy 45 words per minute and better, on a mill, and I have been at it since I have been able to walk.

Mr. Lowell D. Blanton writes in your May, 1942 Esquire that the code symbol for *comma* is (—··—) Mr. Blanton is right. Us army ops. also use it for our favorite cuss word in times of stress and static. The degree of "accent" that an operator puts on the comma symbol depends on the degree of his anger.

I can put a southern drawl on it that will make the receiving operators' ears burn hard.

Yours for bigger and better lids.
(—..—)

Ft. Custer, Mich. R. Walters

WITH MALICE TOWARD SMOOT

I realize that you are no Dorothy Dix and cannot be expected to toss off a satisfactory solution to every delicate problem submitted. Neither am I suggesting an "advice" column in Esquire. In my particular case, however, I take the liberty of writing you in the hope that you may be able to clear up what to me is a most vexing situation.

I'm a veteran, but a kindly soul at heart. I bear no grudge against my average fellow man and exude a faint aura of benevolent tolerance toward even authors and other odd species of the human. My harmless hobby, always misunderstood and disliked for some strange reason, is a constant effort to convert stubborn, benighted people to my own superior way of thinking, and although I do smoke and write to editors occasionally, I have no other reprehensible habits to the best of my knowledge and belief.

I proffer this vest-pocket introduction to prove that intrinsically I am normal. Yet when I read the intellectual gems of Louis Paul, my ever sunny nature becomes beclouded and my inherent faith in humanity suffers severe shock. The ensuing, inevitable despondency is followed by such alarming mayhemistic inclinations toward the perpetrator of the Sergeant Smoot saga that I am compelled to quaff medicinally and immediately a jigger or two of bourbon or equivalent, or get violent.

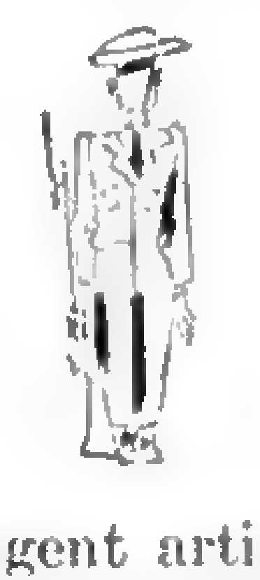
Can you tell me why this is? Can you or your readers suggest a remedy for an old, faithful follower of Esquire? And I do mean follower.

Cordially,

Philadelphia, Pa. Joseph Kantor

NOT AMUSED

One would think a magazine with Esquire's enviable reputation would be more discerning in captioning its features than it showed when it marked as an article that bit of drivel, *Good Soldiers Play Safe* by Liam O'Flaherty in your May issue. I can certainly see that there would be difficulty in classifying such an unfunny mess, but satire would have saved those of us who wish to read sensible, intelligent articles from wasting fifteen or twenty minutes.



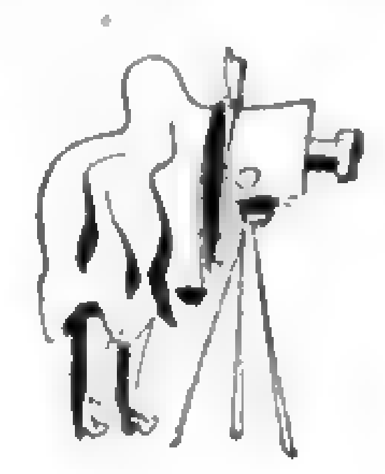
Such reading matter doesn't help the few British supporters and sympathizers left in these United States to keep on being supporters and sympathizers. My ancestors, on both sides, were English, and I served for a short time in the Royal Canadian Artillery, and I feel certain that there are British manuscripts that do not glorify "lead swinging" and retreating. The British Army recognizes no such word as "Retreat."

Here is another reader of *Ken*, and I was more than sorry when I couldn't buy any more copies. When it was published I never missed a copy, nor did I miss a single page in any copy. Is there any chance of having it back again?

Very truly yours,

Edward J. Atkinson, Jr. (Pvt.)
Scott Field, Ill.

CANDID CAMERAMAN



The present emergency has caused many strange things to happen, but after looking at your "Durer Girl" in the May Issue, for a number of times, only one point comes to mind. "Are You Kiddin?" I have never been hailed for being famous for my artistic taste, but I have been dabbling with cameras for a few years, and if the Kodachromed "Durer Girl" is a sample of art with a camera, I'll take Spinach, or Vanilla, or in fact, anything!

The stuff by Hurrell is really "Cooking on the Front Burner," as when he photographs a female, she appears like one. When you start trying to throw "art" into color pictures of women, it should be subtle. It may be that you threw in the "Durer Gal" for the corn-lovers. Let's do things right. If you want to photograph phony props, why not go to a museum and do it right, and if you are gonna photograph women, let's not cloud the issue with a lot of needless issues.

Fred E. Bamberger, Jr.,
2nd Lieut., Air Corps.
Randolph Field, Tex.

WHO DUNNIT

I heard of an incident the other day which I thought might interest you.

It seems that the Irving-Kildare Branch of the Bell Telephone Co., located at Irving and Pulaski, has had a subscription to Esquire for some time. The magazine usually reposes in the girls' rest room.

However, for the last year or so, each issue of the book has been mysteriously disappearing after about five days from delivery. Obviously, someone was appropriating it for his or her own use at home. But here's the payoff: The situation became so acute and the girls put up such a howl that the telephone company sent out a real detective from headquarters. He conducted a bona fide whodunnit investigation, the results of which are yet unknown.

Sincerely,
Chicago, Illinois Virgil E. Jensen

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

In search of materials for my stories I am a frequent visitor to the police courts. Recently a pathetic case came to my attention which, by its peculiar nature, I am unwilling to exploit for fictional purposes. However, I'm hoping I may have some space in your letter columns in which to bring it to the attention of those Esquire readers who have come to feel some affection for my little satires.

Jake Sweeney, the court attendant, didn't seem glad to see me, which I thought unusual to begin with. Ordinarily his face lights up and he waxes enthusiastic over some murder case or other which is in progress and which he hopes I will write up.

On this occasion he surveyed me gloomily and shook his head. "I would not go in there today."

"Why? What goes on, Jake?"

"Better pass this one up. It's a pretty nasty business all around."

My interest was excited rather than discouraged. "I'm a professional writer, Jake. That's what I come down here for, to see the nasty as well as the bright side of life."

"I'd skip it," he insisted.

"Well, for the love of Mike, what's it about? Now you've got my curiosity aroused."

"I wouldn't give you a bum steer," Jake said. "For sixteen years I've listened to criminal proceedings, but never one as tragic as this. Forget about it and go see a baseball game."

Through the courtroom door I could hear the low voice of an attorney arguing his client's case.

"What's he charged with, Jake?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

I was becoming exasperated. "Are you giving me the rib?"

"No," said Jake. "Why should I be giving you the rib? Go in if you want to. But you'll come out heartsick. Don't forget that I warned you."

"You're getting soft in your old age, Jake," I laughed.

"All right," said Jake, and he opened the heavy door and let me into the courtroom. "You asked for it."

Quietly I tiptoed in and sat down on one of the rear benches. Immediately my eye lit on the slumped-down figure of the prisoner, a little criminal-looking man with an ape-like brow and small beady eyes. Apparently the defense attorney was summing up his case. I concentrated on his words. He was talking quietly to the jury, yet his voice was full of dramatic intensity.

"The prosecution accuses this man of being an habitual criminal," said the attorney. "Well, I do not deny it. However, he is not being tried here for being an habitual criminal, but for stealing a United States Defense Bond. He admits the charge, and I do not condone the commission of a felony. Nevertheless, I tell you that when Ansel Gibbon grabbed that bond out of the bank teller's cage and ran like hell, he was committing the first decent act of his life.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I realize that we cannot establish a precedent by condoning such an act. Nevertheless, the mitigating circumstances of the case must appeal to each one of you who has a heart and who loves his country. Picture to yourselves the mental state of the defendant at the time the crime was perpetrated. Ceaselessly he had listened to importunate pleas to save his nation in time of danger by buying Defense Bonds. All about him were people buying bonds, participating in the one universal way they could to defeat our enemies. A tremendous flame of patriotism burst up in the breast of Ansel Gibbon. Criminal or not, he too loved his country. Uneducated, moronic, as you can see, he had not your advantages. You, my friends, could walk up confidently to the window on Saturday night and buy defense bonds and stamps, and by that simple gesture guarantee that our bombers would keep flying, our guns shooting, our soldiers marching. You were the privileged.

"But what about poor Ansel? Haunted by the minions of the law, incapable of working at anything, yet in time of great national emergency this man was consumed with an overwhelming, an undeniable desire to own a United States Defense Bond. What more natural than that this most prized of possessions, this certificate of intention to preserve our freedoms, should hold such an allurement for Ansel Gibbon? Since childhood he had known but one method of acquiring the necessaries of life, to grab them when nobody was looking. Now, to own a bond, like everyone else, was the most passionate desire of his being. So he did what he had to do—he grabbed one and ran . . ."

The fourth juryman in the first row was quietly weeping. The judge, inured as he was to life's sordid tragedies, was blowing his nose. I myself could bear it no longer. Unobtrusively I rose from my seat and made my way out of the courtroom. I was heartsick, as Jake had predicted. Why, in this beautiful free country of ours, should the buying of a defense bond be denied to anyone, even poor Ansel Gibbon? And yet could such a crime be condoned? Could we have such people rushing unhindered into banks and snatching government bonds from tellers? I congratulated myself on not being a member of that jury. I couldn't even bear to stay to hear their decision. Only a Solomon could have decided it fairly.

But it didn't take a Solomon to draw a moral for me. The moral is simple, persuasive, the perfection of logic. Very few of us are in Ansel's situation. Very few of us are compelled to steal the good things in life. When we want them we buy them.

Sincerely,
Palo Alto, Cal. Louis Paul

when Time counts . . .
count on HELBROS
Watches

Scene in radio broadcasting studio, where split-second timing is vital.*

SIREN — 7 J. Yellow or pink case; Durite back. Matching bracelet. $24.75

FIESTA — 17 J. Pink 14K gold-filled case with matching bracelet. $39.75

PATROL — 17 J. Yellow or pink case; Durite back; leather strap. $29.75

BOND — 17 J. Yellow or pink gold-filled case.. Expansion band. $57.50

Other models $19.75 to $750. Prices include Federal Tax.

TODAY time and timing are more important than ever. And everywhere, in every phase of America's drive for Victory, thousands upon thousands count on HELBROS watches for precise timekeeping . . . yes, and for distinctive styling and outstanding value, too!

HELBROS watches are timed and tested in New York, and fully guaranteed.

This seal on every HELBROS watch is your assurance of quality.

HYDRONAUT—17 J. Waterproof, shockproof. Sweep second hand. Luminous dial. White stainless case. $37.50
Same in yellow case, with Durite back. $42.50.

Available at better stores everywhere.
HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK

*Illustration courtesy of FOUR ROSES whiskey.

For Dad
TEXAS RANGER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. by TexTan
TEXAS RANGER BELTS

. . . A GIFT OF HANDCRAFTED LEATHER FROM YOAKUM, TEXAS

Something off the beaten trail . . . something Dad has always wanted—but hasn't got around to buying for himself. A *hand-tooled*, Texas Ranger Belt with a hand-chased sterling silver buckle set —or a hand-crafted Saddle Craft billfold. Here's bench-made quality—the handiwork of Texas saddlemaker craftsmen who are artists in leather. Down in Yoakum, leather work is a craft frequently handed down from generation to generation. These men tool the bold spirit of the West into belts and billfolds of finest leathers. Dad will recognize TexTan leather work as something unique—something of rare hand-made quality that is beyond imitation.

The **"Gail Borden"**—named for famous champion of Texas independence, fighting publisher of Texas' first newspaper. Handsomely hand-tooled and shaded in authentic western floral design. Rich, mellow Russia Calf. Hand-creased and lock-stitched edge, 1" wide. Russet or Antique. With hand chased sterling silver buckle set, **$10.** With regular nickel buckle, **$5.00.**

The Saddle Craft **"Commando."** Smart and tough as the black face daredevils who terrorize the Nazi coast. Hand-crafted from pliant Russia Calf in hand-tinted antique-tone. Invisible stitching. Self-locking ends. Four roomy card pockets. Secret pocket for large bills. Full leather lined. Tooled "V. . .—" design, **$5.00.** In hand boarded goatskin, **$3.50.**

The **"Palomino"**—named for the sure-footed pony of the West. A Saddle Craft belt, tooled in desert rose design. Genuine Russia Calf on full grain cowhide. ⅞" wide tapered to ⅝". Leather-covered buckle. Antique or Russet, **$1.50.**

TEXTAN, Dept. E 4 42, Yoakum, Texas

Please send me belts or billfolds as checked. If not 100% satisfactory, I reserve right to return merchandise within seven days for full refund.

Send C. O. D. ☐ Remittance enclosed ☐

The **"Gail Borden"** with sterling silver set ☐
The **"Gail Borden"** with nickel buckle ☐
The **"Palomino"** ☐
The **"Commando"** Billfold ☐

Russet ☐
Antique ☐
Send Free Catalog ☐

Waist measure . . . inches.
My Name . . .
Address . . .
City . . . *State* . . .
My Favorite Dealer . . .

"Unanimous Soldiers' Okay!"

Strange and various tributes to the USO in the service men's own heartfelt scrawl

by **EDWIN BALMER**

• ARTICLE •

THE soldier saw the lights, and heard the music, and then he saw the girls. So he hurried in; and, at the end of the evening, left this testimony:

"Music—and girls! Oh, boy!"

His buddy scrawled on the next line: "I'll say these Rebel dolls are cute!"

For they were soldiers from the north, training at Swansboro, North Carolina. A more articulate recruit left in the service men's registration book at the USO club: "A damn Yankee but kind of proud of it," with a P.S.: "God bless these people. I do like blondes."

Then this ambiguous entry. "Just a Marine, looking for his Utopia. This isn't it—but close." He added: "I'll be back."

"If anyone says anything against this organization," another boy challenged, "I want to see him personally."

"Soldiers sign our USO guest book as they enter, not as they leave," explained the director of the USO club (Y.M.C.A.) at Hyannis, Mass. "Our book, therefore, has no page for appreciations. We have, instead, a column for 'special interests'; and as you could expect, 'women,' blondes, brunettes, red heads, hostesses and, 'my wife,' predominate."

They certainly do. But believe them or not, five in a row subscribed as their special interest, the 181st Infantry.

My wife or *my girl*, listed in that column of Special Interests, suggests longing; and from the Day Book of a USO club—a Salvation Army Unit at Tacoma, Washington—we learn details of longing at last satisfied.

"Secured waiver on a three-day marriage law," reads the Day Book, "for a soldier and bride-elect from St. Louis, Mo.

"They had postponed their marriage until he'd finished college; but before Commencement the army called him. Then came a foreign assignment and the young lady came here by plane. They learned that they'd have to wait three days for a license, and the young man was to leave in twenty-four hours. They came to us distraught, wanting to make a record of his voice that she might cherish. We'd just used our last disc and when she learned this, she burst into tears, and told us their story. We contacted the Mayor's home, obtained a list of license clerks; and a couple tried to find a cab. None could be found; so we called the police department who sent us one of their cars and we had the happy pair on their way to matrimony and a brief honeymoon before the bridegroom sailed."

Did a similar case inspire two lines in the book of the USO club at Fredericksburg, Virginia? "A friend in need is a friend indeed. Thanks a million and may God bless you all!"

That Fredericksburg book leaves much to the imagination; it has preserved the following: "Not married but willing to be. Ma, she's killin' me!"

Then another comment: "This is the finest place in the world. It takes the loneliness from a soldier's heart, stops him from brooding about home. Thank you."

And: "I pray to God there will be more places like this one where a fellow can find pleasure once in a while."

Another: "This state of Virginia honestly has the most pretty girls."

"There's sumpin' about these St. Louis girls," attests a Texan stationed at Park Air College who formed this opinion at Downtown Y.M.C.A.

Some prefer to write a letter like this to a hostess at the USO club (Y.M.C.A.) at Augusta, Georgia:

"I am writing to let you know how fortunate I consider myself for stumbling into the USO Monday night.

"You and your fellow Augustans, have shown such sincere and honest friendliness to the soldiers at Camp Gordon, that I just couldn't quell the response that is clamoring for penmanship. Let me say 'Thank you' for introducing into our drab lives that ray of sunshine rare in the North and so profuse in the South. Those bright, cheery smiles that greet the soldier at the USO are the sparks that ignite all good and wholesome friendships, even in the cold depths of the hardened soldier."

Not so rare in the North, those rays of sunshine. For at Houlton, Maine, a soldier wrote in the guest USO book (National Catholic Community Service): "This place is positively ideal. I spend all my leisure time here; and I enjoy the hostesses—they create such a cheerful atmosphere."

Another soldier declares: "Gee, I can't get over it. The nicest ladies I've ever met—and the cake, coffee and doughnuts. I and the other boys can't find words to express how nice it makes us feel to relax and talk with such nice folks. Writing material is always plentiful, the cooky jar and coffee pot are always full."

Another boy wrote "The snack bar! Oh, boy, I never get tired of eating!" "Will I be back?" a soldier asks of himself. "Will I?"

"Oh, swell!" scrawls another in Maine, as in California, Georgia, and Washington. North and south and from coast to coast, wherever they find USO they say it's "Swell —very swell." ##

now . . . how about FATHER'S NIGHT?

Father's Day's fine, thank you, and we're proud that our own drum beating played such a big part in lifting it from the status of a half-hearted holiday to a national institution. We're for 365 Father's Days a year, as a matter of fact, but we feel that *something* ought to be said about Father's *Nights.* Or every man's nights, for that matter.

After all, when a guy comes home from a hard day with the headlines, it shouldn't take a national holiday to guarantee him a bit of out-of-this-world peace and quiet while he gets his bearings. It shouldn't take an Act of Congress to give him a new lease on laughs, a corner on the good-cheer market. It shouldn't . . . and it doesn't . . . for that's exactly where Esquire, with its laugh-a-minute masculine entertainment, comes in. Esquire's Smileage is a cinch to make every night of the year a holiday for the blues, to make every day a Father's Day and every night a pepper-upper for men.

Now—at Esquire's special new Father's Day subscription rate—you can sign yourself up for an all year-round holiday at just a penny a day. $3.65 for a full year's subscription to Esquire—that's the special rate in effect until July 15th! Use the handy order form opposite this page, and give yourself the best Father's Day present you ever had.

OR—if you'd like a *free* subscription—just stick this ad under the noses of a few prospective gift-givers before June 21st gets too close. Let 'em know that Esquire is your idea of the ideal Father's Day Gift, and we'll take care of the rest! We'll send a special gift card to each gift-ee (that means you) and the first issue of the new subscription will arrive around June 21st, all dressed up in a special Father's Day gift package. Better remember to look as surprised as you will be pleased, though! And get hopping now, so you can be sure of 365 Father's Days—*and* nights!

IN CELEBRATION OF FATHER'S DAY

***Special Yearly Subscription Rate—* $3.65**

(regular yearly rate $5.00)

Esquire 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE • CHICAGO • ILLINOIS

LOOK AT ALL THREE
AND YOU'LL PICK THE
Jayson SHIRT
CELANESE

Americans must be sold...not told. This fundamental freedom to choose among products competing for public favor is an important factor in the American way of life. It is the basis of Jayson's challenge to you. Look at all three nationally advertised, nationally distributed, trade marked shirts, at identical price ranges. Superior fabrics and workmanship will sell *you* on the Jayson Troy tailored shirt. It looks more luxurious, fits better, wears longer.

THE
*WHITEHALL
GROUP

EXEMPLIFYING JAYSON SUPERIORITIES IN WHITE SHIRTS

Costlier broadcloth...finer weave...better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch, wrinkle-free collar models. Sanforized—fabric shrinkage less than 1%...At good stores everywhere. If you cannot locate a Jayson dealer, send size and money order. We will see that you are served. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

· · WITH CELANESE WRINKLE-FREE COLLAR · ·

WHITEHALL $2.50 · SUPER-WHITEHALL $2.75 · 'HITEHALL DE LUXE $3.50 UP
WHITEHALL PAJAMAS IN WHITE AND SOLID COLORS IN ALL PRICE RANGES
F.JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, N. Y. • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR

The Subway Miler

Continued from page 49

Jones of Cornell. Jones' fastest mile, which was run in 1913 and established a world's record, was 4:14.4. In an unimportant meet in May of his freshman year, MacMitchell raced a mile in 4:14.3!

The following January, Leslie was tossed into a two-mile race against men he couldn't hope to beat, the object being to build his endurance. He finished third, a few yards behind the winning Don Lash. And Leslie's time was a startling 9 minutes, 9.7 seconds.

On the basis of this performance, Von Elling decided Leslie was ready for a crack at the first-rank milers. In the celebrated Wanamaker Mile at the Millrose Games in New York City February 3, 1940, Leslie toed the line against the aristocracy of America's runners. Starters were Glenn Cunningham, Gene Venzke, Lou Zamperini, Blaine Rideout and Chuck Fenske. A new king of the milers was crowned that night—but it wasn't Leslie MacMitchell. Leslie received about the worst lacing ever seen in a big-time mile as Fenske, with his time of 4:07.4 tied the world's indoor record for a track of the size in general use.

But there was something the fans didn't know. On the night of the race, Leslie had a severe cold. His doctor had advised him not to compete.

The rest of his sophomore year, Leslie did nothing outstanding. He won some races, but he lost in his last two starts—both times to John Munski of the University of Missouri.

In the Winter of 1941, the top milers took to the boards again. With them went Leslie, now a junior at N.Y.U. The first major mile was at Boston. Leslie ran fourth behind Munski, Walter Mehl and Fenske.

But the next race, also at Boston, was the fastest mile ever run in that city. Leslie was third this time, hot on the heels of Mehl and Munski. Leslie's time was 4:10.1.

Duration Note

Louis the Fourteenth reigned for seventy-two years, but it looks as though that record might be challenged by Louis the Brown Bomber.

Then came the Millrose Games, scene of Leslie's debacle the previous winter. This year Leslie was second, two yards back of Mehl.

Leslie was first the next time—and the next. At Jersey City, he beat the gang by five yards. At Boston, he licked 'em by eight. Both times the man closest behind him was Mehl.

This set the stage for the greatest race of MacMitchell's career. The runners came back to New York—to Leslie's home town—for the famous Baxter Mile. Mehl and the rest were burning for revenge on the young upstart, who till the past few days had never won a big-time mile. A crowd of 15,000 jammed the stands.

The race was a scorcher. For three-quarters of a mile, Luigi Beccali of Italy, former Olympic champion, set a reckless pace. Leslie was second to Beccali at the quarter. Then three forms sped by MacMitchell. They were Fenske, Venzke and Mehl. And at the half Leslie was in fifth place—fifteen yards behind the Italian. Four hundred yards from home, Beccali wilted. Venzke took the lead, held it briefly, then lost it to Mehl.

A second later the crowd came to its feet. With a sudden burst of speed, MacMitchell bolted up from behind and thundered to the shoulder of Mehl. With a lap and a half to go, MacMitchell fought desperately to take the lead. But Mehl held him off and sped on ahead of the field.

As they went into the final lap, MacMitchell challenged him again. In a fierce sprint, Leslie forged into the lead and came down the backstretch two yards ahead of Mehl.

Coming off the final turn, Mehl cut loose again. He swept almost to MacMitchell's side. A yard from the tape Mehl's left shoulder touched MacMitchell's right arm. Leslie's answer was a final lunge into the tape—victor by an inch.

Leslie's time drew a thunderous cheer. It was 4:07.4, tying the world's record time made by Fenske a year before. He was king of the milers at 20.

How could this kid from the city's pavements become a world's record holder in so short a time? Cunningham, whose 4:07.4 record first Fenske and now MacMitchell had tied, was 28 when he set the mark. Nurmi was 26 when he ran his fastest mile, the then world record of 4:10.4

A sizable slice of the answer was supplied by Dr. George Deaver of the N.Y.U. medical staff. Dr. Deaver revealed that—while your heart and mine beat 72 times each minute—MacMitchell's beats only 38 times a minute. In other words, the new king of the milers has nearly twice as efficient a heart as the average human being. "His heart can do in one beat what mine does in two," Dr. Deaver explains. MacMitchell goes through his daily life expending only about half as much energy as the average man. "He works less to live," says Dr. Deaver.

His advantage in heart-efficiency enables Leslie to get up

Broadway Epitaphs

Tommy Manville . . . Here's one stone I didn't buy!
Walter Winchell . . . The Dirt's on me!
Mae West . . . Come Up and See Me Some Time!
George Jean Nathan . . . The setting is adequate!
Major Bowes . . . Going . . . Going . . . Gong!
William Saroyan . . . Had The Time of My Life!
Adolph Hitler . . . It's a Jewish Plot!
Benito Mussolini . . . The Duce! Take Him!
John Barrymore . . . Angels, Beware!

more power with less effort. He thereby keeps cooler and runs with less punishment.

But that's only part of the answer. Physical power alone cannot explain MacMitchell's rise. I got Leslie to explain.

"I learned from my own mistakes," he said. "I was making a good many blunders in the early races. I did my best to figure them out and not make them again. But that's harder than it sounds.

"For instance, in the first race, at Boston, I planned to stay close behind the leaders and make my spurt with a lap to go. Instead, the other runners made me set the pace. I was too inexperienced to handle it. Yet they made me lead for seven laps. Then Munski and Mehl went by me. With two laps to go, I got panicky and sprinted. I got past Mehl. But I couldn't hold it. I finished fourth. I should have held my sprint until the bell rang for the start of the final lap.

"The next race was a week later, also at Boston. I went up there determined not to repeat my two mistakes. I was not going to set the pace and I was not going to make my final spurt too soon. For a good part of the race I stayed back in sixth or seventh place. With two laps to go, I moved up. With one left, I went out flying. I finished third, close behind the leaders. My time was 4 minutes, 10.1 seconds, best I'd ever made, and I finished full of running. But I lost because I went to the opposite extreme from the week before. I let myself get too far back and, having done that, I waited too long for my sprint.

"From this race, I learned that, with two laps to go, I must be fairly close behind the leader. You can't give first-class milers a big handicap and then catch them.

"So in the Millrose Meet, I stayed around fourth place—just behind Mehl, whom I considered the man to beat—and was within three yards of him during the next to the last lap. But I couldn't catch him. He won. I was second.

"From this beating, I learned something else. I had failed to appraise the speed of Mehl's finishing kick. I now knew that, over the last two laps, Mehl and I were almost exactly matched. If he was ahead, he could hold me off. Hereafter, I told myself, I must lead him as we go into the final lap. If I could do that, I could hold him off.

"And that's just what happened. At Jersey City February 3rd, I jumped into the lead at the bell, and beat him. At Boston five days later, I got by him with a lap and a half to go, and won. And in the Baxter Mile at the New York A.C. Meet, I tried to pass him with a lap and a half to go, but I failed. With a lap to go, I tried it again, and made it. And I barely held him off."

"That was the night you tied the world's record?"

"Yes," said Leslie, "and that night I made three mistakes. That's not counting my minor error in letting Beccali take me out too fast in the first quarter. Then, when I found I'd done such a speedy quarter, I made an even worse blunder. I slowed up too much. In fact, movies of the race made me look as though I was almost standing still. That was when Fenske, Venzke and Mehl went by me.

"As we neared the final quarter-mile, I erred badly in lagging so far behind. With three laps or less to go, I was still ten yards back of the leader. That's giving the other fellows too much of a lead.

"And finally, after I gained the lead with a lap to go, I almost tossed it away as I came off the final turn. I'd beaten Mehl by five yards at Jersey City and by eight at Boston. So I thought I had him licked. As a result, instead of sprinting off the last turn into the final straightaway, I went striding off the turn.

"Meanwhile Mehl was sprinting like the dickens and, despite my last-moment rush, he came within a whisker of nailing me.

"A runner can make his kick—give everything he has in a sprint—only once or twice in a race. But as a result of my series of mistakes, I had to kick three times. First, when after going from fifth place to second, I failed to pass Mehl. Secondly, when I passed Mehl with a lap to go. And thirdly, in the final dive to the tape. This may not have been a complete kick, but it was close to it."

There are many pitfalls a runner must avoid. "Sometimes even the crowd in the stands can fool you," he added. "It usually happens when you're ahead. The crowd lets out a sudden roar. You think someone's catching up on you. You're going pretty fast already, but to hold him off, you

Continued on page 162

Life with father's-father had its moments . . .

i. e.—OLD FORESTER

There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO INC AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN · KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

Famous
OLD FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED
At Louisville in Kentucky

These are Gifts that make 'em Happy!
Made for use and not for fads . . . . . .
They'll bring a grin to grateful Dads . . .
And fill the needs of the Army Lads

Genuine 8-feature ROLFS "Director" Billfold . . . . black or brown levant grain goat, $3.50 . . . . Others to $20.

6-Hook ROLFS Key Kaddy, of genuine smooth calf . . . black or brown . . . . $1. Others 50c to $5.

ROLFS Fitall, the travel kit with the Automatic Top. In natural tan saddle leather . . . . $7.50. Others from $3.50 to $12.50.

ROLFS Victory Billfold — Famous "Director" model . . . embossed with Army, Marine, or Navy insignia . . . *made especially for men in the service*, $5. Other Victory models $2.50 and $3.50.

Here are gifts that a man will use. Gifts for men active in service, in defense work, and in business. Here are the kind of distinctive leather accessories he'd choose for himself, if he could make the selection.

Make *your* gift personal, practical, and enduringly useful by shopping at the Rolfs counter in your favorite store. There you'll find your choice of rich leathers fashioned in a man's way, by men who know what other men like!

SAVE A PART OF EVERY PAYCHECK FOR WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES . . . BY Rolfs
330 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

The Subway Miler

Continued from pages 49-161

make an 'all-out' sprint and exhaust yourself too soon. And near the end of the race, you find yourself in trouble.

"Afterward, you find the cheer was for somebody spurting from fifth place into third. And you've maybe licked yourself by a 'false sprint' against a phantom foe.

"That's a trap I've thus far avoided. But I've often gone almost nutty wondering whether someone was catching up on me. When the crowd is roaring, you usually can't hear the patter of feet behind you. So you imagine there's somebody there. There's many a runner who'd give his right arm to have eyes in the back of his head."

For twenty-four hours a day, Leslie weighs every action with a view to its effect on his running. He has devoured books on physiology and its relation to running. And he can bewilder an interviewer with parlor-chat about the reflexes of antagonistic muscles.

Foot-racing rules forbid a miler from taking a running start. But MacMitchell has evolved a system of getting around this obstacle. His feet may not be permitted a flying start, but there's no restriction on the activities of his internal apparatus. So he starts work an hour before each race. In preparing for a one-mile encounter, he runs nearly two miles warming up. And he devotes the rest of the hour to trick exercises that loosen muscles and pep up blood-circulation. By race-time his in'ards have just swung into high gear.

In the Intercollegiates last May, Leslie captured the mile championship. Eighty-five minutes later he raced to victory in the half-mile as well. An outsider would assume that, between these races, Leslie would lie down and rest. Instead he trotted, jogged and kept on his feet for the entire period. He wanted to keep his running machinery primed for action. "If I lie down, I get stiff—even dizzy," he explained.

Definition

A harem is a place where there are at least twenty women to one man—such as the average summer resort in this year of Our Lord 1942.

One day while watching the N.Y.U. track team training, I saw Leslie run about three miles and then dash over into an adjoining field and help some workmen pitch hay. Later I learned Leslie merely wanted to keep his heart, lung and muscle action from slowing down too abruptly.

The autumn sport of cross-country running develops endurance, so Leslie goes in for it vigorously. He has competed in about thirty-five school and college cross-country races, most of them over a five-mile stretch, and he never has been defeated. Three times in a row he captured the intercollegiate championship.

Contributing to Leslie's prowess, there may be a faint hereditary racing streak on his mother's side of the family. A maternal cousin, Douglas Thom, was a runner in England. And his mother herself once won a foot-racing prize at a picnic in Ochiltree, Scotland. She still has the prize, a pin-cushion box, and Leslie treasures it more than any medals and cups of his own. His mother also plays a part in Leslie's success as a miler. She's had problems enough of her own. Her husband, a mechanic, died when Leslie was nine. Since then, she has supported Leslie by working as a housekeeper for a physician. Yet she has found time to encourage Leslie's running ambitions, to supervise his diet when he's in training. She rarely misses a meet in which he competes, and even went all the way to California with him when he ran there last June.

It took all Leslie had to withstand last winter's challenge by Gil Dodds. In the National indoor championships, Les let Dodds get a 15-yard lead with 440 to go and lost by four feet in 4:08.7. Two weeks later Dodds again set a three-quarters pace that was only a fraction of a second from the world's indoor record for three-quarters of a mile. But MacMitchell, never more than two yards behind him, swept from behind in the last half-lap to win by three yards in 4:08.

With MacMitchell and Dodds now both so hot, talk is reviving about a four-minute mile.

Can it be done?

"Yes," says Leslie, "it can. But it will take more than mere speed and endurance. To do it, a man throughout the race must know exactly at what rate he's traveling. Going at terrific speed, he must maintain a steady, rhythmic pace.

"If he lets an opponent take him out too fast at any time, or if he unconsciously slows up a bit when no one's near him, he'll fail in his attempt." "Can you do it?"

"I haven't enough experience," Leslie replied. "I don't know enough about pacing."

When he does, look out. During the last four years, he has sliced his time nearly four seconds a year. And he hasn't yet reached his peak. #

Mr. Dodds Runs to Town

The star pace setter knows his stuff through correspondence with a former Olympic champ

by **AARON DAVIDSON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

IT ALL started with a kick in the pants. One summer day nine years ago young Gilbert Dodds was trudging toward his home in Falls City, Nebraska, from a fishing trip. As boys will, Gil and his companions were chucking rocks at likely objects. One rock chucked by young Dodds whammed a passing truck. There was a screeching of brakes, the driver leaped out, and a brief chase terminated in a well-directed boot where it would do the most good.

"Say, who *was* that guy?" Gil asked admiringly.

"Lloyd Hahn," his pals told him. The star of the 1928 Olympic Games!

From that day on, the famous runner-turned-farmer became the idol of 14-year-old Gil Dodds. He began emulating his hero, running at every opportunity to build up his stamina. The kid was so earnest that he attracted the interest of Jim Ramsey, local newspaperman, who urged Hahn to take the boy in hand. Lloyd consented and daily, after farm chores, he worked out with Gil, developing him slowly and taking care that the boy did not over-do.

Young Gil won his first honors as a high school sophomore in 1935 when he captured the state interscholastic mile at Lincoln in 4:39. On his graduation in 1937 he planned to enter the University of Nebraska, but his father, a Brethren minister, persuaded him to enroll at the Brethren College at Ashland, Ohio, to prepare for the ministry. Gil entered the divinity school, but was greatly disappointed when he found no track coach there. He wrote to Hahn of his predicament, and Lloyd promptly charted a weekly training schedule for him to follow.

Thus by remote control, Hahn directed all of Gil's running and training, while Dodds sent back his daily reports to Hahn—what his time was for the quarter, half, etc. In this way Gil gradually became "set" in pacing himself at these various posts.

In 1938, Dodds won the mile in 4:24 and the half in 2:01 in the Ohio State A.A.U. meet in Cleveland, and the next year ran second to Don Lash in the Sugar Bowl two-mile. On the strength of this performance, Millrose officials invited him to the Garden for his New York debut, but soon regretted it. Dodds zigzagged all over the track and finally, a full lap behind on the final turn, he tripped Lash and almost upset Joe McCluskey.

In 1940 he tried cross-country running, and took the four-mile hill-and-dale in the National Collegiates at East Lansing in 20 minutes, 30.2 seconds. The next year, a college senior, he ran his first collegiate mile at Beloit, Wisconsin, and won in 4:13.

When Hahn heard of this race, he wrote Jack Ryder, his own former coach, and urged him to take over Dodds. The move to Boston also gave Gil the opportunity to enter the Gordon Theological School and complete his studies. He was already a licensed preacher, married to a home town girl who had also studied in Ashland for missionary work.

In two months, Ryder had Dodds ready for his invasion of New York, which was climaxed by the famous victory over Leslie MacMitchell. For this historic struggle in the National A.A.U. indoor championships in the Garden, Ryder called for a 4:09 mile made up of a fast three-quarters in the hope that the others would be cooked by the pace by then. It worked so well that Gil had a 15-yard lead at the three-quarters. MacMitchell, unbeaten in 26 consecutive races, whittled down the lead, but not quite enough to beat Dodds to the tape. Gil made it in 4:08.7—only 1.3 seconds over the world's indoor competitive record.

What made it a little tougher on MacMitchell was that it came on the eve of his award of the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy, the highest award in amateur athletics. For the record, however, it should be added that Les evened the score handsomely a couple of weeks later in the Columbian Mile by out-lasting Dodds early pace and driving finish in 4:08.

Gil plans to continue running as long as he can meet the competition. "Why shouldn't I?" he says. "Do you know of any cleaner sport?"

He trains by the clock. At 7:15 he sits down to breakfast. At 8 he is in school. At 1:25 he has lunch, and at 7 on the dot he has his supper. He eschews fried foods and pork, and rations himself to a candy bar a week. He is fond of milk, but does not drink it on the day of a race. After the meet, his idea of a binge is honey-and-butter sandwiches and a quart of milk.

When Ryder corrects Dodds' faults, he hopes to have our first four-minute miler. Gil's wrists are floppy and he flails his arms awkwardly. Already he has broken one of the traditions of middle-distance running. Instead of giving the fans that smashing finish, he follows a predetermined pace. If his pace is faster than the others, he stays ahead. It isn't because he likes to set the pace. He is still running by remote control—this time on Ryder's carefully worked out schedules, instead of on the correspondence courses arranged by mail by his old idol, Lloyd Hahn. ###

A gentleman is a man
who always remembers
to send his wife flowers—
even when he forgets why
Hedda Hopper

A gentleman always remembers to use Seaforth

SHAVING LOTION
Seaforth! FOR MEN
SHAVING MUG
Seaforth! FOR MEN

Delicate fragrance of heather and fern suggests wind-swept Highland moors, tells you that Seaforth is made especially for men. Jug of after-shave lotion, $1. Sturdy stone mug of shaving soap, $1.

FINEST, almost invisible talc. Brisk, face-freshening cologne, each $1

LUXURIOUS shaves assured with Seaforth shaving soap and bracing lotion, set . . $2

DRESSING for unruly hair. DEODORANT—a "must" for most men, ea. $1

ELECTRIC razor users should "finish" with tingling lotion and fine talc. Set $2

The complete shave from A to Z — long-lasting shaving soap, lotion, talc. Set $3

Perfect gift for Father's Day—June 21.

Seaforth! FOR MEN

Shaving Soap • Shaving Lotion • Men's Talc • Cologne • Deodorant • Hair Dressing • Hand Soap

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY • MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

Unrivalled—
Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
MADE IN U.S.
MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Unerring choice . . . *Marlboros!* Made of tobaccos that cheaper cigarettes simply *cannot* afford!

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Story of Modern Times

The proprietors of an up-to-date deluxe filling station decided to cater to the horse and buggy trade when tires got scarce. When the first customer arrived, and demanded a quart of oats, six attendants rushed out, and gave his nag a currying . . . combed his mane . . . brushed his tail . . . cleaned his horse shoes . . . gave him a bucket of water . . . wiped off his blinkers . . . and got sore because the driver rushed off before they had time to give the nag a sponge bath.

A Little Bedroom Far Away

Continued from page 42

of the shovel, "this is only horseradish. But we have a large bed of Japanese iris in the ditch."

You see, I had made a mistake and my knowledge of plants and nature, I confess, was not very great.

"That over there," he pointed, "is garlic." He smiled broadly.

I could not tell one shrub from another. I did not know rye from wheat, nor barley from oats.

"Nice weather," I said.

"Yes. It will be warmer tomorrow. The wind is that way."

I watched him dig in the loose fresh earth. A damp cool earthy fragrance filled the air.

Soon I left him and went on my way. I could feel the warmth of the sun's rays penetrating my thin jacket. It felt very good indeed and everything about this countryside seemed filled with color, sunshine and a broad smile.

Then suddenly I thought of myself and the strangeness of our world. Here I have studied psychology, sociology, anthropology and other subjects with very high sounding names. I know something about a German philosophy involving the categorical imperative as well as Nietzsche's Superman. I have read Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg, the French liberals and the Russian novelists. All this is fine and good; but how about the difference between garlic and horseradish?

My world was made up of clever twists in the brain and Monsieur—I did not ask his name, but the one with the shovel who smiled when he spoke the word "garlic," his world has its roots deep in the honest ground. This week it may be dry and the following week it may be wet but on the whole, week in and week out, year in and year out, the ground will never betray him. No, never. Sometimes, it may be lean or abundant but never can it be false and. . . It is honest and not like. . . For how many years have we been led astray by such tricks of the brain as "categorical imperative," and what a fraud our great superman has become! And now every year our psychology and sociology are corrected, altered, changed because they are found wrong. . . Because they have no roots in the ground. I am myself wrong. I have been wrong for many years. My friends and education have been wrong. I had better shake hands with man and make my peace.

With these thoughts running loose in my head I returned to the little inn. Several people had already begun eating their lunch and Monsieur Garron was pouring wine into small liter pitchers along the bar. I was beginning to like the place and considered my enforced stay no great hardship.

That evening after supper a terrific argument was begun in the combination billiard-barroom. I cannot say how it actually started except that one of the billiard players, whom they called George, did not like something that Monsieur Garron said and he snapped back at him; bitter words about some artist who had been staying in this inn. And at first I thought that all this happened only yesterday or last week, but later it turned out that these events were a little hazy in all their minds, mainly because they had occurred twenty or more years ago.

"To make the air warm you certainly go back a long time," I remarked. And at once, I too became involved in the argument.

The fellow with the billiard cue, George, came up to me. "Monsieur," he said, "you are an American and you, not knowing of Monsieur Garron or myself, nor even the artist, you could decide between us."

"Monsieur Garron is my host," I said with good humor, "and if I were to decide against him, then he might put vinegar in my wine."

They laughed.

It soon became clear that some artist, whoever he was, had come to stay at this inn and everything about him seemed to irritate Monsieur Garron. Being, as he says himself, "frankly outspoken," one thing led to another.

"Frankly outspoken," repeated George, with sarcasm. "Monsieur Garron is a tyrant! Anyone will tell you that."

"All right, so I'm a tyrant!"

"Sure you are a tyrant. Why is it your business if he used too much paint?"

"Yes, I told him he put it on too thick and the color was raw."

"It's your business?"

"No, but who was paying for the paint? Was he? No, every week his brother sent him money and this good for nothing red-headed fool, he just was sponging on his relations. That is not right either, my friend."

"So it's your business! And you had to tell him!"

"Well, I am outspoken and . . . He would go out in the morning and smear up his canvases and come back in the late afternoon. 'You are just wasting your time,' I told him. 'Anybody could see that,' I said. 'What is this supposed to be? A tree? And this? What is this? Ha! Ha!' And I laughed in his face. 'You should be a shoemaker,' I said."

"That is true," added the billiard player, clicking a ball into a pocket. "I recall you used to tell him every day that he should be a shoe-maker. And I can see his face before me now. His eyes were watery blue and they had sharp black centers. They looked at you so earnestly, with a pleading and questioning glance."

The native print sport shirt of red and white introduces a brilliant note in this outfit of brown striped Shetland jacket, with tan flannel slacks and moccasin slippers.

"Ha, ha," laughed the inn keeper. "Questioning only to find out if you would fall in with his folly. I never noticed his eyes."

"Then you don't even remember him," said George, banging the cue on the floor.

"Messieurs!" I called. "Tell me, please! What is this whole argument about?"

"He is a tyrant!" shouted George. "Because of people like him we had the Revolution in France and the guillotine worked day and night. And now if it should start again, he will be the first to drop his head in the basket."

"I am only outspoken," said the inn keeper. "Yesterday George came and I gave him a cube of chalk for the cue tip. I gave it to him myself. And tonight I had to give him another one."

"I did not eat it! I left it here on the edge of the table."

"All this heat and argument," I remarked, "comes out of a little cube of billiard chalk not worth a sou. It is enough, my friends. Let's have a drink." They agreed to forget the discussion and join me in a glass of wine.

We spoke of the weather, the native wine, the crops, the tourist trade, the possibility of war and the enemies of France. These are the things that make for easy conversation.

"Do you gentlemen argue like this every night?" I inquired.

"Almost every night," they admitted.

"It livens things up a little," said George.

"We are a quiet and sleepy town," said the inn-keeper.

"And this artist who was here over twenty years ago, is he often the subject of your discussion?"

"Quite often," George replied. "He was an odd sort of person. He was nobody. But somehow or other . . . Some people you forget. Some people you remember."

"And what was his name?"

"Now that, Monsieur, I could not tell you."

And the inn-keeper also said that he could not recall the name.

I went to bed that night with a very curious thought. A man passed through a certain place twenty years ago. He did nothing wrong and they are still talking about him. How strange!

On the following evening I got George to tell me more about his artist.

"I could remember everything about him," he said.

"And some things I would know better than you," added Monsieur Garron, leaning across the little bar.

"Please don't interrupt me," said George. "I must tell a story in my own way. First of all it was—whenever it was. He was here. He had a folding easel and a paint box and a little folding stool and he went out in the morning, bright and early. He was painting here and he was painting there and the next day here and the next day there. When it rained he painted upstairs in his room. One day I stood behind him and watched him for a while. He was painting the fields in front of my house. I lived there all my life and could see nothing worth painting. And I told him where he could find a good vista to paint. 'Everything is worth painting,' he said. 'The whole world is so beautiful, one must really paint. What else is there to do? If you do not paint or do something worth while you will have no enjoyment in life.' I asked him how long one must

Continued on page 166

STOWAWAY ON BOARD!
NAB HIM! -SIT ON HIM!
HERE'S ONE STOWAWAY YOU WON'T SIT ON—LOOK MATES, A CASE OF "33 TO 1" LUCK!
WOW! BETWEEN BLAZING HEAT AND NO BREEZE. I WAS READY TO QUIT THE RACE ALTOGETHER...BUT WE'LL SURE COOL OFF NOW!
GLASS
BLUE RIBBON BEER
HERE'S TO OUR STOWAWAY, PABST BLUE RIBBON. WE MAY BE OUT OF THE RACE, BUT WE CAN STILL ENJOY THIS REFRESHING FLAVOR!
IT IS DELICIOUS ... BUT WHAT'S THE "33 TO 1"?
LOOK, SIS. 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO 1 GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED. "33 TO 1."
THEN — A FEW MINUTES LATER
HERE COMES A BREEZE! BOY, WHAT A BREAK!
LUCKY WE DIDN'T QUIT. THE WAY I FEEL NOW, WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS RACE...
IF WE DO, IT'LL SURE BE BY A "COOL 33 TO 1"!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

The keener the sport, the more you'll relish the delicious flavor of this great beer. Flavor that only the expert blending of 33 fine brews can bring you. Today —enjoy it in regular or club size bottles, and on draft at better places.

Copyright 1942, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

Jaro Fabry
"Don't worry, dear, I'll see that the moths don't get a chance to eat your Cyril Johnson Covert Coat while you're away."

P.S. We don't want to worry the young officer... but in fairness to all of our friends who have bought Cyril Johnson Covert Cloth Coats in the past, we want to tell them that maybe they won't be able to get another for quite some time. Cyril Johnson is now working 100% for Uncle Sam.

CYRIL JOHNSON
WOOLEN COMPANY

MILLS AT STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN.
NEW YORK OFFICE AT FIFTY-ONE MADISON AVE.

A Little Bedroom Far Away

Continued from pages 42-165

study to learn to paint well. He said that a whole lifetime was very short and that one must be patient as an ox. And he said also that St. Luke was the patron saint of painters and that his symbol was the ox. He told me also that he had never sold a picture in his life, but that he felt compelled to work anyway. 'And so,' I said, 'you think if you are an ox every day of your life you will die a real artist.' He paused and looked at me. 'No,' he said. 'There was only one real artist in the whole world. Of all the sages and philosophers, Christ was the only one who affirmed eternity and the nothingness of death and the great importance of truth and resignation. He lived as an artist and he worked without marble or paint. He worked with living flesh.' These were his exact words. I could never forget them. 'You sound like a preacher,' I said. He told me that his father had been a preacher and that he once tried his hand at it among the very poor."

"Tell him also about . . ." broke in the inn-keeper.

"Don't interrupt. Let me tell the story my own way. So he was painting. And everybody was laughing at him. And my good friend here used to play the most terrible jokes on him. They would put cheese on his palette and they would get him to bring down all his pictures and put them around this room and they would laugh and laugh and ask him how much he wanted for them."

"Five francs each," said the inn-keeper.

"Yes, five francs for the little ones and more for the larger ones. Or if you wanted your face done on canvas he was ready to do it for five francs also. Every day this tyrant here invented some new joke to play on him and he took it all good naturedly. He was so awkward that I often felt sorry for him. One day he made me a present of a painting and I took it home. It was not good, it was not bad; but my wife did not like it and wouldn't let me put it up even in the kitchen. It kicked around in the barn for years and one day she cut off the canvas and used it to repair the chicken house. It served some good anyway."

"Can't you remember his name?" I asked again.

"No, my friend. Everything else I remember but not his name. It was a strange name."

"Wait a minute," said the inn-keeper. "I found the old book the other day. It must be in the book." He got out an old hotel register and began turning the pages.

"It's too long ago, you will never find it," said George.

"Yes, I know how to find it because it was the year we made the last payment on this place to the widow of the former owner and I have the date on the receipt. And he came in the early spring of that year."

He searched the pages of the book and at length, bringing it over to our table, he pointed to a place. "This must be the fellow."

George got out his eye-glasses and inspected the handwriting. "Yes," he said. "But I can't pronounce it."

And I too looked on the page and saw the name: Vincent Van Gogh.

"And what is the figure 3 beside the name?" I asked.

"Oh, that is his room number. The same one as you occupy, Monsieur," replied the inn-keeper.

"And you never heard from him since?"

"No. He never returned. We had a servant girl in the kitchen who had never worn shoes in her life. She had a bad squint. We promised him this girl for himself. I guess he was afraid to come back. He was very shy."

This whole episode gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. I confess that I should have said right then and there exactly what I thought. I did not know how to begin and in the end I remained silent. And silence can be a form of falsehood. Now I am ashamed that I did not speak. I ordered a brandy and drinking it down quite rapidly, retired for the night.

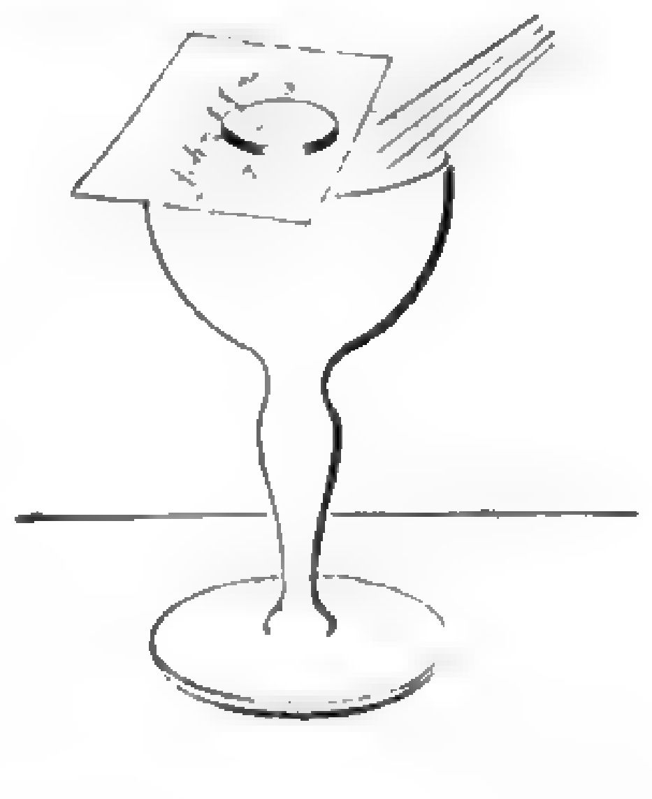
I examined the room quite carefully. This was the room. And while many years have passed, I am certain that everything, or nearly everything, is quite the same. A man searches for truth and all the laughter and ridicule in the entire world can not divert him from his course. And those

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the Wager: That you can blow a nickel off a calling card and into an empty wine glass. (Sounds easy but isn't.)

the Payoff: Instead of blowing at the coin, blow into the mouth of the glass; the card will tilt up at its outer edge and the coin will slide into the glass.



Esquire on the Record

BANDLEADERS' CHOICE

Asked for a selection of favorites from among their own recordings, these band leaders named the following discs:

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD

Blues in the Night	Decca 4125
Whatcha Know, Joe?	Columbia 25625
Rhythm is Our Business	Decca 369
'Tain't What You Do	Vocalion 4582
For Dancers Only	Decca 1340

BLUE BARRON

Mean to Me	Bluebird B-11019
At a Perfume Counter	Bluebird B-7419
River Home	Bluebird B-10905
Sometimes I'm Happy	Bluebird B-10826
Elmer's Tune	Elite 5001

RUSS MORGAN

Why Don't We Do This More Often	Decca 3982
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place	Decca 4098
Does Your Heart Beat For Me	Decca 2479
Buckle Down Winsocki	Decca 4069
Don't Let Julia Fool Ya	Decca 3992

JOHNNY MESSNER

Daddy	Decca 3816
The Hut Sut Song	Decca 3817
The Biggest Aspidistra in the World	Decca 4148
The Man With the Lollypop Song	Decca 4085
Concerto for Two	Decca 4040

JAN SAVITT

'Tis Autumn	Victor 27643
Tica Ti, Tica Ta	Victor 27775
I Remember You	Victor 27775
Tomorrow's Sunrise	Victor 27822
A Nickel to My Name	Victor 27720

ALVINO REY

Deep in the Heart of Texas	Bluebird B-11391
I Said No	Bluebird B-11391
Around and Around She Goes	Bluebird B-11381
Blue Shadows and White Gardenias	Bluebird B-11448
The Army Air Corps	Bluebird B-11476

who laugh are only fools.

I stretched out on the bed and thought of Van Gogh, who was the butt of all the jokes of a stupid inn-keeper and how he went on quietly and good-naturedly and patiently as an ox. I thought of the old white horse that I saw standing beside the barn. And the farmer with his full smile clearing the edge of his field. Yes, he had flowers in the ditch, not to use the ground that he needed for wheat. When your feet are in the ground, bread is very important and a little horse-radish and a little garlic—How he smiled at the word!—are the flavoring and spice of life. And I thought also of a few days before—how different; the gay lights and laughter of the Monte Carlo casino. The sound of the marble clicking in the basin of the roulette and . . . The countess was very pretty, lean and with a white, tightly drawn skin. She was reckless and laughed impulsively and scattered the chips wildly with great abandon. She loved jewels and little curls on her head and long kid gloves and everything that was artificial and false. And how she and her brother lied to the Russian baron and . . . And suddenly I thought of the red-headed painter and how he showed his pictures in the billiard room and offered them for five francs each among the jeers and laughter: and through the noisy din I heard the words, simple and so true: "There was only one real artist . . . only one who affirmed eternity . . . and the great importance of truth . . . He worked with living flesh."

I breathed in deeply. The air had a sweet and rare fragrance; a fresh mingling of salt from the sea with newly turned earth. The sea, the earth, the sky. And only man seemed missing. Yes! Without delay I must shake hands and make my peace with man.

Quickly dressing myself, I went down stairs again.

"I must send a cable at once," I said.

"Something has happened?" asked the inn-keeper.

"Yes. I must send a very long cable."

"Not possible until 8 o'clock in the morning. Until then the office is closed."

I returned to my room. The little room with the yellow painted furniture and the low ceiling.

In the morning, there was still time. I cabled my father to please have the great kindness to destroy the letter en route without opening it. It was all a damn lie. My money was lost gambling. In the late afternoon I had a reply to the cable.

Before leaving this little hotel I took a last long look at the little room which had served me so well and I went back across the fields to find the farmer who had been digging up the earth about his horseradish.

"I came to say good-bye, Monsieur," I said. "I am returning to Paris and I want to shake hands with you." ##

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

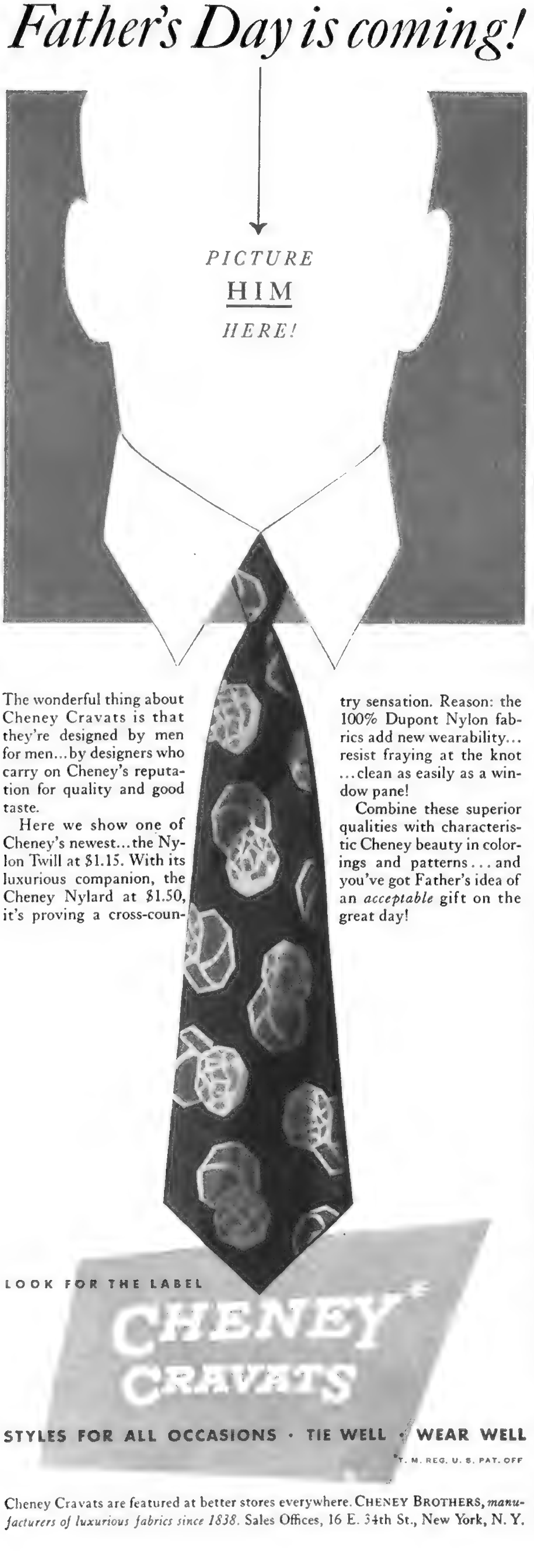
DO
PATRONIZE
THIS
BAR

"He's been there ever since I served him a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve!"

What explains the fanatic loyalty Calvert Reserve arouses in lovers of Manhattans? Why, this extra-luxury whiskey has the unique gift of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. You'll find its superb "soft" flavor in no other whiskey. Today, try a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

give
dad
an
ALLIGATOR
RAINCOAT!
Insist on the Genuine!
At Better Dealers Everywhere!


Father's Day is coming!

PICTURE HIM HERE!

The wonderful thing about Cheney Cravats is that they're designed by men for men...by designers who carry on Cheney's reputation for quality and good taste.

Here we show one of Cheney's newest...the Nylon Twill at $1.15. With its luxurious companion, the Cheney Nylard at $1.50, it's proving a cross-country sensation. Reason: the 100% Dupont Nylon fabrics add new wearability... resist fraying at the knot ...clean as easily as a window pane!

Combine these superior qualities with characteristic Cheney beauty in colorings and patterns... and you've got Father's idea of an *acceptable* gift on the great day!

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

CHENEY* CRAVATS

STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS · TIE WELL · WEAR WELL

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

Cheney Cravats are featured at better stores everywhere. CHENEY BROTHERS, *manufacturers of luxurious fabrics since 1838.* Sales Offices, 16 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

How We Got Our Blue Laws

Continued from page 47

butchered when attacked on a Sabbath because they chose to die rather than to violate the sanctity of the day. According to the law the penalty for that violation would also have been death.

When Constantine, the so-called Christian Emperor, decreed in 321 A.D., "On the venerable day of the sun let the magistrates and the people residing in the cities rest, and let all work-shops be closed," he represented both the old and the new. He combined the worship of Apollo, whose sacred day was the first day of the week, with that of Christ, as evidenced by the fact that he carried the name of the one and the figure of the other on his coins. Like many modern politicians, he believed in playing safe.

Succeeding emperors extended the operation of the Sunday prohibitions until practically all business and labor were forbidden. So also were "immodest pleasures," "theatrical representations," "games of the circus," and "tearful exhibitions of wild beasts."

It was not until 789 A.D., under Charlemagne, that a decree covering conduct on Sunday was distinctly claimed to be based on the fourth commandment. Sunday then for the first time legally became the Christian Sabbath.

But what we have in the United States today is the resultant of a confluence of four streams: The Jewish, the Roman, the Ecclesiastical, and the English, the latter including the specifically Puritan.

As early as 694 King Ina of the West Saxons prohibited "worldly work." Ethelstan in 925 forbade marketing on Sunday; and within the following century Ethelred and Canute prohibited folk-moots and hunting as well as marketing and "worldly labor."

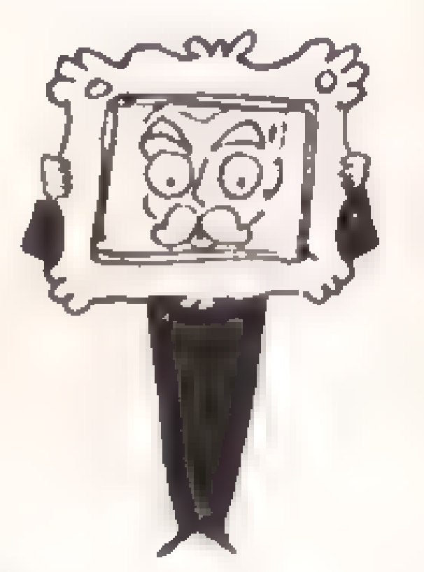
Under King Richard II, servants and laborers were forbidden to play "tennis, football, and other games called coytes, dice, casting of the stone, railes, and such other importune games." Henry VI in 1458 prohibited markets and fairs. In 1552 Parliament confirmed an injunction previously issued by Edward VI ordering "that Sunday be wholly given to God—in hearing the word of God read and taught, in private and public prayers," though husbandmen, laborers, fishermen and those engaged in harvesting were excepted.

The movement for a "blue" Sunday came to a head in England because of a book entitled *True Doctrine of the Sabbath*, written by Nicholas Bownde and published in 1595. In it the author contended for the Sunday as the Sabbath and insisted that observance of the day should be enforced by the state.

A bitter controversy arose over the matter in the reign of James I and again under Charles I, his obstinate and unfortunate son. James in 1618 issued an edict known as the Book of Sports, dealing with the observance of the Lord's Day, that was re-issued by Charles in 1633 and undoubtedly contributed to the loss of his head. This Book or declaration stated that it was the King's pleasure that his good people should not be disturbed in lawful recreations after the end of divine service on Sunday, bear baiting, bull baiting, interludes and, "in the meaner sort of people" bowling, being prohibited, while dancing, leaping, vaulting, archery, Maygames, Whitsonales, and morris-dances, and other recreations were specifically permitted, in fact practically invited. This would in all good conscience have been enough to arouse the Sabbatarians; but fuel was added to their pious anger by the fact that there was a special clause in His Majesty's declaration to the effect that no papist and no Puritan could have the benefit of its provisions. At the time it was re-issued by Charles, it was directed to be read in all the churches, when many ministers refused absolutely to comply with this order while others, obeying it, read the Book and then read the Fourth Commandment, following with the comment, "This is the law of God, the other the injunction of man."

When the Long Parliament met in 1640 Sabbatarianism came into its own. Sermons, books and pamphlets against the doctrine advocated by Bownde were burned by the public hangman; and the Decalogue received its first recognition as a law of Christianity to be enforced by the state. Under the Puritans all traveling, dancing, playing on instruments, resort to ale houses, carrying of burdens, and pursuit of one's ordinary calling were prohibited, as well as sports, games, and recreations, and "vainly and profanely" walking.

The severe Puritan enactments lapsed in England at the time of the Restoration in 1660; and a statute passed in 1676 was in effect thereafter until long after the American Revolution. It forbade the prosecution of man's ordinary secular business on Sun-



Misfit Jobs

Joe Louis doing a filibuster . . . Edna May Oliver as a sweater girl . . . Edgar Bergen selling hair tonic . . . La Guardia as a yes-man . . . Raymond Gram Swing doing radio comedy . . . Goering manning a glider . . .

More of Life's Mysteries

Why a fan in the third base stands thinks he can judge balls and strikes better than the umpire . . . What kind of gestures the radio comedians make to get all those laughs from the studio audience . . . Why big name bands with first-rate instrumentalists employ tenth-rate vocalists . . . How it is possible for a new crop of weeds to appear in your vegetable garden every three days . . . Why people go to the beach to get cool and then lie in the hot sun until practically melted to a grease spot . . . Why the Red Sox don't get a pitching staff . . . Why anybody ruins fresh peas by mixing them with carrots . . . Why gals tell some of the torrid stories they do, and then slap you down if you even try to hold their hand.

day, the service of legal process, traveling on land and water, and the sale of "wares, merchandise, fruit, herbs, goods and chattels." However, there were specific exceptions covering the sale of milk during the early hours of the morning and the late hours of the afternoon and the sale and dressing of meats. Under this new legal dispensation a man's stomach was not made to suffer for his soul's sake; nor was immolation of the rest of the body any longer required. Recreation and amusement were now permitted to sinful men.

Coming now to America, we discover at once that the first blue law enacted here was not at all of Puritan origin. It was promulgated in Virginia in 1610 at the behest of the ecclesiastics of the Church of England, who were not thinking of establishing God's kingdom in the new world but of advancing themselves and increasing the power of the church with the aid of the state.

"Every man and woman" this law provided, "shall repair in the morning to the divine service and sermons preached upon the Sabbath Day, and in the afternoon to divine service and catechizing, upon pain for the first fault to lose their provision and the allowance for the whole week following; for the second, to lose the said allowance and also to be whipped; and for the third to suffer death."

Numerous other laws of like kind were passed in colonial Virginia as well as in other colonies outside of New England. But the Simon-pure blue laws par excellence were, of course, evolved in Massachusetts and Connecticut as an integral part of the project to establish a theocratic state here in the American wilderness. Thus, the governor and six others were appointed in Massachusetts in 1636 "to make a draft of laws agreeable to the word of God, which may be the fundamentals of this commonwealth—; and it is ordered that in the meantime the magistrates—shall proceede in the courts to heare and determine all causes according to the laws now established and where there is noe law, then as near the law of God as they can."

And we are still affected by the aftermath of that godly experiment. We have inherited numerous Puritan blue laws; but what is of much more serious import, we have inherited a Puritan psychology.

Let us turn for a moment to the old records. We have already noted how a tything-man stopped George Washington on a Sunday and made him justify his being on the road on the Lord's Day. Here are a few more examples of the manner in which strict observance of the Christian Sabbath was enforced:

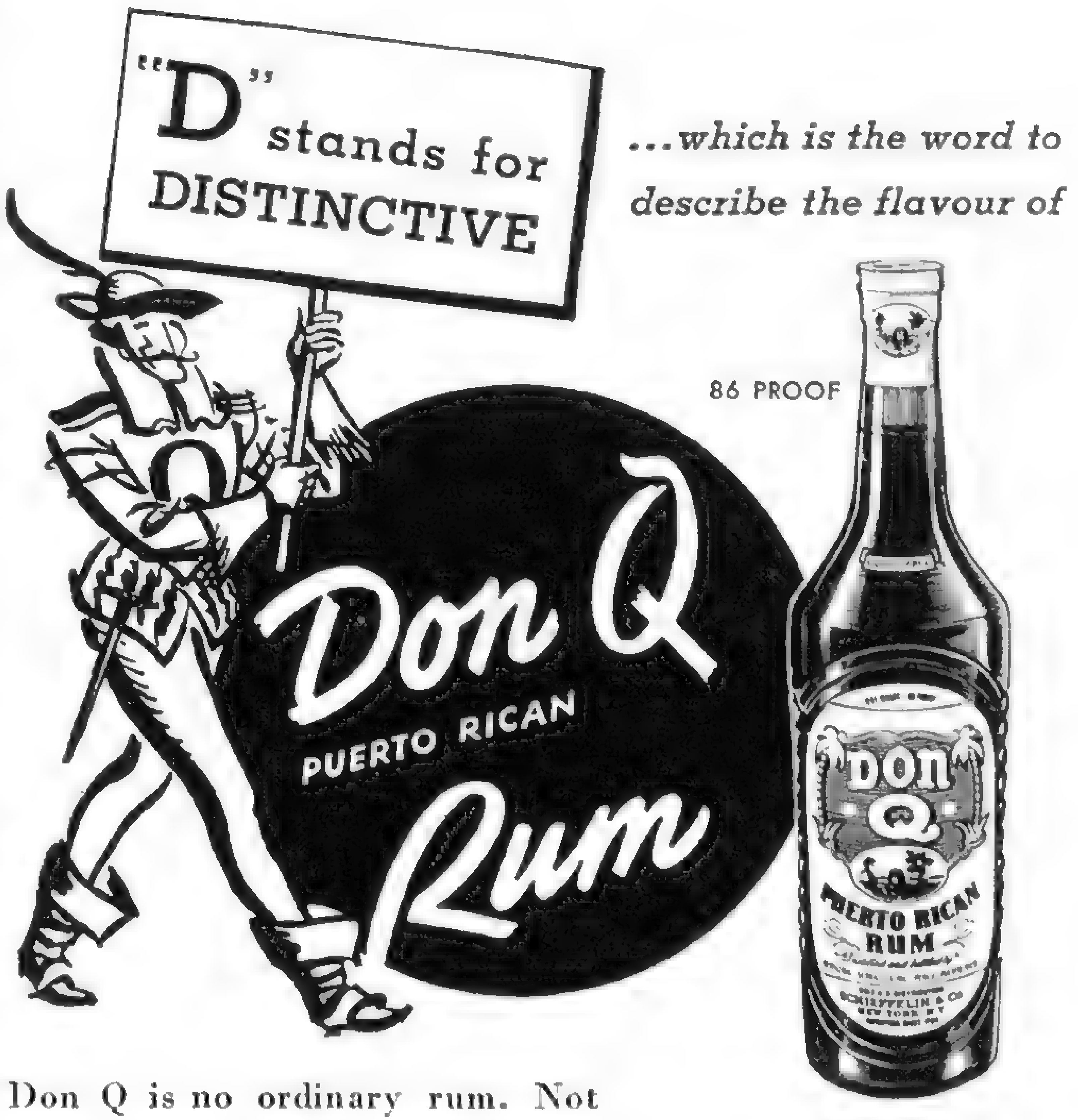
In New Haven in 1647 William Blagden was "brought up" for being absent from meeting. His defense was that he had fallen into the water late on Saturday night and that not being permitted to light a fire on the Sabbath, which, under the reckoning then followed, began at sundown on the day before, he had perforce remained in bed while his clothes were drying. His plea failed to save him. He was found guilty of "sloathefulness" and sentenced to be "publiquely whipped."

In Boston Captain Kemble proved himself a terrible criminal in 1656 and for his dangerous, "lewd and unseemly behavior" was compelled to sit for two hours in the stocks, subject to the gaze of the populace. His offense was that, having been away on a sea voyage for three years and arriving home on the Sabbath Day, he enthusiastically and "publiquely" kissed his wife as she met him at the door of his house.

And in 1670 two lovers, John Lewis and Sarah Chapman, were tried in New London for "sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple tree in Goodman Chapman's Orchard."

A subject that gave the colonial worthies almost as much concern and trouble as that of proper observance of the Lord's Day was that of compelling proper regard for the Lord's Anointed. "Disparaging the minister" was a serious offense. Among those who discovered this was Luke Perkins, who "for base words against the minister, was sentenced to be

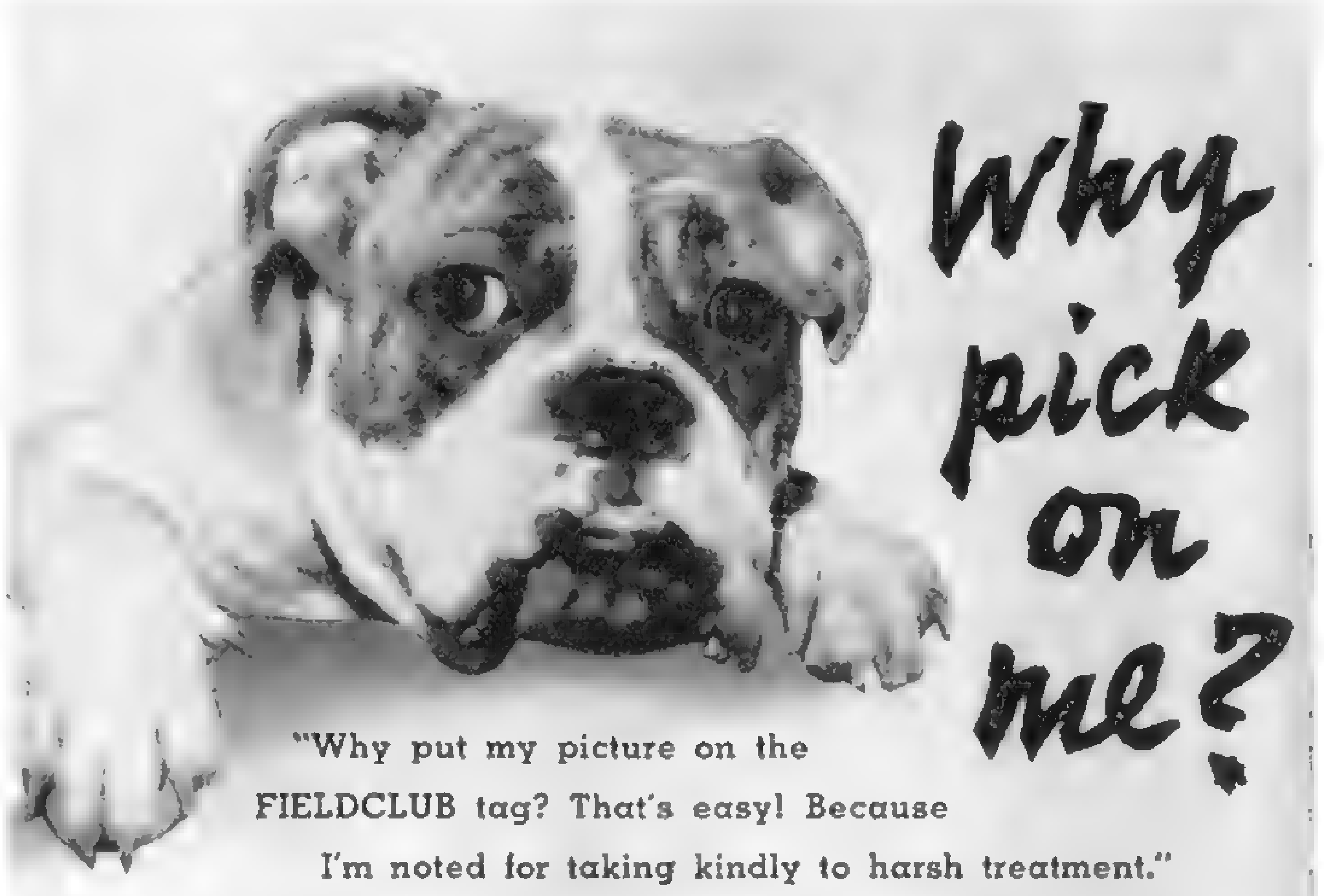
Continued on page 170


"D" stands for DISTINCTIVE
...which is the word to describe the flavour of
86 PROOF
Don Q
PUERTO RICAN
Rum
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Don Q is no ordinary rum. Not heavy, but light-bodied; not sirupy, but nectar-like, the distinctive flavour and smoothness of Don Q makes "inspired" Daiquiris, Old-Fashioneds, Rum Highballs and other rum drinks . . . For cocktails, use *White* Label; for tall drinks, *Gold* Label.

Product of
DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC.
PONCE,
Puerto Rico
U. S. A.

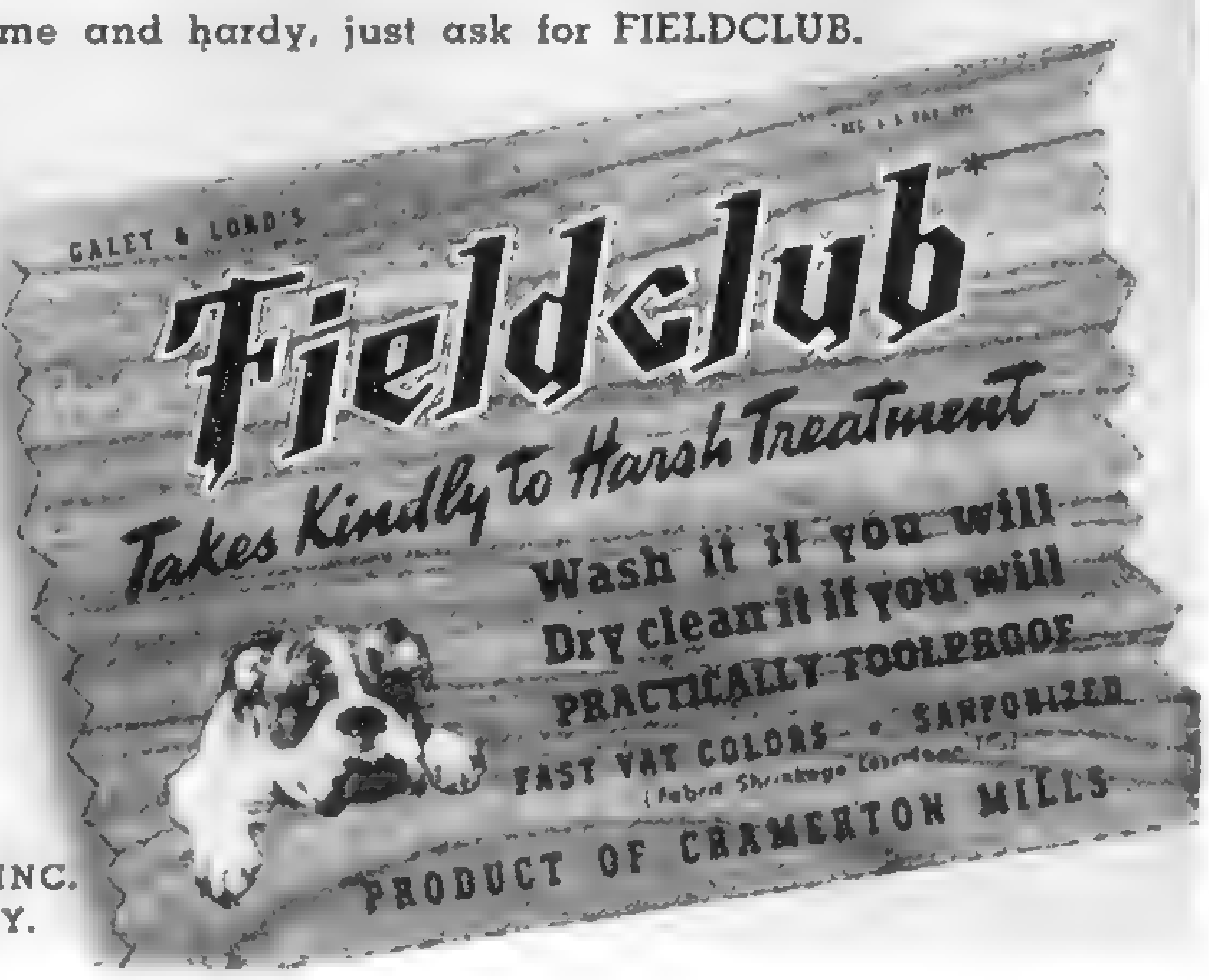
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: **Schieffelin & Co.,** NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



"Why put my picture on the FIELDCLUB tag? That's easy! Because I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment."

So is FIELDCLUB, the fabric that comes back from the dry cleaner or laundry smart as ever.

Remember:— If you want outdoor clothes that are handsome and hardy, just ask for FIELDCLUB.



GALEY & LORD, INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

FEEL FREE WHEN YOU SWING

Let Your Waistline Relax

WEAR EXPANSO - THE ONLY BELT THAT GIVES

Style WITH Comfort

FULL INCH STRETCH
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS

$1.00 UP

EXPANDS AND CONTRACTS AS YOU BREATHE

EXPANSO

AT ALL GOOD STORES

KNOTHE BROTHERS, CO., INC. 24 West 40th Street, New York City

As Advertised in the Journal American Medical Association

MOST COMFORTABLE GIFT FOR DAD... *or Yourself!*

Bass created this original Norwegian-type moccasin for super lounging comfort, indoors or out, at lodge, locker-room, beach, club or home. Hand-sewn models of finest leathers for men and women ... mahogany, brown or natural finish.

FREE Completely illustrated catalog showing many styles of Bass Weejuns, Sportocasins for golf, Ski Boots and other fine Outdoor Footwear by G. H. Bass & Co., 57 Main Street, Wilton, Maine.

Bass

ORIGINATORS OF

Weejuns

"There's Something About a Soldier—"

June: *Men in our armed forces will have plenty of songs to sing. Recently, noted songsmiths have turned out such ditties as "Knock Their Blocks Off, U.S.A.", "They'll Never Know What Hit Them," "A Hundred Million Shoulders To The Wheel" and "When Uncle Sam Gets Mad." All of these are expected to prove extremely popular with our fighting men.*

July: *A vote of men in the Army and Navy disclosed that their three favorite songs were, in order: "I Love My Cuddly Bunny," "When Clarence Toots His Clarinet It's Springtime In Montana" and the novelty sensation: "I Laugh When I Eat Liverwurst."*

How We Got Our Blue Laws

Continued from pages 47-169

whipped—for saying that Mr. Corbit was more fit to be in a hogsty than in a pulpit."

Nor was levity aimed at the church or any of its services permitted. And so "George Harding, of Marblehead, fisherman, for saying that next year he intended to be a member (of the church) and would have his dog christened" was ordered to pay a fine or be whipped, while Peter Busaker "for his filthy and profane expression, i.e., that he hoped to meet some of the members of the church in Hell ere long and did not question but what he should" was ordered "to be committed to prison, there to be kept in custody till the sermon and then to stand in the time thereof in the pillory, and after the sermon to be severely whipped."

Considering the close relationship of the church and the government, it is to be expected that criticism of the latter would be treated with the same severity as criticism of the former; and such was the case. As early as 1631 a reprobate by the name of Phillip Ratcliffe was sentenced to "be whipped, have his ears cut off, fined L40, and banished out of the lymmits of this jurisdiction for uttering malicious and scandalous speeches against the government and the church at Salem." Fifty years later Mary Oliver for "speaking against the governor, saying he was unjust," was sentenced "to be whipped next lecture day at Salem if the weather be moderate, not exceeding twenty stripes."

Heresy and blasphemy were, of course, heinous offenses; and it was decidedly advisable to keep a curb on one's tongue. What happened to Robert Shorthose in 1636 is evidence of that. He swore "by the blood of God" and was sentenced "to have his tongue put in a cleft stick and to stand so by the space of haulfe an hour." The same Robert on another occasion "was set in the bilboes for sleiting the magistrate in his speeches." Goodman Dexter was "putt in ye bilboes" for saying, one may wonder with what provocation, "dam ye cowe."

What people might wear was one of the weighty subjects to which the Puritan fathers had to devote much thought. The General Court of Massachusetts ordered in 1634 that "noe person—shall make or buy any apparrell, either woolen, silke or lynnen, with any lace on it, silver, golde, silke, or threed," and that "noe person—shall make or buy any slashed cloathes, other than one slash on each sleeve and another in the backe." The penalty was the forfeiture of the offending articles. Busybodies were empowered by the same act to complain of anyone "wearing of any of the forenamed particulars, new fashions, or long hair." As in other cases, there were, of course, wicked culprits. Ester, wife of Joseph Jynkes, of Lynn, was presented before the court in 1652 "for wearing silver lase." At the same time others were charged with "wearing great boots and silver hoods." In a raid staged at Northampton in 1676 sixteen-year-old Hannah Lyman was fined for "wearing silk in a flaunting manner, in an offensive way and garb, not only before but when she stood presented."

The use of tobacco, also, was dealt with stringently. Not only was it provided, as in Massachusetts in 1669, that any person found "smoaking tobacco on the Lord's Day, going to or from meetings within two miles of the meeting house," should be fined; but smoking at all on the streets was prohibited by the Pilgrims in 1638, and by an order of the General Court, entered in 1646, it was lawful only on a journey five miles remote from any town. One law prohibited jurymen from smoking while deliberating and another made it an offense to bring pipes or tobacco into the sacred precincts of the court. The guilty miscreants who violated these laws were not merely fined but even set in the cage and exposed to public shame and ridicule.

Dancing, music, and singing were forbidden at any time both in taverns and other public houses and at night in private places in any part of any town. The law made it an offense punishable by fine, whipping, or setting in the stocks to sing, dance, fiddle or pipe "or make any rout or other disturbance to the disquiet and distress of the inhabitants."

The drama and everything remotely connected with it were prohibited under acts bearing such titles as "An Act for the Suppressing and Punishing of Rogues, Common Beggars and Other Lewd, Idle and Disorderly Persons," as in Massachusetts, or "An Act against Riots, Rioters and Riotous Sports, Plays and Games," as in Pennsylvania.

The early New England law makers felt called upon for many reasons to legislate extensively on matters of sex. Yet the old records show that sex offenses were more common than any others. The seriousness of the situation as seen by the New Haven law-givers is revealed in an act regulating the activities of Cupid. It recited that "much sin hath been committed against God—by the irregular and disorderly carriage of young persons of both sexes, upon purpose or pretense of marriage," and then ordered that "whosoever—shall attempt or endeavor to inveagle or draw the affections of any maide, or maideservant, whether daughter, kinswoman, or other relation, for himself or any other person, without the consent of father, master, guardian governor, or such other who hath the present interest or charge, or the nearest magistrate, whether it be by writing, speech, message, company-keeping, unnecessary familiarity, disorderly night meetings, sinful dalliance, gifts, or any other way directly or indirectly—shall pay 40sh. for the first offense;—the second—forty pounds; and for the third shall be fined, imprisoned, or corporally punished."

In spite of this law and others of similar import, one finds entry after entry like the following for example:

"John Lobell, the Miller, for sinful dalliance, with a little wench of Goodman Hall's was whipped;" (New Haven, 1642).

"Rich'd Ibrooke for tempting two or more maydes to uncleanness was fined 5 pounds to the country and 20sh. a piece to the 2 maydes, Rebecca Phippen and Mary Marsh." (Mass. Bay, 1638.)

"Maurice Brett,"—accused of adultery—"the jury in their virdict found him not legally Guilty but Guilty of very filthy carriage. The Court considering the case sentence him to goe from hence to ye prison & thence to be carryed to the Gallows & there with a Roape about his Necke to stand haulfe an hower & Thence tjed to the Carts tayle & whipped severly with thirty-nine stripes and that he be banished from the jurisdiction—" (Boston, 1675).

Of the spirit that moved men to enact the kind of laws that we have been examining, we of today are the heirs. Though courts now frequently argue that Sunday laws can be sustained as social regulations, the truth is that all American Sunday laws except one or two passed very recently were religious in their origin. This was clearly stated by one of the Judges of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in a case decided in 1848, upholding the old act of 1794. Said he: "I wish it to be distinctly understood that I believe the laws constitutional because they guard the Christian Sabbath from profanation.—We are a Christian people and state.—I do not recognize the right of legislation to make a day of secular cessation from labor independent of the Christian Sabbath." And in 1928 the highest court of that state again upheld the law of 1794, repeating the ancient maxim, "Christianity is a part of the law of the land."

Blue laws are of ancient lineage; but in their origin they have always been theological. In this respect, the separation of church and state is not a fact. The psychology of a people cannot be changed by constitutional guarantees.

The blue laws of today can only be modernized through the adoption of a social and a humanistic point of view. And, when modernized, they will no longer be blue. #

Princeton men wear sennit straws with club striped bands during the spring house parties.

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Joro Fabry

"Don't wake him . . . he must be dreaming of a Whiskey Sour made with Calvert Reserve"

It's tragic to dream of a Whiskey Sour made with Calvert Reserve—and wake up *before* you drink it! For this extra-luxury whiskey has the priceless knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And Calvert Reserve has a unique "soft" flavor you'll find nowhere else. For a dream of a drink, try Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

"And she's smart, too . . . always gives me REGAL Ties!"

THERE IS A "REGAL" TIE FOR EVERY OCCASION

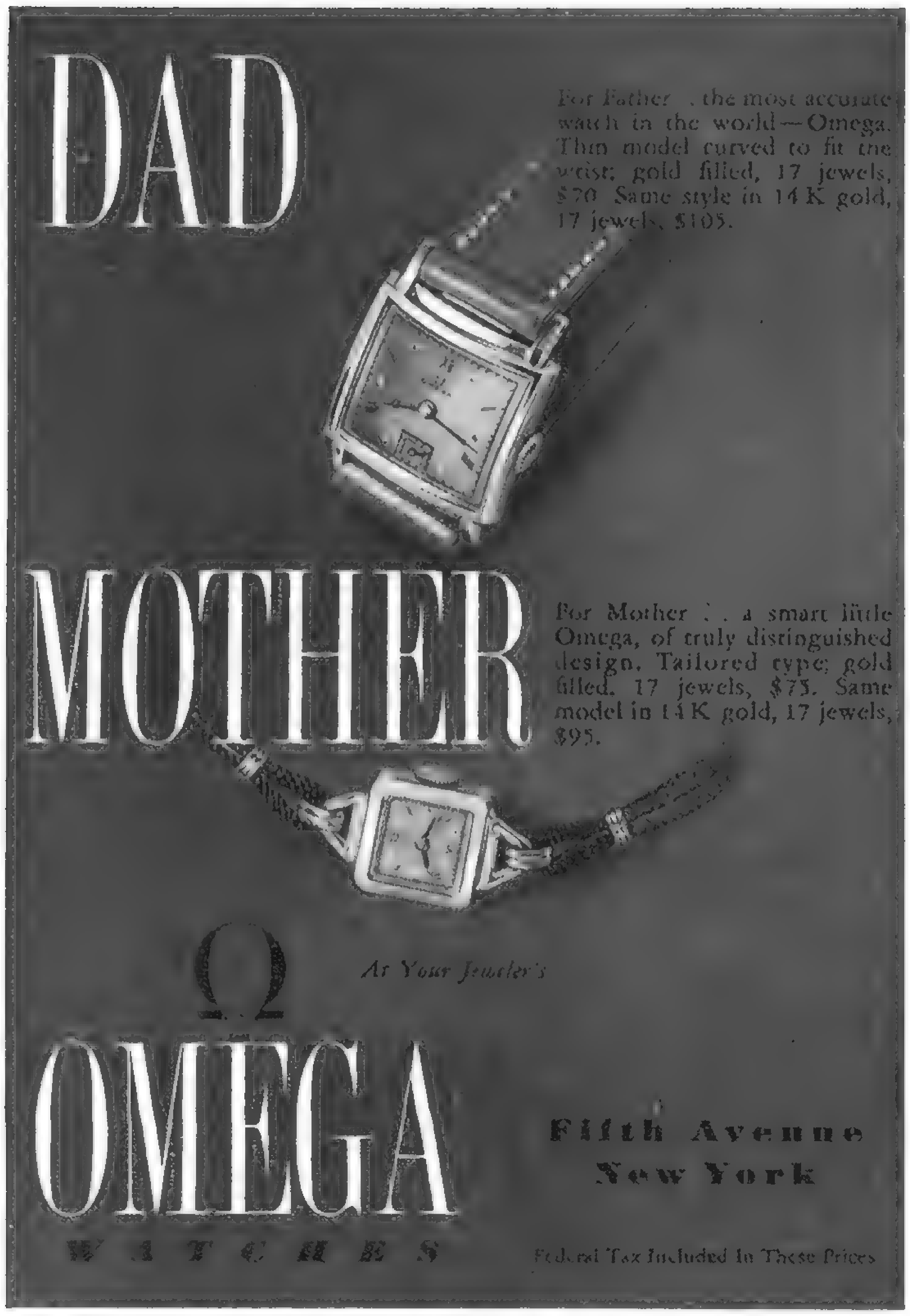
For style and wear a favorite everywhere. Exclusive styles! Exclusive fabrics! $1.00 and $1.50 at thousands of good stores.

REMEMBER . . . for two generations "Regal" has been known as the tie that "put the wear in neckwear".

REGAL-AIRE NYL-AIRE **Regal Cravats** REGAL HOMESPUN

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO., ST. LOUIS • MAKERS • ESTABLISHED 1898

FOR FATHER'S DAY YOUR BEST BUYS ARE "REGAL" TIES


DAD

For Father . . the most accurate watch in the world—Omega. Thin model curved to fit the wrist; gold filled, 17 jewels, $70. Same style in 14 K gold, 17 jewels, $105.

MOTHER

For Mother . . a smart little Omega, of truly distinguished design. Tailored type; gold filled. 17 jewels, $75. Same model in 14 K gold, 17 jewels, $95.

At Your Jeweler's

Ω OMEGA
WATCHES

Fifth Avenue
New York

Federal Tax Included In These Prices

SCOTT BARRIE
OF HOLLYWOOD
GABARDINES
TROPICAL WORSTEDS
SPORT COATS
SPORT SLACKS

For Going Places IN STYLE!

Let the masterful styling of *Scott Barrie of Hollywood clothe you with comfort and distinction in all-wool fabrics of lasting quality. Style chart and name of nearest dealer sent on request.

*Reg.

"Style with the Big-Town Touch!"
EAGLE CLOTHES
79 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.

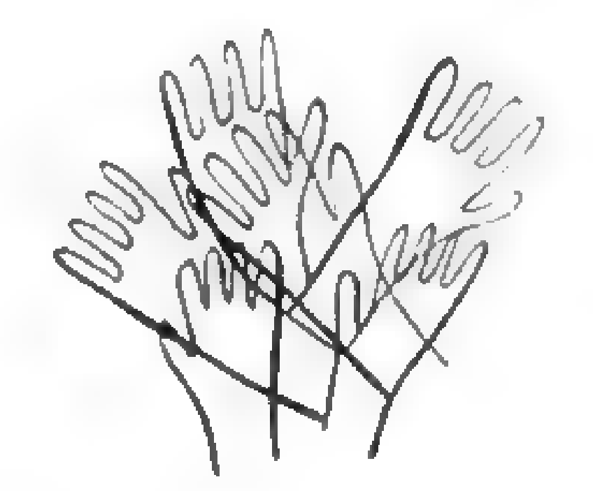
Print your name and address on margin of th.. ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine imported English Pigskin key case.

Circus Wind-Jammer

Continued from page 52

the silence is terrific. The crowd gasps . . . High above the center ring swings the beautiful spangled lady. She is standing on her head on a flying trapeze. Her blonde hair is flying. Now she lets go with both hands. The drummer starts a soft roll. You hold your breath, can't help it . . . Back and forth she sways, no hands . . . You have stood it as long as you can . . . Then, Boy! She's safe! She's descending on a rope, holding on by her teeth. The crowd cheers.

Now it's the hippodrome race . . . Girls in pink tights riding pairs of pounding horses. A foot on the back of each. The gallop, the gallop, boys, it's from Offenbach's opera, *Orpheus*, and it goes like the wind. Zowie-Zowie! Bink binka-binka-bing. Keep-it-up, keep-it-up, lickety-split, triple-tongue, faster, faster, Ta D-A-A-A! Yes, yes indeed. "The Win-n-n-a-ah!"



When Hitler finally goes down for the count, it will occasion more hand-clapping over here than anything since "Deep In The Heart Of Texas."

I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad, and the spangled lady is swinging on a silver ladder. *The Woodpecker's Song* for the fancy bicycle riders, in a sort of speeded-up version of swing time, with a flare, and a blare, it's not swing, it's not boogie-woogie, it's circus—just circus . . . Now! Ta D-A-A-A! "Ladies and Gentlemen, the attempt of a death-defying leap from the teeter-totter to the shoulders of five men high!" The ruffle of drums. Ta D-A-A-A! . . . Ha! . . . He made it! *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, and the ladies of the Gay Nineties swirl around in phaetons . . . The waltzing *Spring, Beautiful Spring*, lovely and lilting, for the swoops of the flying trapeze . . . Now the bareback riders. The time-clock in Merle Evans's head is setting the gallop pace for the big white horse. Four men in pink tights leap to the back of the galloper all at once. Ta D-A-A-A! . . . Next the wire-walker, with an umbrella. He's sliding across the silver thread . . .

Merle and the boys play for nearly three hours without a pause. It is the toughest assignment in music, and Evans is foremost in the field. He was born that way, it seems, because he never took a music lesson in his life. He got his first horn when he was ten years old, because they organized a band in his home town, Columbus, Kansas, and they needed someone to play in it. They gave the kid his cornet, a sixteen-dollar marvel with pearl keys, free. He started taking the horn to the woodshed every day, blowing on it six or eight hours. The practice made a musician out of Merle, but naturally it lost him the friendship of all the neighbors, for his blaring could be heard half a mile.

Soon Merle's parents joined the neighbors in wishing he never had got hold of that horn. In 1909 a carnival called *The Mighty Brundage Shows* came through Columbus. They needed a good loud cornet player for the eight-piece band. Merle was fifteen years old then, and he ran away to go with the carnival. His mother and sisters wept. The boy was ruined, they said.

Next we see our hero in Salina, Kansas, wangling a Thanksgiving dinner by tootling *Onward Christian Soldiers* for the Salvation Army on the corner of Santa Fe and Iron. The carnival had folded. The musical prodigy made it through the winter by driving a truck for the Salina Sanitary Milk Company. Next spring he hooked on to the carnival again, and played on the romantic Cotton Blossom Showboat, down the Mississippi River.

Until Merle joined Ringling in 1919, he never got a job exclusively as a musical artist—they always made him do something besides blow the cornet. On a medicine show in Arkansas he ran a gas motion picture machine and sold pills to the crowd. (He quit the medicine show for a pretty good reason—they began giving him his pay in pills.) On Gus Hill's Minstrels he played the cornet and helped set up the stage. He put up the merry-go-round and tore it down for the carnival. He had an extra-special job with the National Stock Company in their rendition of *Uncle Josh Spruceley*. The climax in *Uncle Josh* occurred when the heroine was lashed to a plank in a saw mill. Merle says there was a real circular blade which raised enormous clouds of sawdust as well as a horrible racket. The luckless lass approached her doom. The orchestra played "hurries" and storm music. Women in the audience sometimes fainted, Merle says. Just as the beauteous maiden reached the hidden safety device, which stopped her six inches away from Paradise, the dashing young lover came to the rescue. Our Hero's part was to sit on a saddle behind the scenes and pedal the bicycle contraption that turned the sawmill.

The late Charles Ringling hired Merle in 1919, taking him away from the Buffalo Bill show. Ringling was a musician, too, and Evans found out how to keep in good with his boss. Occasionally the Ringling chauffeur would appear at the band stand carrying a big baritone horn beautifully plated with gold. "Quick, boys," Merle would whisper, "get up *How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?*" Mr. Ringling appeared shortly, and sat down on the bandstand with the baritone. At the proper place Evans gave the boss a cue, and Ringling played a long solo—his favorite. When the piece was finished, Mr. Ringling would leave, doubtless thinking he had a swell band and a plenty fine leader.

Evans has twenty-six men in his band, recruited variously from Sousa's old organization, army and navy outfits, and a few town bands. But there are no swing artists. "They can't take it," Evans says. "Often you find fine musicians in the dance orchestras, but they get tired after about three or four hours of blasting. You've got to play seven hours a day in the circus."

Evans has a few philharmonic orchestra musicians, but he has trouble finding men of that type who can catch the lightning circus tempo. Once he hired a highly-recommended trombone player from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The man sat through four performances, and quit—he couldn't keep the pace in the circus jamboree. "I'm going back to something simple," he said.

It takes a lot of blowing to make a blare in a circus tent, and Evans himself is the loudest cornet player in the world—even louder than celebrated leather-lips like Louis Armstrong, Charlie Teagarden and Harry James. Merle's blast is so mighty that when he lifts his horn the other bandsmen might just as well quit playing—he drowns them all out. You get the idea that if he took a notion to blow the side off the hippopotamus wagon, he could do it easy.

Radio technicians long have been hep to the Evans blast. They found out the first time he rehearsed for a national network broadcast. The band was playing the bombastic *Entry of the Gladiators*, used to bring the elephants in, and Merle had cut loose with a flourish. One of the technicians ran into the studio and angrily ordered a halt. Evans, it seems, had blasted out the microphone. Now when he gets ready to broadcast, they make him go way back to the farthest corner and turn his bugle toward the wall.

Every spring Merle goes to the circus headquarters at Sarasota, Florida, to pick the music for the coming season. Then is when his greatest genius is put to use. He can watch an act in rehearsal, then reach into the monumental library of all the world's music, and pluck out the precise piece to fit the spectacle. From his own music library, valued at 10,000 dollars, he supplies everything for his band from the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn to the melodies of Irving Berlin. Classics, musical comedies, swing—he plays them all.

Evans thinks that animals can recognize music. He says trick horses, prancing to waltz time, will wait to bow until they hear the chord. Start to play *The Twelfth Street Rag*, and the elephants, without direction, will hurry to get up on their tubs and do their dance. But the seals—yes, the smart little seals who seem to play tunes on automobile horns—are tone deaf. "A seal,"

Continued on page 174

Shorts for hot days at resorts. Mr. Robert Holt wears a pair of tan cotton drill shorts with tan washable jacket, wool anklets and moccasin slippers.

Remember Dad with
ORIGINAL 4FOLD NO LINING
PALM BEACH TIES
by Beau Brummell

DAD deserves the best on his "day of days"—give him 4FOLD PALM BEACH TIES . . . smart . . . crisp . . . cool . . . guaranteed washable. They're DAD'S favorite ties . . . they have that touch of American personality. Give him several.

Guaranteed Washable

$1.

Palm Beach
OWNED AND WOVEN BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.
By BEAU BRUMMELL

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Or Dad will enjoy Beau Brummell Burton's Poplin Ties, Sportown Ties, Wonder Ties, and their many other novel fabrics and fashions. $1.00 to $5.00.

If Dad is in the Armed Forces of Uncle Sam—send him several Beau Brummell 4Fold Uniform Ties . . . New O. D. Khaki or Black. $1.00.

FATHER'S DAY June 21

AT BETTER MEN'S SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES, EVERYWHERE

BONI SPIRITUS HOMINES BONI

Rum Carioca

LARGEST SELLING RUMS IN THE UNITED STATES

"A Rum to Remember"

86 PROOF

FREE! Write for your copy of Carioca's handsome party booklet: "Recipes and Toasts for Popular Hosts."

Import Division: American Spirits Inc.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. Dept. D-1

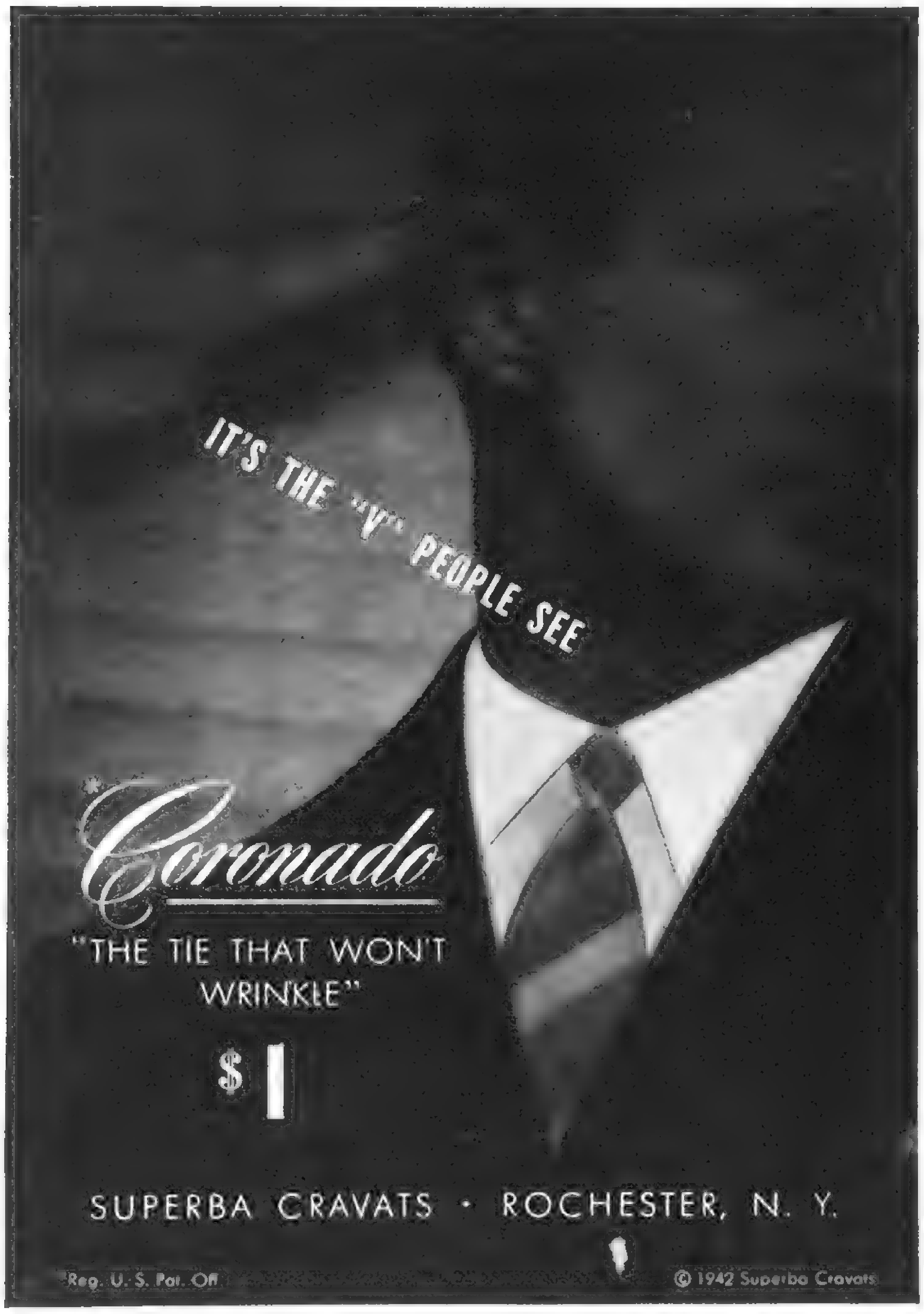
WEST INDIES
Rum Carioca
PUERTO RICAN RUM
AMERICAN SPIRITS INC.
IMPORT DIVISION

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

"He got it from a magician in exchange for an Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve"

You get a flying start towards perfection when you use Calvert Reserve in your Old Fashioneds. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the rare ability to *blend with*—rather than overpower—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And you'll find additional delight in Calvert's unique "soft" flavor. Give *your* drinks the magic of Calvert Reserve...*"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.


IT'S THE "V" PEOPLE SEE
Coronado
"THE TIE THAT WON'T WRINKLE"
$1
SUPERBA CRAVATS · ROCHESTER, N. Y.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
© 1942 Superba Cravats

Circus Wind-Jammer

Continued from pages 52-173

says Merle Evans, "can't tell *My Country 'Tis of Thee* from *The Beer Barrel Polka.*"

Evans talks as he plays his horn, in a rapid-fire staccato spiel that goes rat-a-tat-tat from one sentence into another. It's a mixture of Damon Runyon and conventional English, part in present tense and part in other tenses. One of his best yarns is about the snake in the bounding rope act of The Great Bombayo.

"This snake act," he says, "is in Madison Square Garden, about ten years ago, and it is supposed to build up atmosphere for a Hindu called 'The Great Bombayo.' Well, we are playing *Star of India*, which is weird music, boy, plenty weird, and I never play it now but what I think of that snake. Before the Great Bombayo appears they bring in this snake for atmosphere, and the snake is twenty-eight feet long, a python. Well, a guy has the snake slung over his shoulder, with its head foremost, and its tail dragging, and just when the guy gets past the band stand the snake reaches around and opens its mouth and clamps down on this guy's arm, see? It chills me, and everyone else on the band is scared, too, but we keep on playing, and then this snake begins to coil on this guy, right out in the middle of the ring, and about a dozen helpers grab crowbars and things, and they stick these iron bars in the side of the snake's jaws to try to pry his mouth off this guy's arm, and half-a-dozen guys grab hold of this snake's tail and they try to straighten the snake out because it is coiling on this guy, but it is hard because the snake is so strong. All the time we keep right on playing this weird music and these guys get the snake pried off this guy, and Bingo, here comes the Great Bombayo, and we give him the old chord in the key of C, and the bounding rope act goes on, and I find out later that the guy who gets bit by the snake gets well, all right."

Almost every year Merle and his wife go out to the home of his mother in Columbus, Kansas, to spend a few weeks in November. The house is old-fashioned, with a spinning wheel in the living room, but there is one mark of Merle's profession there. It is a silver loving cup—the maestro is proud of it.

"We're a union band, see?" he explains, "and so the show is out in San Francisco for Labor Day, and our circus billposters ask me if we will play for the Labor Day parade, and I naturally say sure, because it will seem like old times when the circus used to have parades, and so we all show up when it's time for the parade, but I don't know beforehand what we're getting into. There are at least twenty other bands there, all fancy outfits, and some have about a hundred men in them. I don't even have a third that many, so I say to the boys, 'Boys, we're going to have to spread out all over the street to look as big as possible,' and I tell them to cut loose with all they've got at all times.

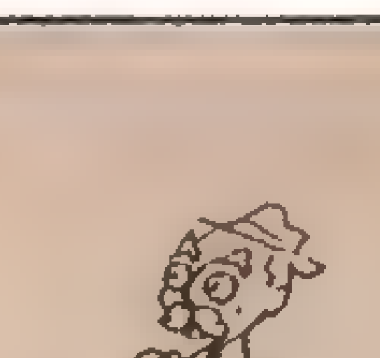
"Well, we play through the parade, and I call up some snappy marches with a lot of upstairs stuff for the cornets, and a month or so later when the circus is down in Nashville, Tennessee, I receive this loving cup. It surprises me because I had not known we were getting in a contest out there in San Francisco. The trophy says on it, 'Best Band in the Parade.' "

Evans has set an almost incredible record in the Ringling troupe—he's never missed a performance in the twenty-four years he has directed the band. His hard-hitting, jamming style of cornet playing has won acclaim in the musical world for the boy who never took a lesson in his life. His band has made many phonograph recordings.

Merle Evans' horn has taken him over a large part of the globe, both with the Ringling show and in three winter seasons with Mills International Circus touring London, Paris and Berlin. He has done all this with a horn that looks as if it had been hit by a tank.

It is so battered that the man in a Portland, Oregon, hock shop gave it to him, free, because he said no one would buy such a thing. ". . . the sweetest-blowing horn I ever had," declared Evans proudly unabashed.

Merle found his wife in the circus ballet. Traveling with the show, back and forth across the nation on the circus train, is their favorite way of life. In the winter season the last few years Merle has gone to St. Petersburg, Florida, to direct an organization called "Merle Evans and His Sunshine City Band." But the permanent location gets tiresome. Ol' Leather Lip, now fifty years old, is nothing more than a kid as far as the circus is concerned. Whenever springtime comes around he feels the urge to get out on the road. It seems he will never lose the thrill of pointing his horn out toward the center ring, soaring with his music far higher than all the rest, and blowing out a big C chord—Ta D-A-A-A—when the spangled lady bows to the crowd. ###



Parts of the Burma Road may have been closed, but the detours are reported excellent.

Cafe Society Note

Many a Father has paid up his dues
And again is adorning the right clubs,
Because of a daughter who's singing the blues
For cash-on-the-line in the night clubs!

—Phil Stack

Be Superstitious and Win

Continued from page 57

seem to be no possible relation between the occasion when you toss the penny and what happened when it had been tossed previously. But there is a relation as fixed as gravitation. It has been repeatedly proved that the law of mathematical probabilities applies to tossing pennies in the air as it does to such games as faro or roulette. In spite of occasional runs of any particular number, or red or black, or heads or tails, any extended test always shows the final result closely approximating the mathematical probabilities. The games of all gambling houses are based on the law of averages with a fixed percentage in favor of the casino, and no system of play has ever been discovered which over a period of time will overcome the percentage which prevails against the player.

Why then is it that these same mathematical laws do not apply in the game of bridge? Why is it that the distribution of the cards in this fantastic world of fifty-two pasteboards follows strange and mysterious laws which bear no relation to the mathematically computed probabilities?

When contract bridge became the most popular of all card games about fifteen years ago its popularity was largely due to the belief expounded by the experts that here was the most scientific of games, and yet almost anyone could become an expert player who could count up to thirteen, and who understood the simplest laws of mathematics and probabilities. There were, we were told, about eight honor tricks in the deck and if you held two and one-half honor tricks you held better than an average hand and could open the bidding. You were told the number of honor tricks which, when held by you and your partner, would give you a part score, the game or a slam. When you finessed through an Ace-Queen holding by your partner you were told your finesse would win one-half the time. It was all quite simple and a modest estimate would place the number of card players who overnight considered themselves "experts" at about one million.

But it so happened that none of these players who based their bidding and play on these mathematical laws ever won an important championship. These championships were all won by players who realized that the fantastic distribution of the cards was of greater importance than honor tricks, and whose system of bidding was designed to reveal the pattern of the distribution.

Ely Culbertson, who had done more than any other writer to popularize the game, admitted his mystification at the freakish action of the cards. He wrote: "What today appears a rank superstition may tomorrow be a scientific fact. Thus the derided bridge players who insist on taking the winning cards and playing with a particular deck are probably more right than all the mathematicians."

Take the miracle hand of thirteen cards of the same suit. According to the probabilities a player could play for more than 100,000,000 years before there was any likelihood of being dealt thirteen cards of the same suit. The odds against the holding of such a fantastic hand are 635,013,559,599 to one. When the newspapers first began reporting such hands the announcements were received with complete scepticism by all card authorities. There are numerous articles in the bridge magazines of ten years ago explaining their utter impossibility. But when the announcements of such hands continued to appear, and investigations showed they had actually been dealt, the bridge world was completely mystified. Here was a mathematical mystery of prime importance.

And then there occurred an event which astounded the bridge players of the world. One night, during a social gathering at the Funda Loretta ranch in Chile, four bridge players sat down to play a few rubbers. Six onlookers gathered around to watch the play. The cards were gathered and shuffled and then dealt for the second time.

When Miss Elina Ward, the dealer, looked at her cards she found she had a hand containing thirteen spades. And to the amazement of the players and onlookers

Continued on page 176

FATHER'S DAY...JUNE 21
Give "DAD" a Useful Gift
INSIDE VIEW
MEEKER Gifts

• Good old Dad...surely on one day of the year he deserves a reward! Select his gift now, and have it ready June 21. Give him something useful and handsome...a MEEKER-MADE gift of fine leather. He'll like it! It will give him years of pleasure.

VICTORY DeLuxe BILLFOLD

Fine, hand-boarded calf, handsomely finished and embossed with the V symbol. One of the finest billfolds available. $2.50.

MEEKER MADE FINE LEATHER GOODS

The VICTORY DeLuxe has exclusive Meeker TUK-AWAY hidden bill pocket, dual spare key holder, divider type bill compartment, window identification . . . many other modern features. Made to order for Father!

NOK-ABOUT KIT

A handy, practical, handsome toilet kit that every man or woman will appreciate. Genuine hand-colored, brown pigskin. Talon zipper and concealed steel spring which opens kit in a jiffy and keeps it open. Slight pressure closes it. Moisture-proof lining. Plenty of room, with minimum bulk. $5.50.

A COMPLETE LINE—The MEEKER Line includes leather accessories of great variety—Billfolds, Key Cases, Toilet Kits, Pocket Secretaries, Fine Leather Specialties; all noted for their quality and craftsmanship.

IF DEALER DOESN'T HAVE —MAIL COUPON **FREE BOOKLET**

THE MEEKER CO., Inc., Joplin, Mo.
Please send me items as checked.
FREE Booklet Victory DeLuxe Billfold $2.50
Nok About Kit $5.50 Check or Money Order Enclosed
Name
Street
City State
E

SUGAR, YOU'RE OFF MY LIST!

7-Up Collins* is *my* summer drink
—made without any sugar

Use gin as a base (if you can get it)—or rum (ditto). Either way use 7-Up with ice and lemon—and that's all. If you don't call this drink the best Collins ever—well, send us *your* recipe.

THE 7-UP COLLINS*
WITH GIN OR RUM

1 Jigger of Gin or Rum
1 Ounce of Lemon Juice
¾ Glass of Ice

Fill glass with 7-UP, *slowly,* without stirring. Garnish with a cherry—and *sip.* Say, is that ever *tasty!*

Sugar? Not a grain. 7-Up has a delightful flavor of its own. That's why a 7-Up Collins is so super-refreshing—and so o-o easy to make.

7up
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Be Superstitious and Win

Continued from pages 57-175

the other three players were each holding a perfect hand of thirteen cards of the same suit. The imagination of no Jules Verne or H. G. Wells ever visioned the outer fringe of such an utter impossibility. The chances against four perfect hands being dealt are 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559,999 to one. An affidavit, testifying to the veracity of this event and signed by the ten persons who witnessed the dealing of these four perfect hands, is now in the files of the *Pacific Coast Bridge Magazine*.

That the laws of mathematical probabilities simply do not apply to the game of contract bridge, and that there is some inner mystery in the nature and structure of cards, is now accepted by all authorities. And this mystery is more fantastic than simply the question of the lucky seats and the lucky decks. For years the continuous holding of miserable cards was regarded as the poor excuse of the poor player. But now it is conceded that there is a mystery in the card holdings of a comparative few players which cannot be explained by any knowledge we now possess.

The classic example of the holder of unfortunate cards is the famous Duke of Cumberland. According to legend he was for years a daring gambler and a skillful player of whist. Then one day his good fortune deserted him and some of the hands he thereafter held have become historic. It was he who held the most famous of all distributional freaks and who lost the largest single wager ever made on cards. The Duke, who had grown desperate as the result of the miserable hands he held, was sure his bad luck had left him when one day he picked up the following magnificent hand:

S—A K Q
H—A K Q J
D—A K Q
C—K J 9

Here, he felt, was the opportunity to regain some of his losses. In those days in the card club at Bath, where the most prominent players of England gathered, it was the custom to make bets before each hand was played as to the number of tricks each player would take. The Duke is reputed to have bet $700,000 that he could not take a single trick with clubs as trumps. And he lost the bet.

The player on his left held:

S—None
H—None
D—10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
C—A Q 10 8

The opponent on his right held no diamonds and the remaining clubs. He trumped the diamond opening and returned a club. This play was continued until the trumps held by the Duke were exhausted, when the diamonds had become established and took the remaining tricks. The unfortunate Duke held practically all the honor cards and did not take a trick. The significance of this historic hand was until recently overlooked by card authorities, all of whom continued to base their systems on the holding of honor cards.

The career of the late George Reith has become another of the strange legends of the game. For years he was the leading player of the Knickerbocker Club in New York, and was recognized as one of the greatest players in the country. But he is remembered today because of the freak distributional cyclones which always wrecked his aces and kings, and which he seemed to be doomed to encounter whenever any large wager or important championship was at stake. The hands he held on such occasions were always powerful in honor cards, usually holding out the promise of a slam, but in the play proved to be capable of taking only one or two tricks. All tournament players have at times encountered such freakish distribution, abnormal hands where no skill in bidding or play can prevent disaster, but with Reith such hands occurred with a regularity for which there was no explanation.

In the Vanderbilt Cup match, which is the accepted national team-of-four championship, his team lost the championship on a deal in which Reith held the following tremendous hand:

S—2
H—A K Q J 10 6
D—A K Q
C—A Q 10

Against this powerful holding, A. Mitchell Barnes and William J. Huske, bid six spades. And they made the contract, as one of them was void of diamonds and the other held no hearts, and both the king and jack of clubs were over the tenace held by Reith. Other experts gradually became superstitious regarding playing with Reith in any important match. Disgusted with the bad luck that continued to pursue him and which the most skillful bidding and play could not overcome, Reith, while still conceded to be one of the ablest players in the

Maybe it will be fun to take your girl riding on a bicycle built for two. You can always park in the moonlight, and tell her you've run out of energy—if you can make her believe it.

No Cocktail K.P. FOR ME!

HEUBLEINS
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

You don't have to do "Kitchen Police" in order to celebrate an occasion with cocktails! All the squeezing, peeling, measuring, mixing has been done for you in delicious *Heublein's Club Cocktails!*

6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
2. You just add ice and serve.
3. Absolutely highest *quality*.
4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. *(Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.)*

FREE: Write for *Club Party Book* of wonderful snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. K7, Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS
ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT

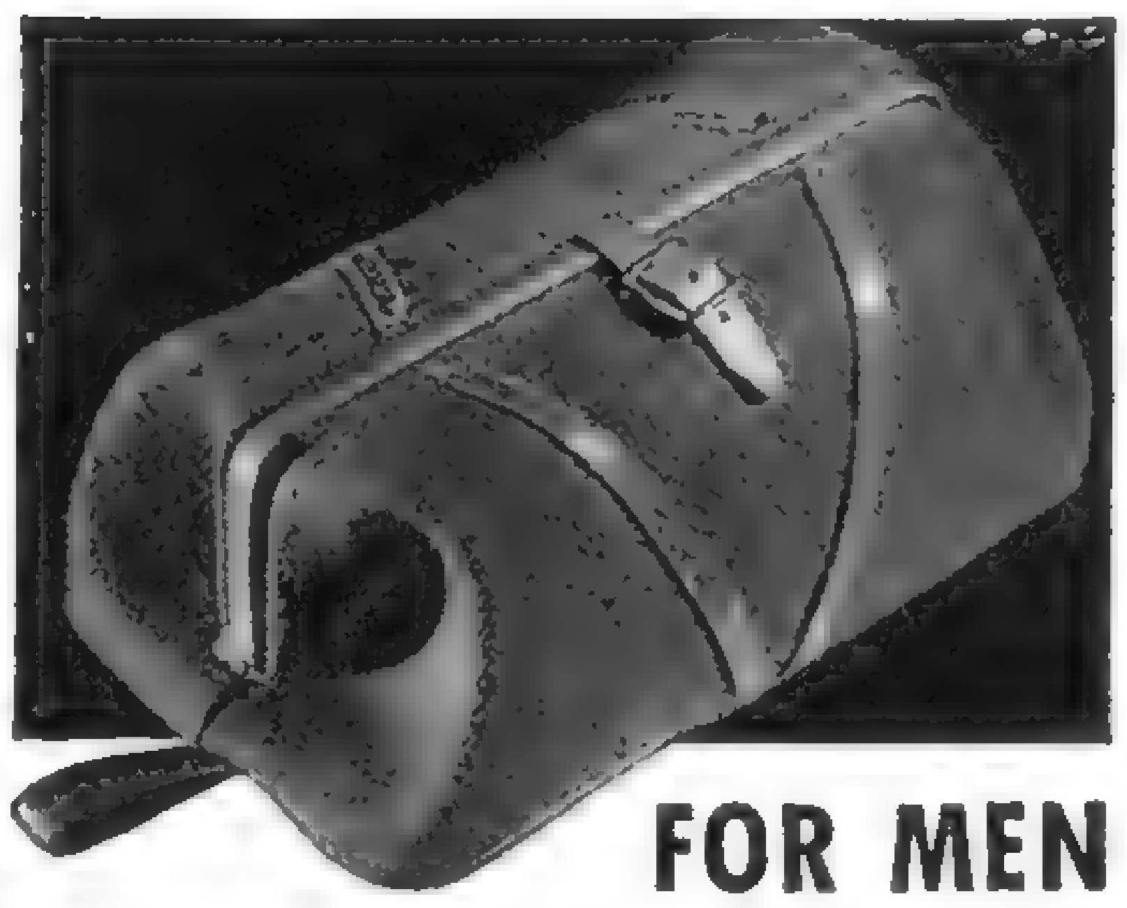
fighter for freedom . . .

General Douglas MacArthur

Read about the start of his military career at West Point . . . about his father's influence on the general-to-be . . . about his peace-time fight for Filipino independence which may outlive his war-time fight in Filipino defense.

Here is the story of America's Number 1 FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM, in a double bookette condensation of Francis T. Miller's new, comprehensive biography of General MacArthur . . . to appear in the July CORONET, out June 24th. Watch for it at your newsstand!

CORONET



FOR MEN
In Uniform or "Civies"

You can find no more welcome gift than a genuine Dres-Kit Victory Travel Pal that carries handily all of a man's toilet articles. It's compact, spacious, handsome and essential for every man in service and for men who travel. Most stores still have Dres-Kit Travel Pals with zipper closure or now show the new frame and buckle type. All have washable lining. New "V" for Victory (shown above) in military duck, $2.95. Without bands (shown below) $1.95. Others in handsome leathers $3.95 to $10.00.

THE ORIGINAL
DRES-KIT Travel Pal
by DRESNER

***Your copies of* ESQUIRE *in a* Permanent Book**

Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. June issue completes Volume XVII, January to June, 1942. We can supply most missing issues at 50c per copy—the regular newsstand price.

BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable.

Price, $2.50 per vol. With gilt top, $3.00 per vol.

DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World bookbinding craftsmen. Price, $5.00 per vol.

ESQUIRE, INC.
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Bound books returned express collect

country, never again entered a championship match.

The continuous holding of miserable hands finally was responsible for the retirement of one of the greatest players in the entire history of the game. He possessed such superlative skill that every expert willingly conceded that he was one of the great masters. In tournaments, where the contestants hold the same hands and the decision rests on the skill with which these hands are bid and played, he had won most of the important sectional as well as the national championships. He was a member of the team-of-four which has established the greatest record in history.

But in rubber bridge his luck was unbelievably bad. He did not, like George Reith, have even the poor satisfaction of occasionally holding powerful hands that were unfortunate distributional freaks. He simply held what seemed to be an unending stream of miserable hands which contained neither honor cards nor distributional possibilities. And with the passage of time his hands seemed to grow even poorer. The Yarborough, for instance, is a hand which contains no card higher than a *nine*. It is about as poor a hand as it is possible to hold and the mathematical chance of a player being dealt such a hand is once in 1,800 times. Then he began holding Yarboroughs with a frequency for which there seemed to be no possible explanation. When he changed his seat or table the player who took the seat he vacated would hold magnificent hands while he would continue to have miserable cards in the seat to which he had moved.

Then one night, while playing in a rubber game, he was dealt forty hands. On not one of these hands was he able to make a bid and two of these hands were Yarboroughs, hands which according to the probabilities should have required 3,600 deals. After the fortieth hand had been played he settled his bets and walked out of the club. He is said to have never played a game of bridge from that night.

We now understand why the mathematicians were so completely wrong in their calculations, but our increased knowledge has only served to deepen further some of the weird mysteries of the game of bridge. One important fact overlooked by mathematicians is that manufacturers of playing cards arrange them in thirteen cards of the same suit. This artificial stacking of each new deck enormously increases the possibility of a freakish distribution, irrespective of the number of times the cards are shuffled. And we have learned some surprising facts, which were also overlooked by mathematicians, about the effect which the shuffling may have on the pattern of distribution.

Curiously enough, the rough shuffling done by the average player tends to bring about a more normal distribution of the cards, whereas the more perfect shuffling of the expert player may actually result in the establish-

Continued on page 178

The dark blue flannel blazer with brass buttons combines with various colors of sport shirts and slacks.

FOR
FATHER
HUSBAND
BROTHER
SON

In Service and Out

Over-nite Size	$16.95
2-Suit Wardrobe	$25.00
Military Club-bag	$14.95

Signed for the Duration

The Gladiator has gone Military

The dash and sleekness of a roaring P-40 . . . the new "V" for Victory Military Gladiator, in complete ensembles, sets the pace on the luggage front. Popularly priced and as practical as it is handsome . . . the Victory Gladiator of Olive drab Army duck trimmed in russet leather, assures wrinkle-free travel for uniforms and "civies" alike. See those military utility pockets . . . run your hand over that khaki-colored covert cloth lining. You'll agree that here's the luggage that's "all out" for style and war economy.

AT BETTER LUGGAGE AND DEPARTMENT STORES

DRESNER . . . . . 512 SOUTH PEORIA STREET, CHICAGO
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF DE LUXE LUGGAGE
New York • CHICAGO • San Francisco

From California a suggestion for Father's Day

The Block GRANDEE is a grand gift

. . . because it helps Dad conserve on clothes and still get more fun from his leisure time

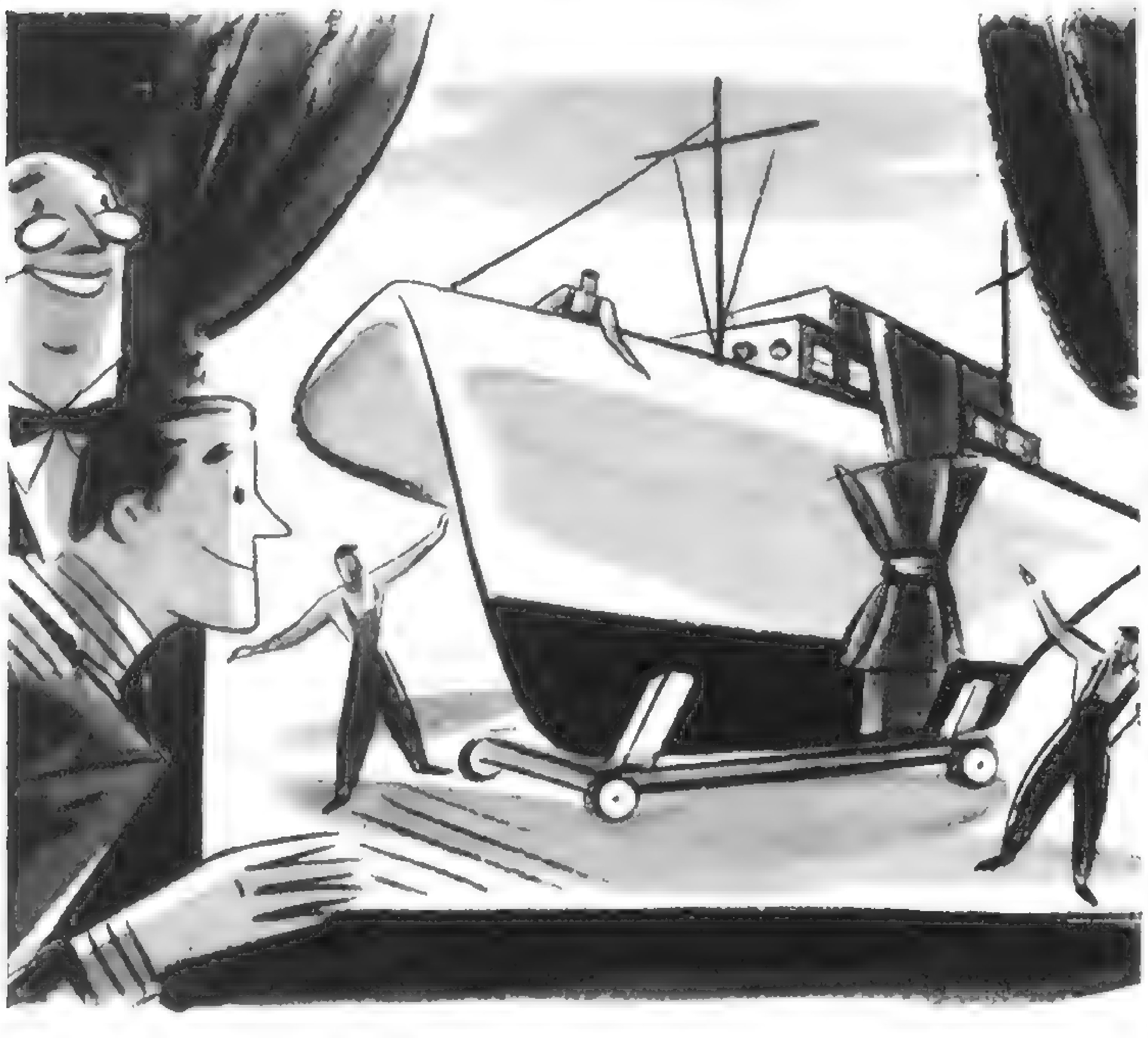
Father's a busy man all right . . . but now more than ever, he needs relaxation. Block Sportswear will not only give him a welcome change from work-a-day clothes, but also help him conserve on precious wool suits, and give his spirits a lift that will carry through to the next day's work.

• The Block Grandee features California Rancho styling at its best. It's Block tailored of heavy gabardine trimmed with lariat stitching, leather buttons and loops. A world beater for comfort as well as looks.

AT BETTER STORES
EVERYWHERE

BLOCK *Sportswear*
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

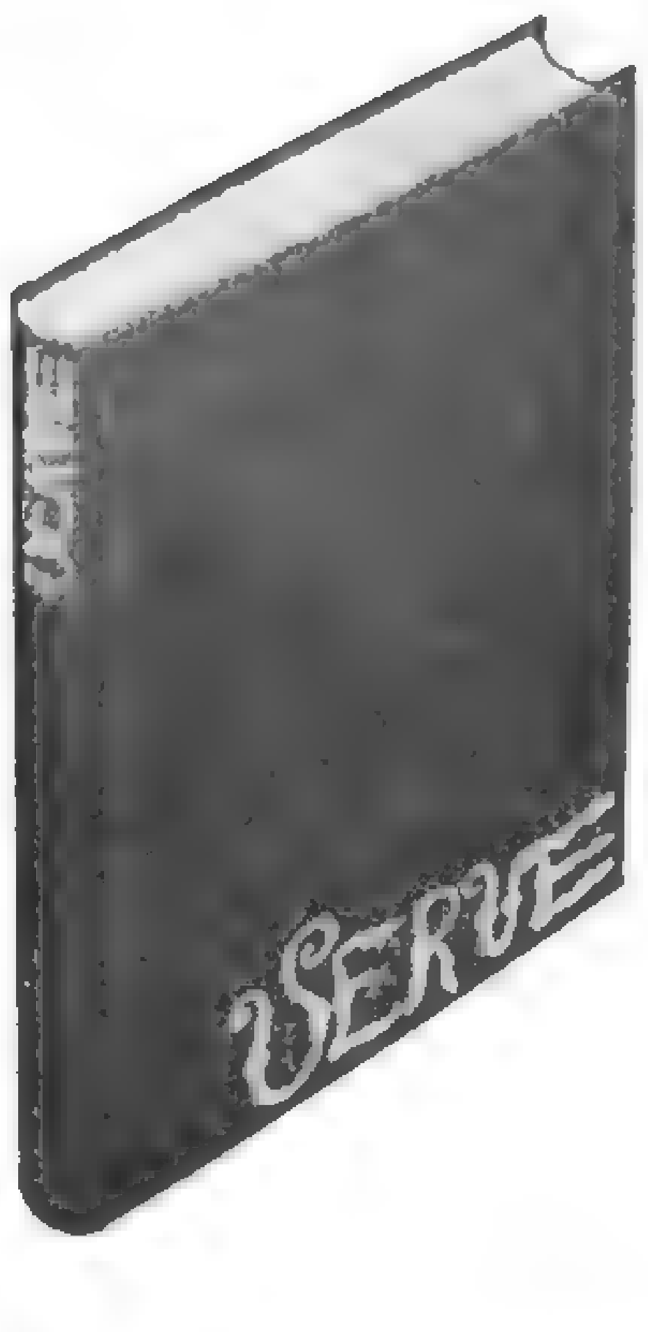
Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry



"It's but a small return, my friend, for that birthday gift of Calvert Reserve!"

Generosity just can't go any further than giving Calvert Reserve. To an admirer of Manhattans, for example, this extra-luxury whiskey is priceless...because it *blends with*—rather than overpowers—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. Its magnificent "soft" flavor is unique among whiskies. So—for a royal treat for a friend (or yourself) try Calvert Reserve...*"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



VERVE

Only a few copies are still available of this handsomely-bound volume containing the second, third, and fourth issues of Verve, the most luxurious of all Art Reviews

now . . . $7.50 for the remaining copies

With over 400 lavishly-processed pages . . . providing both a permanent art exhibit and a unique collection of the most fascinating monographs and learned articles about art ever published . . . this 10 x 14 buckram-bound volume is a "must" addition to the treasured collections of all sincere art lovers, students, and bibliophiles.

Complete remittance should accompany each order. Secure your copies now from

Esquire, Inc.
919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

High Spots in a Revolutionary Mystery Novel

Page 13: *Hero-detective admits he doesn't need a vacation and hopes he'll find a murder to solve.*

Page 74: *Hero is baffled by erudition and fancy terminology of the local constable. "I can't understand them big words," he admits.*

Page 201: *It has now been two and a half years since the victim was murdered, and nobody else has been killed, so detective is enabled to state that no danger lurks in the vicinity, and there is still plenty of time to solve the mystery.*

Page 273: *Hero gathers eighteen assorted butlers, relatives, taxi-drivers, and other suspects together in room and states that the person who murdered John Merrick is: "positively not in this room. In fact I haven't the faintest idea who did it, and I give up the case." THE END.*

Be Superstitious and Win

Continued from pages 57-175-177

ment of an abnormal distribution. If you have watched a group of experts playing, and one of them is suffering from unfavorable distribution, you will sometimes see that player using the hay mound shuffle, the crude shuffle of the beginner whose fingers are all thumbs. It is believed to be within the power of a few players to control to some extent the pattern of the distribution through the character and number of their shuffles, returning the distribution nearer to normal with a rough shuffle, or creating a more freakish distribution by a nearly perfect shuffle.

Take a new deck and, without any shuffling, deal the cards. You will find the hands have quite an even distribution. Then take another new deck and give the cards a perfect shuffle, or several perfect shuffles, and then cut and deal the cards. You will obtain a surprising result. While the pattern of the distribution will change, in accordance with the number of shuffles, you will find in every instance that you and your partner will be holding two complete suits and will be void in the other two suits. You could bid and make a grand slam in either of the two suits you and your partner hold. And the cutting of the cards by your opponents will not affect this abnormal distribution.

To accomplish this result, however, it is essential that each shuffle is perfect, a card from one hand falling in turn on top of a card from the other hand. As only a few experts are capable of such perfect shuffling it was found necessary in the experiments made, to divide the deck into two equal parts, and then alternately place one card from one pile on top of a card from the other pile, thus accomplishing the same result as if the deck had been given a perfect shuffle.

The most fascinating of the mysteries of card distribution, however, is the artificial pattern created by the players in playing the cards. This is the result of the rule which requires a player to follow suit to any card led if he has a card of that suit. This causes a concentration of the cards of the suit played during the first few rounds, with a similar concentration of the other suits in the later rounds of play. Through the necessity of following suit each player is unconsciously stacking the cards and contributing to the establishment of an abnormal distribution. Here, all authorities agree, is to be found one of the clues to the bizarre and unexplainable action of cards.

The luck in bridge consists, not as is generally thought in the holding of honor cards, but in holding favorable or unfavorable distribution. The mathematicians have been proved to be right in their assertion that each player will hold about the same number of honor cards over a period of time. But this is not true of distribution, which seems to follow strange and mysterious laws. The freakish and astounding patterns that cards assume, and the manner in which they favor some players and bring disaster to other players, remains a baffling mystery.

There are three or four outstanding players who are believed to possess some insight into the nature of the structure and distribution of cards. After seeing the pattern of the distribution of the first deal, and after observing the play and the nature of each shuffle, these players are credited with the uncanny ability of knowing in advance the character of the distribution this deck will show during an entire session of play.

To all other bridge players, however, and this includes all experts except these few, the nature of card distribution remains a mystery. The best method known for overcoming unfavorable distribution is the convention, now adopted by all important card clubs, of cutting the cards after each rubber for the right to choose the lucky cards and the lucky seats. If this be superstition then make the most of it. Ignore this convention if you choose and you will end up with borrowing a shirt from the superstitious players. ##

No More Parades?

Continued from page 62

popular feeling is incalculable. I think of a series of pictures made, admirably, by Warners, dealing with various arms of the service. I saw the cavalry picture, all color and a reasonable plot—the same plot that always goes well in the full length features—and although not one word was wrong, everyone felt that it had been made before Pearl Harbor. That was a picture which was not wrong in tone; imagine what happens to a short which tackles a pertinent problem, and takes the appalling risk that by the time it is released, people will hiss its noble sentiments. No wonder the movies would rather do Abbott and Costello.

The parade sidesteps all the problems; the parade is quickly created, it is a sort of emotional mass meeting of all concerned; it is the Roman circus without real Christians being thrown to the lions, but with the image of Japanese thrown to the Chinese dragons. It also gives us the image of power, the feeling of invincibility. Ten blocks of tanks moving steadily, remorselessly along Commercial Street are the menacing might of all our thousands of tanks moving relentlessly over Japanese lines around the China ports, over the German lines on the Channel, over the Italian outposts in the desert. The parade gives us Might —and gives it to us "as far as the eye can see." So it is infinitely satisfying.

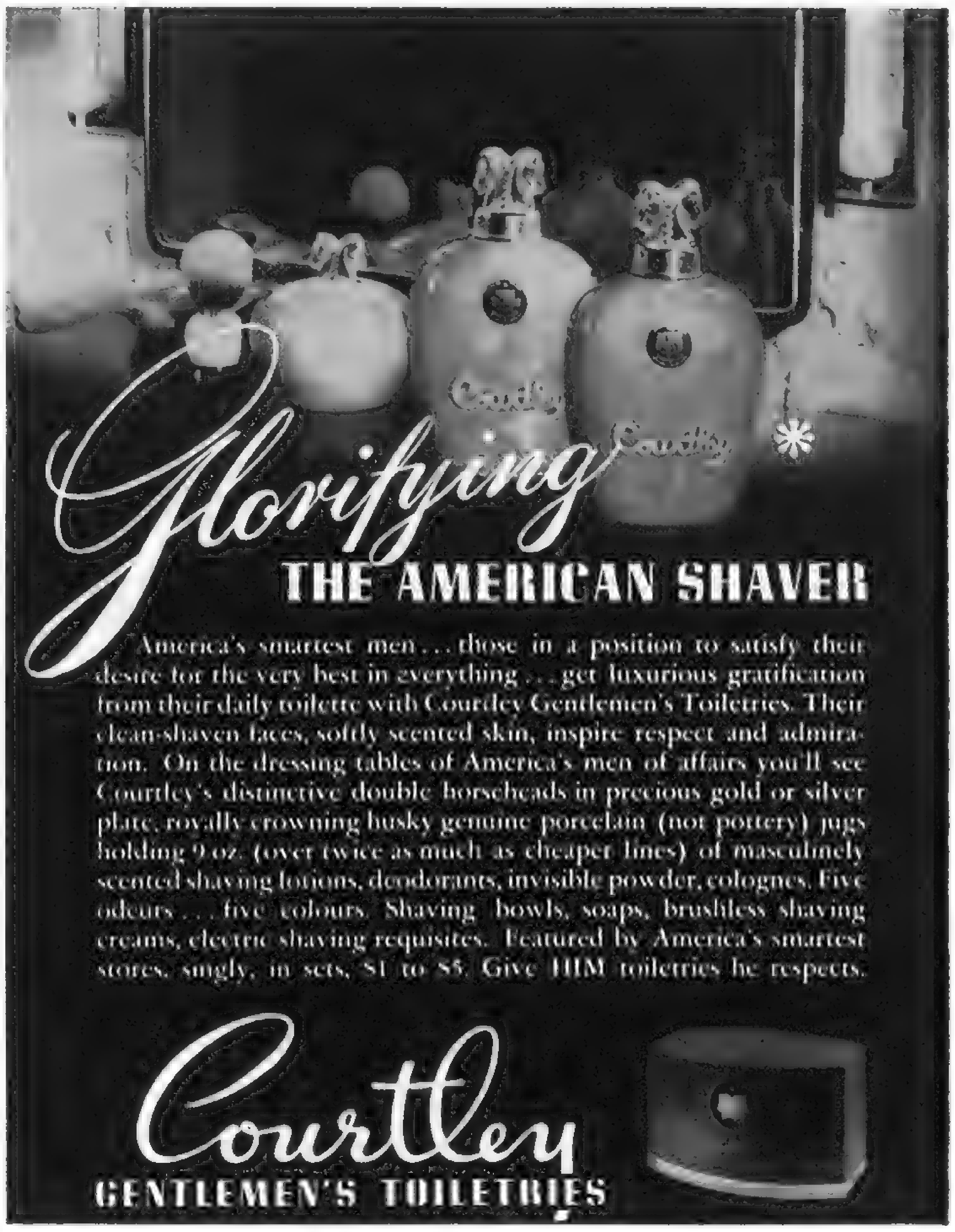
It is also a little old-fashioned, and therefore it is reassuring. Politicians know this. After the great rallies, they try the parades; they know that the votes are won by radio, by the press, by actions and promises; but they like torchlight parades, they like electric flashlights simulating old-time torches, they want us to think of McKinley or maybe of Bryan. So the military parade reminds us of other days, of brave departures and of triumphant returns.

I think we are being a little over-modern about parades. It's as if the people responsible for our feelings (you may prefer to say "morale") aren't parade watchers and therefore feel that parades are a little below stairs, intellectually. I noticed something of the sort in an exasperated piece by Dorothy Thompson. She had been reading some rather elaborately pretty booklets sent out by one government department; all orchidaceous and smooth paper, and all telling how the soldiers are well fed and learn to do their own darning—maybe you, too, saw the piece about the soldiers who will be good husbands after the war because they'll know how to sew. This set Miss Thompson into a real pet or maybe a tizzy. "Come now," she said. And violently exploded.

Well, it takes all sorts to make a war in a democracy and about a million mothers, I daresay, are actually reassured by knowing that their boys in camp are well clothed and do have time to sew a button. It is foolish and trivial; but their hearts are warmed; and when their sons go away and don't write for months, some mothers will think of them sewing a button and others will think of them burning with an intense passion for the economic points in the Atlantic Charter. But the simple mothers will not be snobbish and say, stop printing idealism; only the idealistic mothers are snobbish and say, stop printing silliness.

So we, the nonlookers (I coin the evil word) belittle parades and other low gatherings. We've made a mistake. We need a parade and, I think, we need the frame of mind in which parades are enjoyed—because we believe in them. Slowly and most remorselessly, we are being pushed into one another's arms; it's a good thing for us. And we ought to get used to marching together—or standing shoulder to shoulder watching those march who are doing it for us. ⌗

Native print sport shirt of blue and white is worn with a tan herringbone Shetland jacket by Mr. John Miller.



Glorifying THE AMERICAN SHAVER

America's smartest men . . . those in a position to satisfy their desire for the very best in everything . . . get luxurious gratification from their daily toilette with Courtley Gentlemen's Toiletries. Their clean-shaven faces, softly scented skin, inspire respect and admiration. On the dressing tables of America's men of affairs you'll see Courtley's distinctive double horseheads in precious gold or silver plate, royally crowning husky genuine porcelain (not pottery) jugs holding 9 oz. (over twice as much as cheaper lines) of masculinely scented shaving lotions, deodorants, invisible powder, colognes. Five odeurs . . . five colours. Shaving bowls, soaps, brushless shaving creams, electric shaving requisites. Featured by America's smartest stores, singly, in sets, $1 to $5. Give HIM toiletries he respects.

Courtley
GENTLEMEN'S TOILETRIES

✱ *Illustrated . . . Courtley Shaving Bowl, year's supply, $1.50 . . . After Shave Lotion $2 . . . Invisible Powder $2 . . . 3-pc. set $5. Courtley, Ltd., Los Angeles.*

WEATHER FORECAST:

Buy Plymouth!

You can't forecast the weather, but you can forecast your assurance that you'll be prepared for it, come rain or shine, when you buy Plymouth. And if you've a weather eye for distinctive styling, you'll doubly appreciate Plymouth's trim, smooth lines. Illustrated is the Plympton model, a single breasted fly-front raglan of fine combed yarn gabardine Rainfoe showerproof processed. You'll find this and other handsome Weatherproofs at leading apparel dealers who feature Plymouth quality.

CONFIDENTIAL FORECAST: Although no weather forecasts can be released, it is reliably reported that on June 21st, Father's Day, fathers everywhere are hoping and expecting a Plymouth! Remember . . . Dad is the man who can take it . . . so give him a Plymouth Weatherproof!

Write for name of nearest dealer.

PLYMOUTH
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100 Hampshire Street (Roxbury Crossing) Boston, Massachusetts

Taste it...
that's all
we ask
Blatz
MILWAUKEE'S
MOST EXQUISITE
BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Sun Valley, IDAHO

Plan your summer "keep fit" program in the heart of Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains. A modern skeet and trap shooting grounds is one of Sun Valley's feature attractions. Carl Bradsher (Palm Springs and Rolling Rock) will be available as instructor during July, August and September.

Other activities to be enjoyed are golf, outdoor ice-skating, swimming, riding, fishing and hunting. Accommodations as low as $3 per day, per person. For information and reservations, write

W. P. ROGERS, *General Manager*
Sun Valley, Idaho

KEEP FIT · AMERICA

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

JULY 1942

Page

Abels, Robert 16
Adler Shoes for Men 14
Allen Edmonds Shoe Corp 181
Alligator Co., The 167
American Spirits, Inc. (Rum Carioca) 173
Arden Book Co 14
Arrid (Carter Products, Inc.) 129
Arrow Importing Co. (Corduroyal) 182
Arrow Shirts (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 111

Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) 170
Beau Brummell (Palm Beach Ties) 173
Ben-Burk, Inc. (Old Mr. Boston) 18, 19
Blatz Brewing Co. 180
Block Sportswear 177
Botany Worsted Mills 128
Brand & Oppenheimer, Inc. (Bando) 156
Bristol-Myers Co. (Vitalis) 117
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester) 161
Buchsbaum & Co., S. (Elasti-Glass) 133
Burger, Joseph (Staturaids) 16

Calvert Distillers Corp 167, 171, 174, 178
Carter Products, Inc. (Arrid) 129
Cat's Paw Co. 14
Caviar Restaurant 8
Champs-Elysees 8
Cheney Bros. 168
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Shirts) 111
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc 9
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 121
Copley Plaza 9
Corduroyal (Arrow Importing Co.) 182
Courtley Toiletries 179

Davenport, Ltd. 16
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) 9
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) .126
Dimple Tie Corp. (Drapestitch) .. 15
Divan Parisien 9
Dobbs (Hat Corp. of America) ... 118
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) ... 169
Dresner & Son, Inc., S:
  Dres-Kit Travel Pals 176
  Gladiator Luggage 177

Eagle Clothes 172
Elasti-Glass (S. Buchsbaum & Co.) 133
Electric Auto-Lite Co., The 123
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 170

Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 169
Fifth Avenue Hotel 8
Forstner Chain Corp. (Komfit) ... 16
Fougera & Co., Inc., F. (Magitex) 15
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal) 171
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc. (Fernet Branca) 9
French, Shriner & Urner 152
Frenchee Chemical Co 14

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) ... 169
General Electric Radio 154
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc 141
Glover Co., H. B. 182

Haig & Haig (Somerset Importers, Ltd.) 116
Haldeman-Julius Co 14
Hat Corp. of America (Dobbs) 118
Helbros Watch Co 157
Hershey Mfg. Co. (Vitabrush) 16
Heublein & Bro., G. F. 176
Hull Mfg. Co 14

Interwoven Stocking Co .... III Cover

Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 160
Johnson Woolen Co., Cyril 166
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 121

Page

Kelly's, Jimmy 8
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 170

Leon & Eddie's 9
Leroux & Co., Inc. 182

Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Inc.) 164
McKelvy Co., Alfred D. (Seaforth) 163
Meeker Co., Inc., The 175
Middleton, Inc., John 12
Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 153
Morris & Co., Inc., Philip:
  Marlboro 164
  Philip Morris 130
Moyer Mfg. Co. ("Seven Seas") .. 16

National Brewing Co., The 11
National Magic Co 14
New Ocean House 8
New York Sun, Inc., The 7
Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.) 151
Northern Furniture Co. 181

Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc.) 161
Old Mr. Boston (Ben-Burk, Inc.) 18, 19
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 139
Omega Watches 172

Pabst Brewing Co. (Blue Ribbon) 165
Palm Beach Ties (Beau Brummell) 173
Paris (A. Stein & Co.) 120
Park & Tilford Import Corp. (Booth's House of Lords) 12
Parker Pen Co., The .... II Cover
Pennsylvania Rubber 15
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock) 8
Piedmont Shirt Co. (Wings) 140
Pioneer Accessories 146
Plaza Hotel, The 12
Plymouth Mfg. Co. 179
Prince Gardner 155

Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.) 171
Regent Cigarettes 144
Riverside & Dan River Mills, Inc. (Rivercool) 132
Rolfs 162
Rum Carioca (American Spirits, Inc.) 173

Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) .... IV Cover
Savoy-Plaza 8
Schenley Import Corp:
  Cresta Blanca Wines 9
  Dewar's 126
Schieffelin & Co (Don Q Rum) ... 169
Schirmer, G 14
Seaforth (Alfred D. McKelvy Co.) 163
Seven-Up Co., The 175
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 139
Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite) .... IV Cover
Smoke-Ease Inhaler Co 16
Somerset Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig) 116
Stein & Co., A. (Paris) 120
Sun Valley 180
Superba Cravats 174
Swank Jewelry 127

TexTan 158
Twinplex Mfg. Co 14

U. S. Rubber Co. 3

Vitalis (Bristol-Myers Co.) 117

Webster Cigars 119
Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.) 170
Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East) 151
Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc. 142, 143
Wings (Piedmont Shirt Co.) 140

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

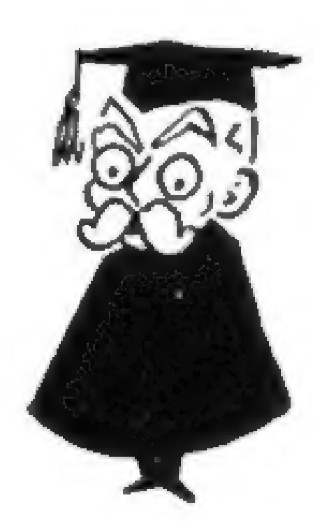
The Little Acorn

Continued from page 54

Denise, or perhaps they had met at dancing school, but anyway Mrs. Hubbard was an old Farmington chum of mother's, and then they all were to go on to the Chatham Christmas Dance at the Plaza. Mrs. Hubbard was being extremely kind, especially considering Denise was nearly a year older than Dex. He was to escort Denise to the dance. And there was a corsage in the icebox.

"To think I raised my son to be a glamour boy," moaned his father with a comic lifting of the eyebrows. "And at fifteen!" Yet there was a certain pride in the older man's voice, for he was remembering his own youthful sallies as a beau about Gotham.

Dex excused himself hastily and jumped into the shower. He was trembling, a little from excited anticipation, a little from uneasiness at the unknown. His crowd wasn't scheduled for the sub-deb parties until next year, and even Stub hadn't made the Chatham.



Loose talk can cost lives.
Loose lives can cause talk.

"I just can't be *gauche*," he said aloud, and lingered over the word. He turned off the water, toweled, and resolutely began to shave. It was merely a gesture of emancipation. Three cuts in as many strokes weren't too promising. "Divots," he said to himself, laughed, and felt better.

Getting into the dress shirt, collar and black tie was something of a struggle, but with the expert assistance of his father and the loan of a cummerbund (the smooth touch!) he managed. A hasty goodnight, a brief return for the corsage which he had forgotten, a second goodnight, and he was off.

All the way down to 72nd Street Dex felt strangely excited. He could smell the talcum which he had so vigorously applied, and he fingered the maroon carnation in his lapel with a definitely satisfactory feeling. Wait till he told the old Stub about an evening with Denise. He didn't know the girl, but he remembered the remark of a sixth former in the dining hall: young, but a plenty hot number.

He was ushered into a narrow, very modern grey stone city house by what was undoubtedly Hollywood's dream of the ideal English butler. Dex had his misgivings when he saw the august company of Chesterfields and opera hats that his polo coat and old snap-brim was entering. He shot his cuffs and walked into the library.

He was appalled. There wasn't a soul in the place he had ever seen before. A fog of detached names swirled about his head as he stumbled around acknowledging introductions. Evidently older men too, all wearing tails. He was sure of it when, after seating himself cautiously on the end of a couch, he asked the boy in the next chair where he was at school.

"Yale," answered the older man with an air of condescension.

Fortunately at this moment a maid appeared before them with a tray bearing cocktails and hors-d'oeuvres. Dex, after deliberation, chose a stick of stuffed celery and an old-fashioned. He took a sip of the drink, and then gagged. Only slightly, but he could see the looks of amused tolerance toward *that kid* on the faces of the other and older guests. With mounting horror he recognized a fifth former from St. Barrabas. Next year's varsity football captain they said at school. O God!

Dinner wasn't much better, but he found himself subject to the astonishing honor of sitting on Denise's right. Denise at sixteen was as smooth as they came: a coiffure by Antoine, a Farmington glaze and a lovely face and figure conspired to make her like something out of a theatrical heaven. Completely in her element she slipped through the company like a platinum seal. At least five of the eight boys present were violently in love with her.

Denise went out of her way to be kind to Dex. His growing confusion was obvious, and she thought him a nice kid, though ages too young really. But she couldn't help a stifled giggle when, just after the salad course, Dex grabbed a cigarette and tapped it with such forceful nonchalance that it broke in two, took another, and then proceeded to light the cork tip.

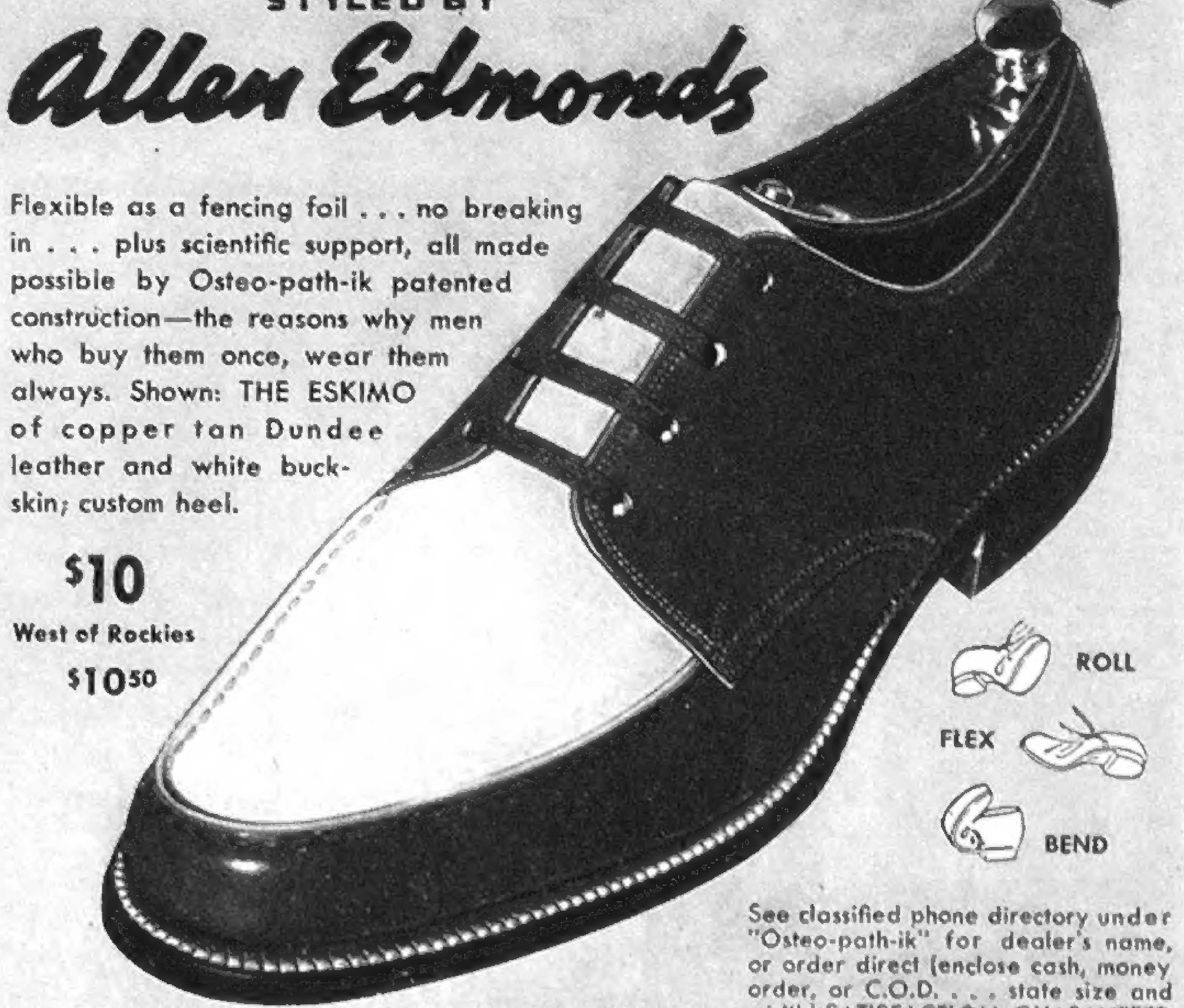
Then, with the exception of Dex, everyone present seemed to have grown up together with everyone else. The conversation whirled around strange names and places like a mad dervish, leaving Dex completely baffled.

The girl at Dex's right, a rabbit-faced little blonde called Poogie, turned to him and began to prattle on about the Lake and one Harry who was a scream. Just where the Lake was, Dex was never able to determine, but it was apparently the old camping ground of the rest of the group. They talked incessantly about Star boats with quaint names, local roadhouses and Saturday night dances at the club. Dex was disgusted, yet wanted fiercely to be one of the inner circle. He was a Maryland Shore man himself. Occasionally he would give a knowing smile and a vibrant chuckle or two when they spoke of their summer paradise, but it was no good. He couldn't even convince himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard put in a brief appearance after dinner,

Continued on page 182

Osteo-path-ik *Nailess* Shoes
STYLED BY
Allen Edmonds



Flexible as a fencing foil . . . no breaking in . . . plus scientific support, all made possible by Osteo-path-ik patented construction—the reasons why men who buy them once, wear them always. Shown: THE ESKIMO of copper tan Dundee leather and white buckskin; custom heel.

$10
West of Rockies
$10.50

ALLEN EDMONDS Belgium, Wisc.

See classified phone directory under "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer's name, or order direct (enclose cash, money order, or C.O.D. . . . state size and width) SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money cheerfully refunded.

fashion is sense

And fashion sense, these days, means getting maximum wear out of your clothes. It's simple if you take proper care of your wardrobe . . . and Esquire's Dress Manual, keyed to the new needs of '42, tells you exactly how!

In addition to complete tested tips on today's fashion requirements (including dressing yourself to look fatter or thinner or taller, depending on your particular build) there's a gold mine of information on how to make shoes, hats and suits last longer.

There'll be no quarter for sloppiness or wasteful carelessness if you clunk down your quarter for Esquire's Dress Manual. Every one of the 24 fully illustrated pages will save you time and trouble and money, so send for your copy of Esquire's Dress Manual—right now!

esquire p. o. box 1143, chicago, illinois

Rush me my copy of Esquire's Dress Manual, the new 24-page booklet giving complete information on what to wear and when. I enclose 25¢ in coin for production, handling and postage costs.

Name __________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address __________
City __________
State __________
(U. S. ORDERS ONLY; NO STAMPS PLEASE)

FURNITURE

The interested public is invited to visit our displays of Period and Modern Bedroom and Dining room Furniture in the following listed cities.

EXPERIENCED CONSULTANTS WILL GLADLY GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE EXHIBIT BUT PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED MERCHANTS.

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.

BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • DETROIT • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SHEBOYGAN • ST. LOUIS

CORDUROYAL
ARISTOCRAT
TRADE MARK
OF CORDUROYS

DAD WILL

Fly High

ALL SUMMER
IN THE NEW
LIGHTWEIGHT
Jackson Jacket

. . . as debonair and easy-going as youth, itself. Dad will be doubly pleased because it not only complements his wardrobe, but also compliments his years! For there is no age limit on the spirit of youth. And Jackson's the casual coat for the well-dressed man of any age! Made of a featherweight grade of Corduroyal—a luxury corduroy that's almost impossible to wear out. Full-lined; roomy pockets; silver-pearl buttons; back-vent. Correct for country, sports, or just lounging around the house. Even dress-up enough for cocktails—or any informal occasion—when mated with a pair of smart slacks! Colorful, too, in a distinctive shade of Sand, the new Flannel Gray, or the socially accepted Sandune.

ASK FOR JACKSON BY NAME $14.95 BE SURE IT'S A JACKSON

At Better Stores
If Your Dealer Doesn't Have One
Mail Coupon Below

Arrow Importing Co.
2101 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send (postage prepaid) . . . Jackson Jackets at $14.95 each, with the understanding that my money will be returned if I am not completely satisfied (providing jacket has not been worn).

☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.
Add 17c postal charge for C.O.D. Shipment
SIZE: (34-35-36-37-38-39-40-42-44-46) . . . .
COLOR: ☐ Sandune ☐ Flannel Gray ☐ Sand
MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . *State* . . . .

The Little Acorn

Continued from pages 54-181

greeted everyone in a distinctly feudal manner, and shooed the young things off to their dancing.

Dex found himself sitting with the chauffeur in the front of a very long, shiny black limousine. With the glass partition up behind him, he could hear muffled guffaws and giggles that made him uncomfortable. They kept tapping on the glass, and when Dex turned around Poogie would go off into a minor fit of hysterics. Dex was sure that it must be his coat and hat. At least, though, he could flash the Tiffany cigarette case his father had lent him on the argument that one of his young partners might possibly be an addict. He lit a cigarette but, as always the smoke got in his eyes.

At the Plaza, Dex mashed up his hat, stuffed it in the pocket of his polo coat, and checked them, rid of at least two millstones.

Several red-carpeted flights of marble staircase led up to the Grand Ballroom, the entrance of which was guarded by two old dragons in the guise of social secretaries. Once past these, the little band split up, Denise clinging to Dex's arm. He was overpowered by her sweetness as they moved out on the floor and began to dance. He was immediately cut.

Dex sought out the punchbowl, and downed a cup of the watery fruit concoction. He noticed a sixth former, whom he knew slightly at school and disliked.

"Good punch, eh boy?" said Dex pleasantly.

The sixth former looked down several inches. "Out of the mouths of sucklings!" he said, adjusting his white tie. "It stinks!" He stalked off to cut in on next year's glamour girl number one.

Dex lit a cigarette, put it out, lit another. He carried two cups of punch to non-existent friends at the far end of the room. Finally he joined the stagline.

The straggling group of stags at the edge of the floor milled about indecisively, seemingly an organism separate from the rest of the party. Now and then a feverish youth would rush out into the floor of revolving dancers, but another would take his place. The air was full of glad cries and playful salutations. Dex left.

Walking races in track meets are being revived. So many people are in practice these days.

Wandering through an adjoining lounge, he was set upon and seized by a coy, middle-aged patroness who claimed to know his mother. Also, she knew the cutest little thing she was sure Dexter would love to meet. She dragged him through the maelstrom by one arm, separated an unsuspecting couple, and presented Dex to a plain but cheerful-looking little girl called Susy Simmons. She was full of the friendliness of the great open spaces. As a matter of fact, she did come from Salt Lake City. With a sigh of relief, Dex joggled her around the floor. He had found an ally.

Half an hour later, Susy Simmons was becoming less of a pleasure and more of a burden. He began to wish fervently that someone in the stagline would take over, but no one seemed to be acquainted with the Salt Lake set. Joe Gloss and His Society Saxophones plodded rhythmically on, but Dex found himself less and less able to co-ordinate his steps with the music. Susy did her best, but she just couldn't follow. And she was changing from pleasantly plump to just plain heavy. Finally, when Dex was well into his second hour, the patroness reappeared, but this time as a fairy-godmother for she had someone else in tow.

Dex took one look into the crowded, laughing supper room, then went downstairs, got his hat and coat, and started for home. He thought for a moment of going into the bar and ordering a Daiquiri to bolster his *savoir faire*, but told himself he could take his punishment like a man.

He was awakened about noon by his mother who was moving about, attempting to create order out of the shambles of his evening clothes which lay strewn about the room. He lay there, gradually regaining consciousness.

"Two of your friends are downstairs, Dexter," said his mother pleasantly. "Did you have a good time last night?"

"Yeah, sure," said Dex. "It was swell."

Then, with a start that fully awakened him, he remembered the horrors of the night before. His boorishness with the cocktail, Denise, Susy Simmons, the varsity football captain all came rushing back in one agonizing moment. He shuddered at the thought of the reputation this would give him back at school.

Downstairs Stubby and Easty were waiting. There was no help for it now. He was trapped.

"Mornin'," said Stubby. "How's the boy? We hear you butterflied over to the Chatham last night."

Dex was silent, desperately trying to think of some way to change the subject. Then he noticed the look of abject admiration on their faces. He leaned back in his chair, yawning slightly.

"Yeah," he said. "I dropped in for a bit. It wasn't bad as they go." He studied the impression this made on his friends. "Well," he said ". . . I don't know what you apples have on the docket this afternoon, but personally I plan to bottle over to the Persian Room, tear off a little tea-dancing and wade through a flock of Daiquiris." ###

America's finest brandy. In the tradition of the great French cognacs
LEROUX
LEROUX
★★★★★
Brandy
LEROUX & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

84 proof

Destined to attain the same eminence now enjoyed by only a few chosen cognacs of world fame.

LEROUX & CO., Inc., Philadelphia
New York City • Brussels, Belgium
Producers of LEROUX LIQUEURS — THE WORLD'S FINEST

HOW ABOUT FATHER'S NIGHT?

"Gee, doesn't Pop look funny?"

Here's your chance to do something for Pop that will make him *feel* like a new man—and what's more, *look* like one. You see, Glover's Tailored Man Pajamas are cut a revolutionary new way so they FIT—actually! No more bedtime bow legs . . . no scarecrow effect . . . no high-water sleeves or pants. Just eight new freedoms for glorious comfort and smart masculine style. Man, what pajamas! At good stores—or write H. B. Glover Co., Dept. F, Dubuque, Iowa.

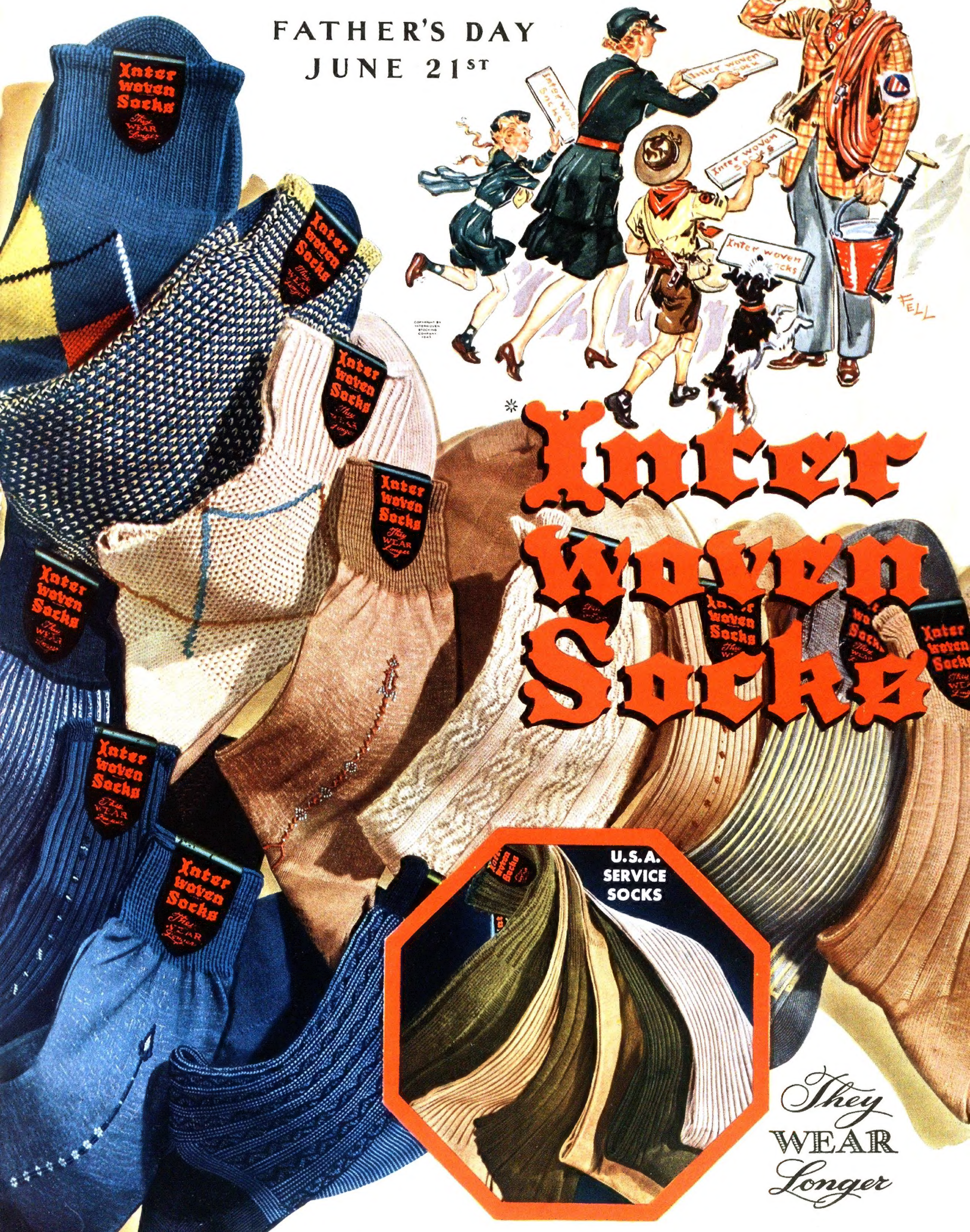
TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS by *Glover*

Makers of Men's Wear for Night and Day

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For "Distinguished" SERVICE!

FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 21ST


Inter woven Socks
Inter woven Socks
FELL
Inter woven Socks They WEAR Longer
U.S.A. SERVICE SOCKS

*Inter woven Socks

They WEAR *Longer*

In Times like these – Length of SERVICE *Counts!*

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It looks expensive but wait till you see the Low price and high quality of

SAMSONITE
Streamlite LUGGAGE

MEN'S TWO-SUITER **$13⁵⁰**
Brown, Blue or Ivory

PORTABLE WARDROBE **$20⁰⁰**
Ivory, Blue or Brown

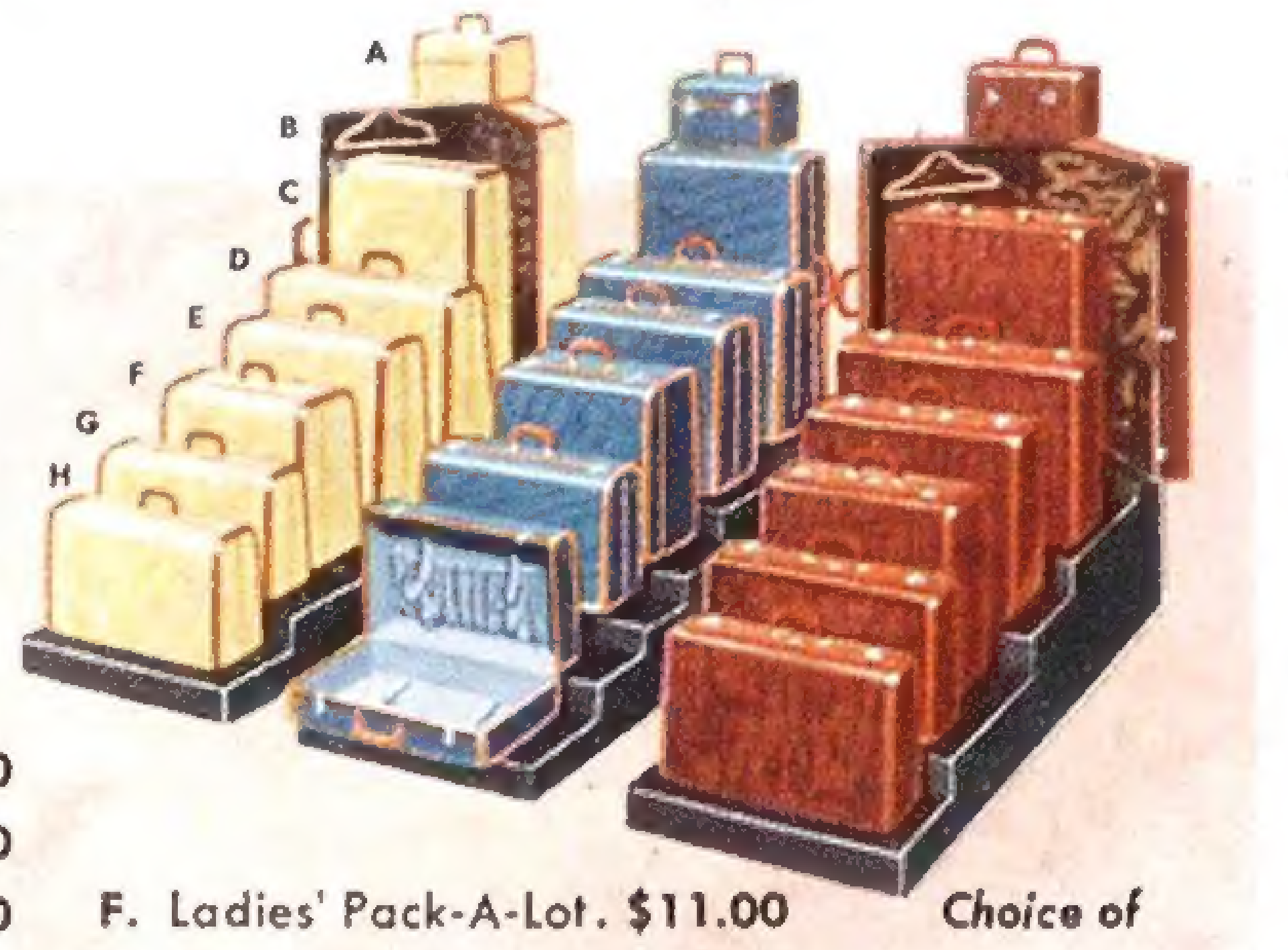
Now YOU CAN BUY LUGGAGE YOU'RE PROUD TO TRAVEL WITH ANYWHERE—ANYTIME!

- You must see SAMSONITE *Streamlite* Luggage to appreciate its outstanding value. Today, with more people on the move . . . on business and pleasure . . . men on furlough and visitors to camps . . . new luggage is more important than ever.
- More people are traveling by train than ever before. Today, the luggage you carry is out in the open, before the eyes of your fellow travelers like your new suit, new hat and new shoes.
- All over America leading dealers are eager to demonstrate the many features of SAMSONITE, the new kind of luggage . . . and prove to you its dollar-saving value. Today it's smart to be thrift-wise. And that's why it will pay you to buy your SAMSONITE *Streamlite* Luggage right now!

LADIES' WARDROBE **$13⁵⁰**
Blue, Brown or Ivory

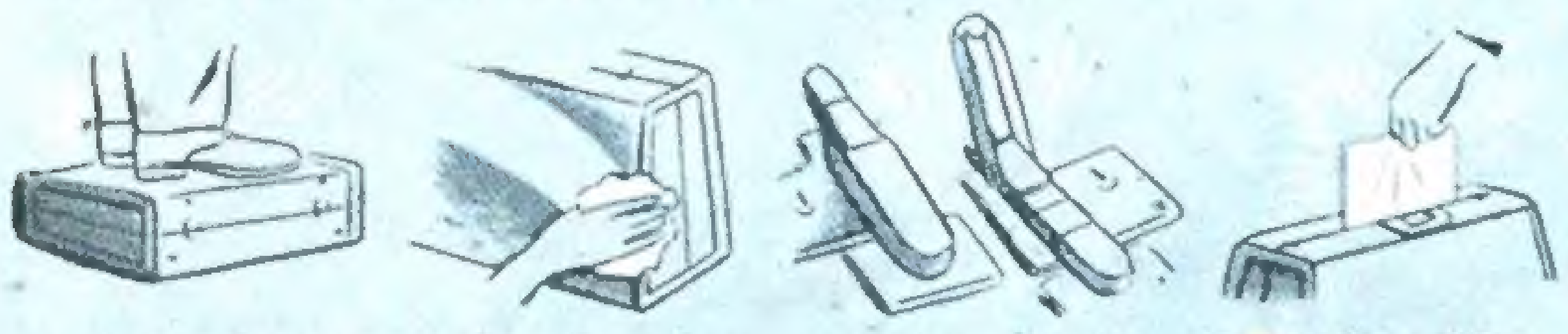
★

Buy from this 23 piece SAMSONITE display at dealers everywhere



A. Midget Overnight .	$ 6.50	F. Ladies' Pack-A-Lot .	$11.00	*Choice of Brown, Ivory or Blue*
B. Family Wardrobe . .	19.00	G. Men's Overnight . . .	7.50	
C. Portable Wardrobe	20.00	H. Ladies' Overnight . .	7.50	
D. Men's Two-Suiter . . .	13.50			
E. Ladies' Wardrobe . .	13.50			

ONLY SAMSONITE OFFERS ALL THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES



STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND ON	**STAINPROOF . . . WASHABLE**	**DOUBLE CATCH SAFETY LOCKS**	**MACHINE-LIKE PRECISION FIT**
Easily sustains 200 lb. weight.	Clean with soap and water.	Operate with snap of finger.	Keeps out dust, dirt and moths.

IF DEALER CAN'T SUPPLY
. . . Order Direct . . .
by description, price and color. Send money order to Dept. E-7.

SHWAYDER BROS., Inc.
Denver or Detroit

Made by makers of SAMSON CARD TABLES *with same high quality.*

SEND FOR BOOKLET

"49 Travel Tips . . . Double Your Fun and Cut Your Costs."

Packed with professional traveler's information. How to save money . . . get best service, accommodations. Short cuts that double your fun. Traveling "know how" and customs. Send 10c to cover mailing to Dept. E-7—SHWAYDER BROS., INC., Denver, Colorado or Detroit, Mich.

49 TRAVEL TIPS
DOUBLE YOUR FUN AND CUT YOUR COSTS